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WITH TUNES

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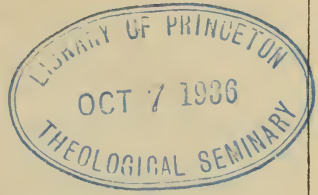
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THE FREE CHURCH COUNCIL HYMNAL

WITH TUNES

Prepared by a Special Committee
of the National Council of
Evangelical Free Churches

Samuel Francis Collier

LONDON:

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCHES,
THOMAS LAW, Memorial Hall, E.C.

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THE
FRIEL CHURCH
CONGREGATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL
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P R E F A C E.

WHEN I was asked by the Committee of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches to edit a Hymnal for use in Special Missions, a very crowded life, a feeling of unfitness for the task, and many other reasons, made me hesitate. A desire to help the admirable work of the Council in any way I could, made me pause before refusing; and the urgent request of the missionaries themselves that I should undertake the work, caused me to yield, and brought consent. I have tried to produce a very suitable and workable book for Mission Services amongst the masses. I feel the result falls far short of my ideal of what a popular Mission Hymnal ought to be; and, so far as it is successful, I owe a great deal to the co-operation of Rev. THOMAS LAW, and of his assistant, Mr. A. E. WATSON, who has charge of the Publication Department of the Council.

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CENTRAL HALL, MANCHESTER.

S. F. COLLIER.

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THE FREE CHURCH COUNCIL HYMNAL.



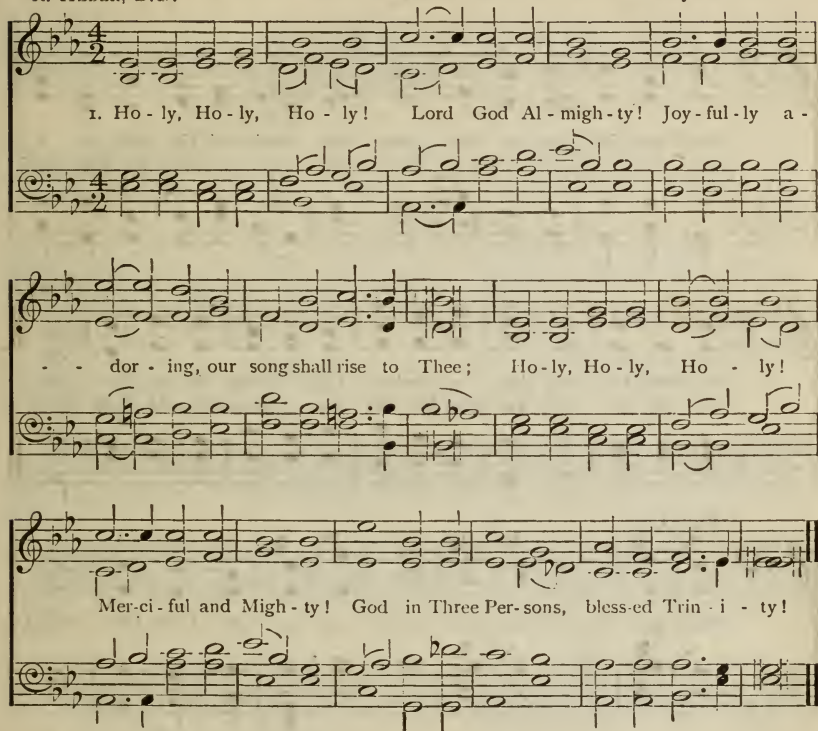
ADORATION AND PRAISE.

1 Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

R. HEBER, D.D.

(NICÆA. 11. 12. 12. 10.)

DR. J. B. DYKES.



1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! Joy - ful - ly a -

- - dor - ing, our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

2. Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
3. Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
4. Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2

To God be the Glory!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glo - ry! great things He hath done: So loved He the

world that He gave us His Son; Who yield - ed His life an a -
D.S.—Oh, come to the Fa - ther thro'

- tone-ment for sin, And o - pened the Life-gate that all may go in.
Je - sus the Son; And give Him the glo - ry! great things He hath done!

REFRAIN.

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Let the earth hear His voice;

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Let the peo - ple re - joice.

2.

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
To every believer the promise of God;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

3.

Great things He hath taught us, great things
He hath done,
And great our rejoicing thro' Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

3

God is with us.

W. J. MATHAMS.

(AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7. D.)

F. J. HAYDN.

1. God is with us, God is with us, So our brave fore-fa-thers sang,

Far a-cross the field of bat-tle Loud their ho-ly war-cry rang;

Nev-er once they feared nor fal-tered, Nev-er once they ceased to sing:

God is with us, God is with us, Christ our Lord shall rule as King.

2. Great the heritage they left us,
Great the conquests to be won,
Mighty hosts to meet and scatter,
Larger duties to be done;
Raise the song they nobly taught us,
Round the whole world let it ring—
*God is with us, God is with us,
Christ our Lord shall rule as King.*
3. Still the tyrant smites his victim,
Still the captive drags his chain;
Woman's virtue, childhood's beauty,
Manhood's strength, are lying slain.
Men of God are we as ever;
Men of God, uprise and sing:
*God is with us, God is with us,
Christ our Lord shall rule as King.*
4. Face the wrong that worketh sorrow,
Face the curse enthroned by night,
Face the raging sins around us
With the God-born force of right—

Who would turn and be a craven?
Who would fail this song to sing?
*God is with us, God is with us,
Christ our Lord shall rule as King.*

5. Speed the Cross through all the nations,
Speed the victories of Love,
Preach the Gospel of Redemption,
All its ancient power prove;
Make the future in the present;
Strong of heart, toil on and sing:
*God is with us, God is with us,
Christ our Lord shall rule as King.*
6. Soon the struggle will be over,
Soon the flags of strife be furled;
Downward from his place defeated
Shall the enemy be hurled.
Onward then with ranks unbroken,
Sure of triumph, shout and sing:
*God is with us, God is with us,
Christ our Lord shall rule as King.*

4

I'll Praise my Maker.

I. WATTS.

(MONMOUTH. 8.8.8.8.8.8.)

G. DAVIS.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath; And when my voice is

lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers : My days of

praise shall ne'er be past,..... While life, and thought, and

be - ing last,..... Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

2.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3.

The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4.

I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

5 Holy Father, Thou hast Spoken.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

(DIJON. 8.7.8.7.)

German.

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, Thou hast spo - ken Words be - yond our grasp of thought,

Words of grace and power un - bro - ken, With mys - te - rious glo - ry fraught.

2. Promise and command combining,
Doubt to chase and faith to lift—
Self renouncing, all resigning,
We would claim this mighty gift.
3. Take us, Lord, oh, take us truly,
Mind, and soul, and heart, and will;
Empty us and cleanse us thoroughly,
Then with all Thy fulness fill.
4. Lord, we ask it, hardly knowing
What this wondrous gift may be;

Yet fulfil to overflowing—
Thy great meaning let us see.

5. Make us in Thy royal palace
Vessels worthy for our King;
From Thy fulness fill our chalice
From Thy never-failing spring.
6. Father, by this blessed filling,
Dwell Thyself in us, we pray;
We are waiting, Thou art willing,
Fill us with Thyself to-day.

6 All People that on Earth.

100th Psalm.

(OLD HUNDRETH. L.M.)

G. FRANC.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice:

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.

2. Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
3. Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:

Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4. For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

7 Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven.

(1st Tune.)

H. F. LYTE.

(REGENT SQUARE. 3.7.8.7.4.7.)

HENRY SMART.

I. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To His feet thy tri - bute bring;

Ransomed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en— Who like thee His praise should sing?

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!

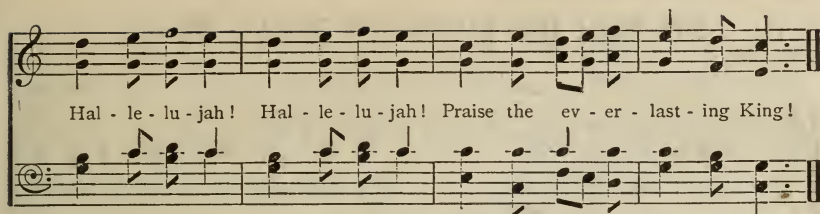
7 (2nd Tune.)

H. F. LYTE.

Arr. by THOMAS FACER.

I. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To His feet thy tri - bute bring;

Ransomed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en— Who like thee His praise should sing?



2. Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Hallelujah!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

3. Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Hallelujah!
Widely yet His mercy flows!

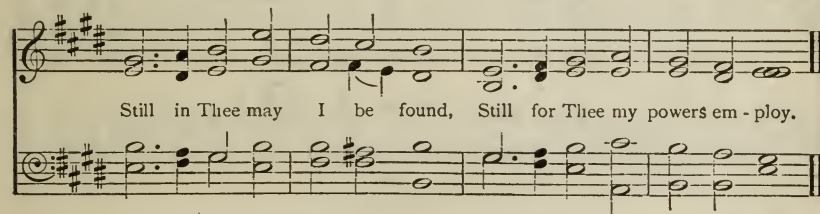
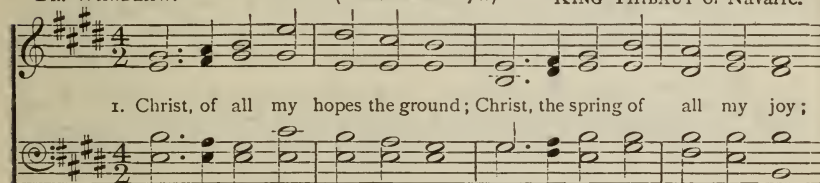
4. Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face:
All His works bow down before Him,
Through the boundless realms of space.
Hallelujah!
Praise with us the God of grace!

8 Christ, of all my hopes the Ground.

DR. WARDLAW.

(INNOCENTS. 75.)

KING THIBAUT of Navarre.



2. Let Thy love my heart inflame,
Keep Thy fear before my sight;
Be Thy praise my highest aim,
Be Thy smile my chief delight!

3. When affliction clouds my sky,
And the wintry tempests blow,
Let Thy mercy-beaming eye
Sweetly cheer the night of woe.

4. When new triumphs of Thy name
Swell the raptured songs above,

May I feel a kindred flame,
Full of zeal, and full of love!

5. Life's best joy, to see Thy praise
Fly on wings of gospel light,
Leading on millennial days,
Scattering all the shades of night!

6. Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it Christ to live!

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

9 All hail the Power of Jesu's Name.
(1st Tune.)

(1st Tune.)

E. PERRONET.

(DIADEM. C.M.)

J. ELLOR.

E. FERRONET. J. ELLOR.

1. All hail the power of Je - su's name, Let an - gels prostrate

fall, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al

di - a - dem, And crown..... Him,
crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
crown.....

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

9 (2nd Tune.)

E. PERKONET.

(MILES' LANE. C.M.)

W. SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the power of Je - su's name, Let an - gels prostrate fall ; Bring forth the

rit.

roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>3. Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the Fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> | <p>4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>5. Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.</p> <p>6. Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> |
|---|--|

10 Oh for a Heart to Praise my God!

C. WESLEY.

(ST. MAGNUS. C.M.)

J. CLARK.

1. Oh for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood So free - ly spilt for me!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!</p> <p>3. An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:</p> | <p>4. A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine:</p> <p>5. Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesus, for Thee distressed I am,
I want Thy love to know.</p> <p>6. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.</p> |
|---|--|

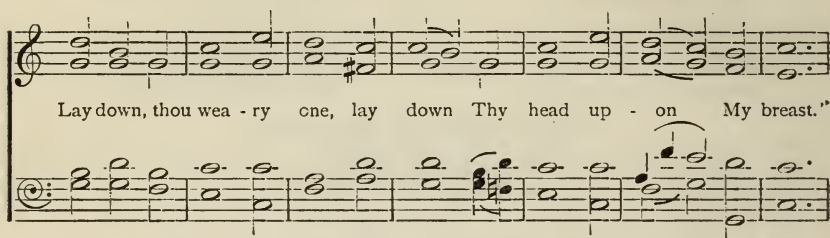
11 I heard the Voice of Jesus say.

DR. H. BONAR.

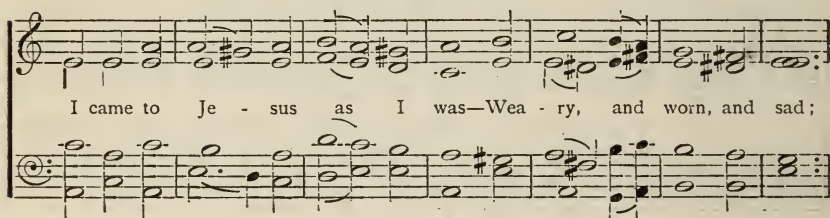
(ST. MATTHEW. C.M.D.)

DR. CROFT.
(ART. V. NOVELLO.)

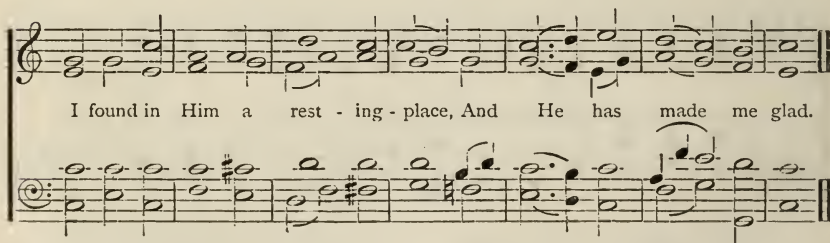
I. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;"



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."



I came to Je - sus as I was—Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;"



I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad."

2.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

12

Redemption Ground.

EL NATHAN.

J. McGRANAHAN.

1. Come sing, my soul, and praise the Lord, Who hath re-deemed thee by His blood,

De-liv-ered thee from chains that bound, And brought thee to re-demp-tion ground.

CHORUS.

Re-demption ground, the ground of peace! Re-demption ground, O wondrous grace!

Here let our praise to God a-bound, Who saves us on RE-DEMP-TION GROUND!

2.

Once from my God I wandered far,
And with His holy will made war:
But now my songs to God abound;
I'm standing on redemption ground.

3.

Oh, joyous hour when God to me
A vision gave of Calvary:
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound;
I sang upon redemption ground.

4.

No works of merit now I plead,
But Jesus take for all my need;
No righteousness in me is found,
Except upon redemption ground.

5.

Come, weary soul, and here find rest;
Accept redemption, and be blest:
The Christ who died, by God is crowned
To pardon on redemption ground.

13 (1st Tune.) Jesu, Lover of my Soul.

C. WESLEY.

(HOLLINGSIDE. 7.7.7.7. D.)

DR. J. B. DYKES.

I. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high !

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life be past ;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last !

13 (2nd Tune.) Jesu, Lover of my Soul.

(ABERYSTWYTH. 7.7.7.7. D.)

C. WESLEY.

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DR. JOSEPH PARRY.

cres. *dim.*
I. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

cres. *dim.*

bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll,

While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my

cres.

Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in -

- - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:

Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

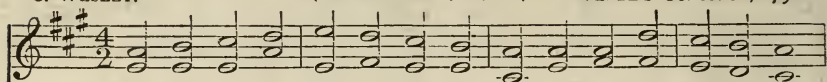
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

14 Love Divine, all Loves Excelling.

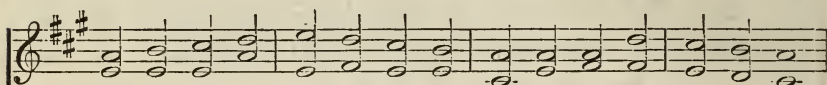
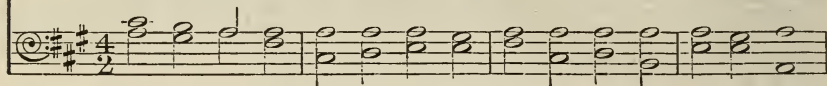
C. WESLEY.

(BITHYNIA. 8.7.8.7. D.)

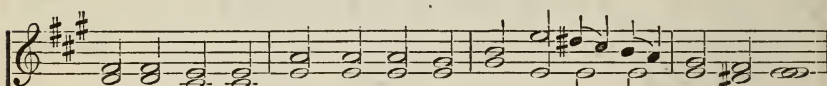
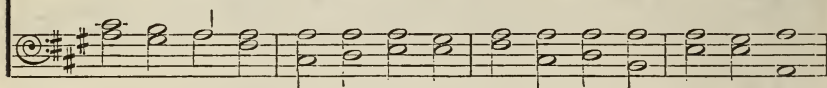
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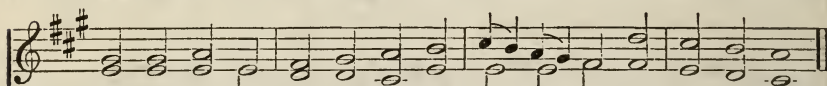
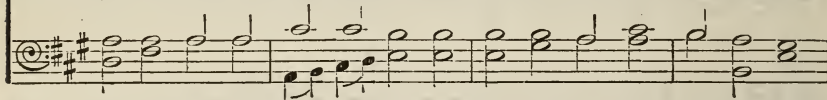
1. Love Di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;



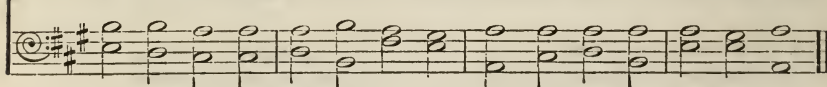
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.



Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;



Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry long-ing heart!



2.

Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temoles leave.

3.

Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

15 Oh for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

C. WESLEY.

(LYNGHAM [NATIVITY]. C.M.)

T. JARMAN, 1821.

1. Oh for a thou - - sand tongues to sing My great Re-deemer's

praise, My great..... Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of..... my

The triumphs of His grace,..... The
God and King, The triumphs of His
The

The triumphs of His grace,..... The triumphs of His
tri-umphs of His grace, The tri - - umphs of His grace.
grace,..... The tri - - umphs of His grace.
tri-umphs of His grace, The tri - - umphs of His grace.
grace,..... His grace. The tri - - umphs of His grace.

2.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread through all the earth abroad—
The honours of Thy name.

3.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

16 My faith looks up to Thee.

REV. RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.)

DR. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

Sa - viour Di - vine; Now hear me while I pray: Take all my

guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day, Be whol - ly Thine.

2. May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll—
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove!
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

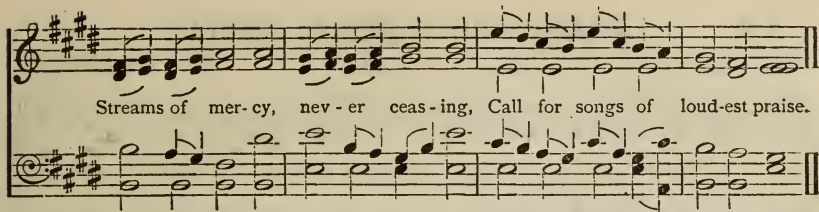
17 Come, Thou Fount of every Blessing.

REV. R. ROBINSON.

(MARINERS. 8.7.)

Sicilian Hymn.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;



2. Teach me some celestial measure
Sung by ransomed hosts above ;
Oh, the vast, the boundless treasure,
Of my Lord's unchanging love !
3. Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by Thine help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
4. Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;

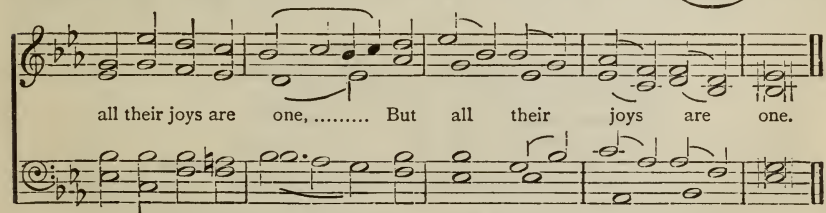
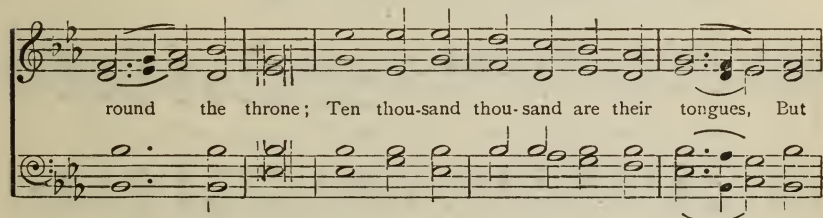
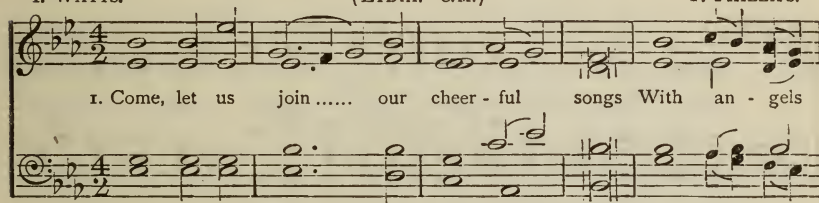
- He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
5. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
6. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Take my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above !

18 Come, let us Join our Cheerful Songs.

I. WATTS.

(LYDIA. C.M.)

T. PHILLIPS.



2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus !"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For He was slain for us !"
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine ;

- And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine !
4. The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

19 Praise Him! Praise Him!

F. J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His

won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-an-gels in

D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent

FINE.
glo-ry; Strength and hon-our give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd,
greatness; Praise Him! praise Him ever in joy-ful song!

D.S.
Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long.

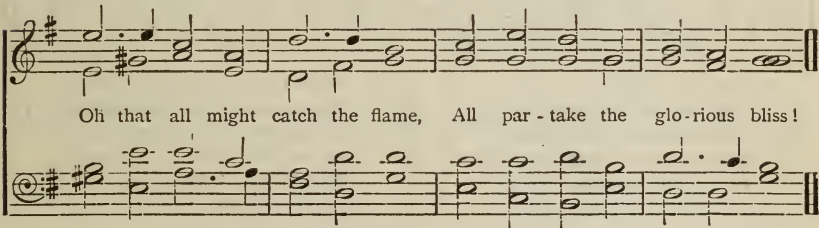
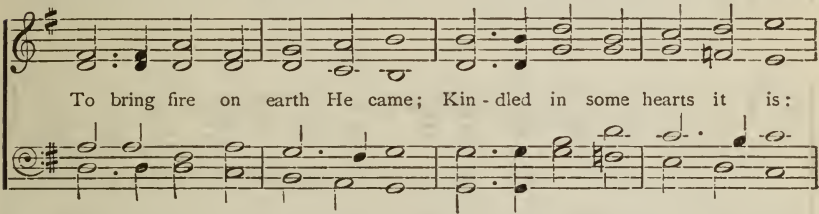
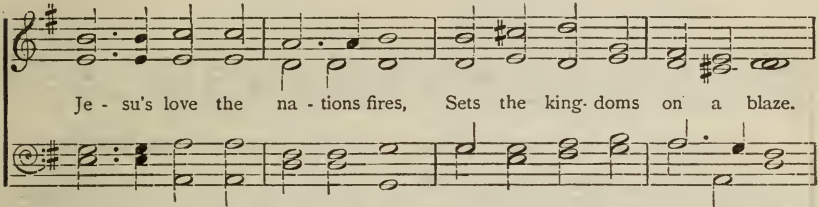
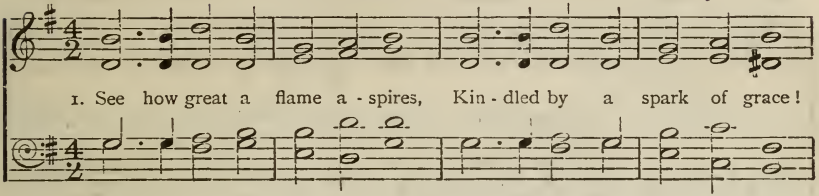
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died!
He—our Rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Crucified!
Sound His praises—Jesus who bore our sorrows,
Love unbounded, wonderful, deep, and strong:
Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness;
Praise Him! praise Him ever in joyful song!
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannas ring!
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever:
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King!
Christ is coming, over the world victorious,
Power and glory unto the Lord belong:
Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness;
Praise Him! praise Him ever in joyful song!

20 See how Great a flame aspires!

C. WESLEY.

(ST. GEORGE. 7.7.7. D.)

SIR G. J. ELVEY.



2. When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
3. Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified;

- Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from naught.
4. Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love!

21

Rock of Ages!

A. M. TOPLADY.

(REDHEAD, 76. Six 7s.)

R. REDHEAD, by per.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,

rit.
Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

22

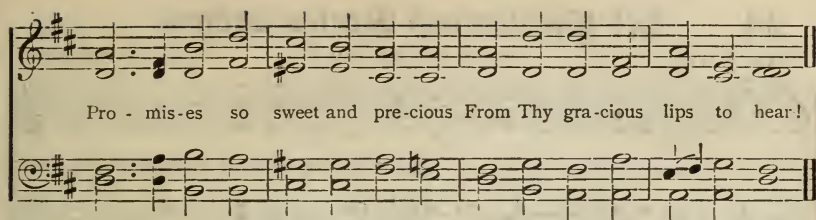
Oh, how Blest the Hour!

SPITTA, tr. R. MASSIE.

(ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7.)

DR. J. B. DYKES.

1. Oh, how blest the hour, Lord Je - sus, When we can to Thee draw near,



2. Be with us this day to bless us,
That we may not hear in vain ;
With the saving truths impress us,
Which the words of life contain.

3. See us, eager for salvation,
Sit, great Master, at Thy feet,
And with breathless expectation
Hang upon Thine accents sweet.

4. Open Thou our minds, and lead us
Safely on our heavenward way ;
With the lamp of truth precede us,
That we may not go astray.

5. Make us gentle, meek, and humble,
And yet bold in doing right :
Scatter darkness, lest we stumble ;
Men walk safely in the light.

6. Lord, endue Thy word from heaven
With such light, and love, and power,
That in us its silent leaven
May work on from hour to hour.

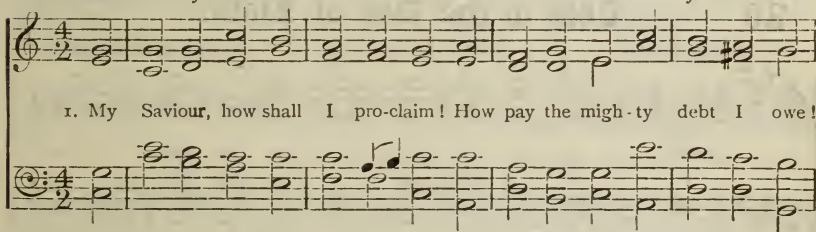
7. Give us grace to bear our witness
To the truths we have embraced ;
And let others both their sweetness
And their quickening virtue taste.

23 My Saviour, how shall I Proclaim !

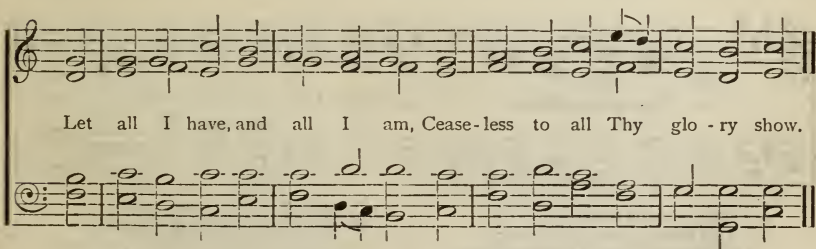
P. GERHARDT, tr. J. WESLEY.

(MAINZER. L.M.)

J. MAINZER.



1. My Saviour, how shall I pro-claim ! How pay the migh-ty debt I owe !



Let all I have, and all I am, Cease-less to all Thy glo-ry show.

2. Too much to Thee I cannot give ;
Too much I cannot do for Thee ;
Let all Thy love, and all Thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be.

24 Let Everlasting Glories Crown.

ISAAC WATTS.

(DUKE STREET. L.M.)

J. HATTON.

1. Let ev-er - last - ing glo - ries crown Thy head, my Sa-viour and my Lord ;

Thy hands have brought sal - va - tion down, And writ the bless-ing in Thy word.

2. In vain our trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With long despair our spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Thee alone.
3. How well Thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy Thy commands !

- Thy promises, how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !
4. Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy gospel to my heart.

25 This is the Day of Light.

REV. J. ELLERTON.

(HOLY ROOD. S.M.)

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

1. This is the day of light : Let there be light to - day ;

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.

2. This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed 'Thou Thy freshening dew.
3. This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid 'Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4. This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.
5. This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death !

26 In God's Great Name assembled.

MISS F. H. WOOD.

(DRESDEN. 7.6.7.6. D.)

J. A. P. SCHULZ.

1. In God's great name assem-bled True hom-age let us pay, And wor-ship Him in spi - rit

On this most ho - ly day; For such a - lone He seek - eth, Nor per - sons doth re - gard,

REFRAIN.

That song He counts the sweet - est From con - trite voi - ces heard. Then let all with - in us

Our Fa - ther God a - dore; Praise Him on earth and then in heaven For ev - er - more.

2. The love of God exceedeth
All we can think or know;
His tender mercy reacheth
To every soul below:
His Son, His well-beloved,
For us He freely gave,
Laid help upon the mighty—
Jesus the world can save!
Then let all within us
Our Saviour Christ adore;
Praise Him on earth and then in heaven
For evermore.

3. "Come," saith the gracious Spirit;
"Come," doth the Bride repeat;
"Come, all ye heavy-laden,"
Find rest at Jesus' feet!
Was ever invitation
Or welcome like to this?

- The open gate of heaven
No wanderer need miss.
Then let all within us
The Triune God adore;
Praise Him on earth and then in heaven
For evermore.

4. Let Zion's ransomed children
Be joyful in their King,
And tidings of salvation
Through every temple ring
Till sinners, lost and weary,
Light in the darkness see,
And each cries with rejoicing,
"This Saviour is for me!"
Then let all within us
The Lord of hosts adore;
Praise Him on earth and then in heaven
For evermore.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

27 (1st Tune.)

Wonderful Love!

ROBERT WALMSLEY.

THOMAS FACER.

1. Come, let us sing of a won-der-ful love, Ten-der and true,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

ten-der and true; Out of the heart of the Fa-ther a-bove,

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Streaming to me and to you: Won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love,

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Dwells in the heart of the Fa-ther a-bove. Won-der-ful love,

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

won-der-ful love, Dwells in the heart of the Fa-ther a-bove.

The fifth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment and ends with a double bar line.

27 (2nd Tune.)

Wonderful Love!

ROBERT WALMSLEY.

A. WATSON.

1. Come, let us sing of a won-der-ful love, Ten-der and true,

ten-der and true; Out of the heart of the Fa-ther a-bove,

Stream-ing to me and to you..... Won-der-ful love,

won-der-ful love, Dwells in the heart of the Fa-ther a-bove.

2.

Jesus the Saviour this Gospel to tell
Joyfully came, joyfully came—
Came with the helpless and hopeless to dwell,
Sharing their sorrow and shame :
Seeking the lost, seeking the lost ;
Saving, redeeming, at measureless cost.

3.

Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet—
Why do they roam ? why do they roam ?
Love only waits to forgive and forget :
Home ! weary wanderers, home !
Wonderful love, wonderful love,
Dwells in the heart of the Father above !

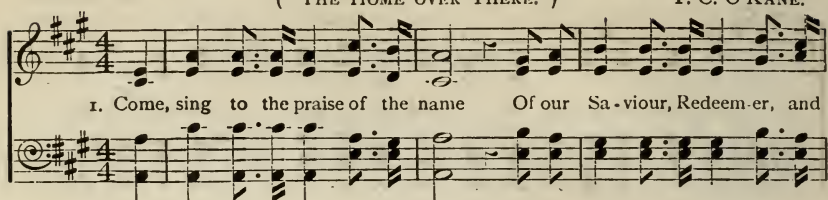
4.

Come to my heart, O thou wonderful love !
Come and abide, come and abide ;
Lifting my life till it rises above
Envy and falsehood and pride :
Seeking to be, seeking to be,
Lowly and humble, a learner of Thee.

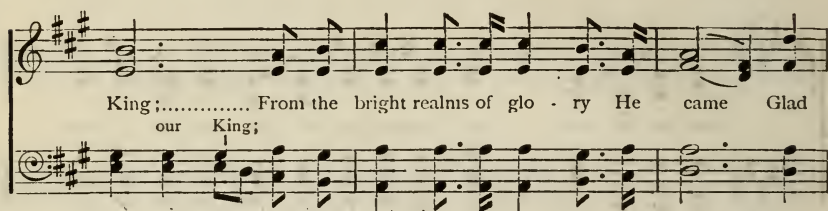
28 Come Sing to the Praise of the Name.

("THE HOME OVER THERE.")

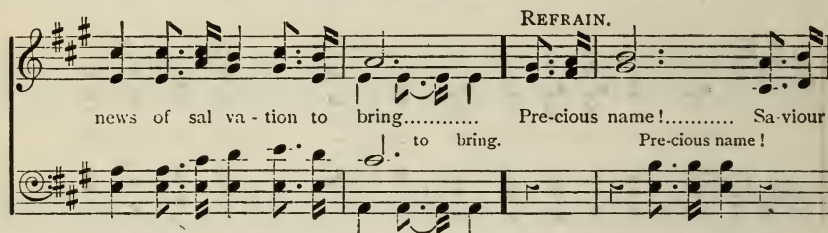
T. C. O'KANE.



I. Come, sing to the praise of the name Of our Sa-viour, Redeem-er, and

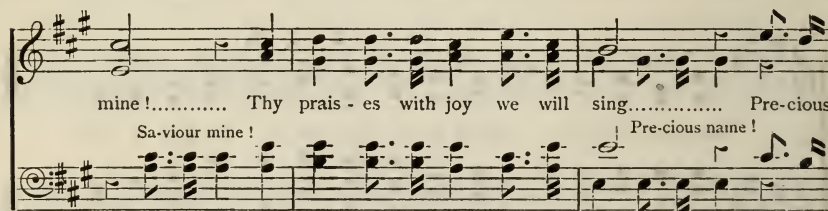


King;..... From the bright realms of glo - ry He came Glad
our King;

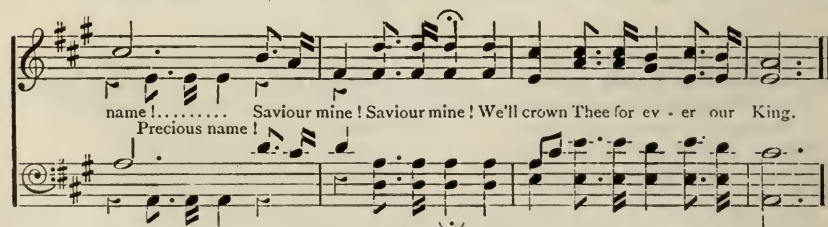


news of sal va - tion to bring..... Pre-cious name!..... Sa-viour
to bring. Pre-cious name!

REFRAIN.



mine!..... Thy prais - es with joy we will sing..... Pre-cious
Sa-viour mine! Pre-cious name!



name!..... Saviour mine! Saviour mine! We'll crown Thee for ev - er our King.
Precious name!

2. His grace is sufficient for all;
All our need every day He'll supply;
Let the trouble be great or be small,
He always attends to our cry.
3. No sinner e'er sought Him in vain;
To His promise no limit is made;

- Whoever shall call on His name
Shall freely and fully be saved.
4. Come, sing then the praise of the name
Of our Saviour, Redeemer, and King;
Let no heart cold or silent remain,
But quickly its glad tribute bring.

29

Join all the Glorious Names.

I. WATTS.

(MILLENNIUM. 6.6.6.6.8.8.)

1. Join all the glo - rious names Of wis - dom, love, and power, That
 mor - tals ev - er knew,..... That an - gels ev - er bore: All are too
 mean to speak His worth, Too mean to set my Sa - viour forth.

2. Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless Thy name;
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came:
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
3. Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offered His blood, and died;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside:
 His powerful blood did once atone—
 And now it pleads before the throne.
4. O Thou, Almighty Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King!
 Thy matchless power and love,

- Thy saving grace, I sing:
 Thine is the power; behold I sit
 In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.
5. Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown.
 March on, nor fear to win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.
 6. Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and malice on,
 I shall be safe; for Christ displays
 Superior power and guardian grace.

30

Let Earth and Heaven Agree.

1. LET earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be joined,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind;
 To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesu's name.
2. Jesus, transporting sound!
 The joy of earth and heaven;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have;
 But Jesus came the world to save.
3. Jesus, harmonious name!
 It charms the hosts above;
 They evermore proclaim
 And wonder at His love:
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze;
 'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.
4. His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free;
 'Tis music in his ears,

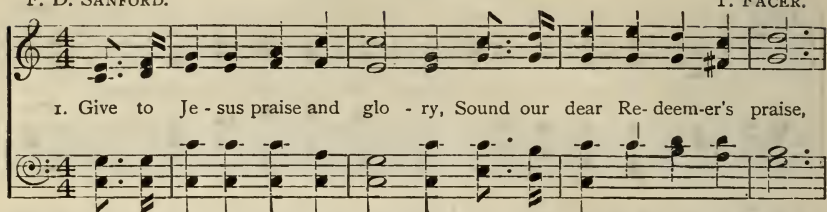
- 'Tis life and victory:
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.
5. Stung by the scorpion sin,
 My poor expiring soul
 The balmy sound drinks in,
 And is at once made whole:
 See there my Lord upon the tree!
 I hear, I feel, He died for me.
 6. O unexampled love!
 O all-redeeming grace!
 How swiftly didst Thou move
 To save a fallen race!
 What shall I do to make it known
 What Thou for all mankind hast done?
 7. Oh for a trumpet voice,
 On all the world to call!
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In Him who died for all!
 For all my Lord was crucified;
 For all, for all my Saviour died!

C. Wesley

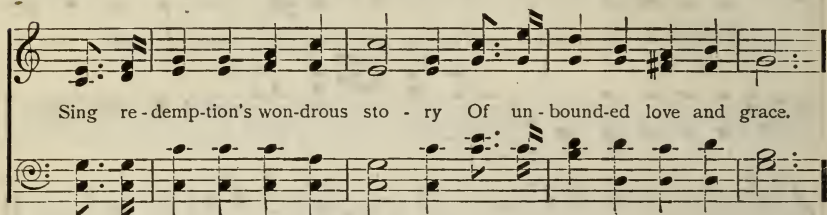
31 Give to Jesus Praise and Glory.

F. D. SANFORD.

T. FACER.

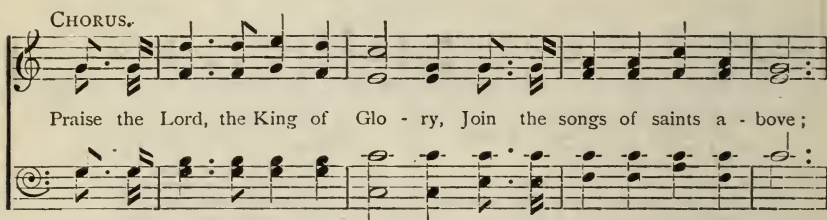


1. Give to Je - sus praise and glo - ry, Sound our dear Re - deem - er's praise,

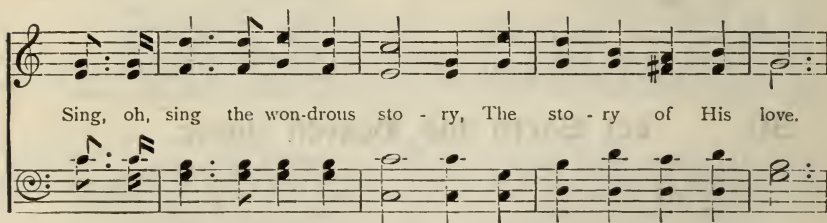


Sing re - demp - tion's won - drous sto - ry Of un - bound - ed love and grace.

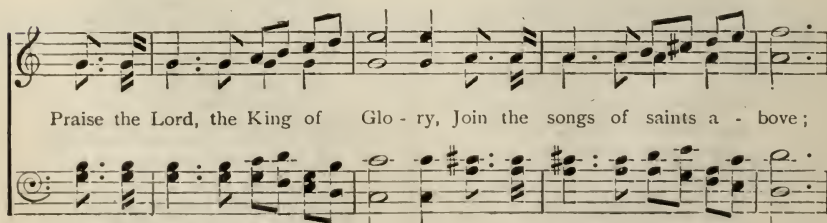
CHORUS.



Praise the Lord, the King of Glo - ry, Join the songs of saints a - bove ;

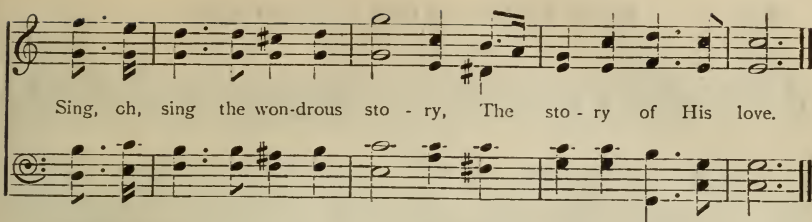


Sing, oh, sing the won - drous sto - ry, The sto - ry of His love.



Praise the Lord, the King of Glo - ry, Join the songs of saints a - bove ;

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. To the earth of sin and sadness
Came the Prince of Life to die ;
Conquering sin, and death, and darkness,
Now He pleads for us on high.</p> <p>3. Jesus brings the world salvation ;
Lo, it flows from pole to pole,
Bearing life to every nation,
Healing every trusting soul.</p> | <p>4. Oh, the wondrous power of Jesus,
Reaching spirit, body, soul ;
From the curse by faith it frees us,
Making all our being whole.</p> <p>5. Sound the praise through every nation ;
Shout the glad triumphant song ;
Swell the note of exultation ;
Praise and power to Christ belong !</p> |
|---|---|

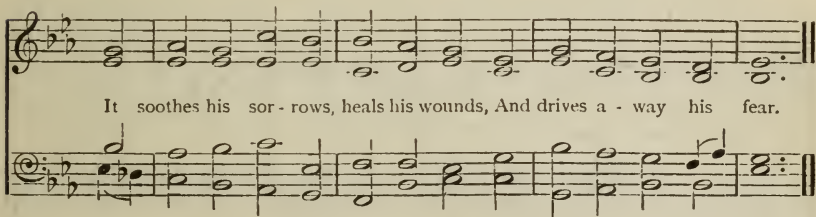
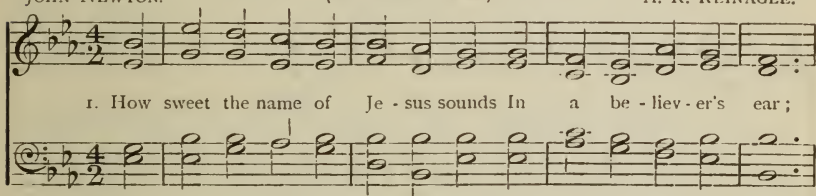
32

How Sweet the Name !

JOHN NEWTON.

(ST. PETER. C.M.)

A. R. REINAGLE.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.</p> <p>3. Dear Name ! the rock on which I build ;
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.</p> | <p>4. Jesus ! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End—
Accept the praise I bring.</p> <p>5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.</p> |
|---|--|
6. Till then I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death !

33 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(ELLACOMBE. C.M.D.)

Anon.

i. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed; Great Dav-id's great-er Son;

Hail in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun:

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap-tive free;

To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

2. He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
3. Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing.

- For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.
4. For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever:
That name to us is—Love!

34

Lo! He Comes.

J. CENNICK & C. WESLEY. (HELMSLEY. 3.7.4.)

REV. M. MADAN.

1. Lo! He comes with clouds des - cend - ing, Once for
fa - voured sin - ners slain; Thou - sand thou - sand
saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of His
train: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.

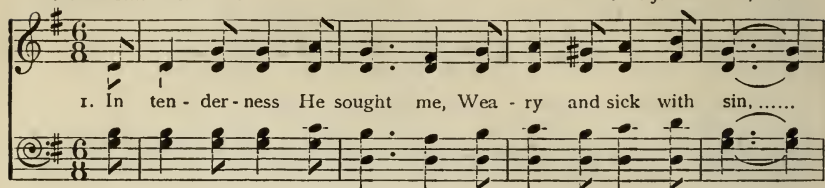
2. Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
3. The dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation

- To His ransomed worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!
4. Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Jah, Jehovah,
Everlasting God, come down!

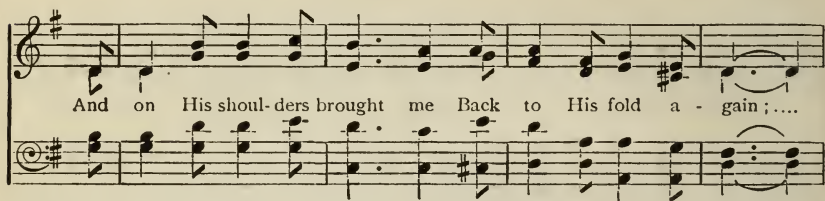
35 Oh, the Love that Bought me!

W. SPENCER WALTON.

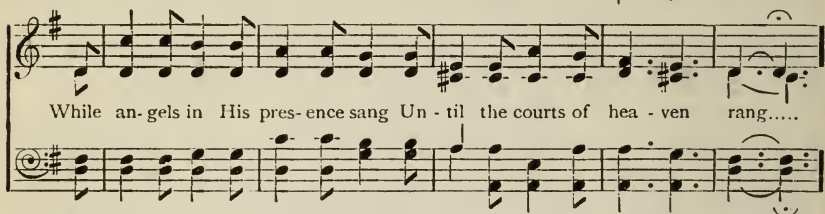
REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.



1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wea - ry and sick with sin,

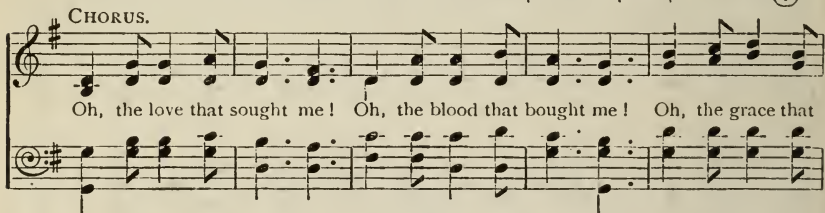


And on His shoul - ders brought me Back to His fold a - gain ;

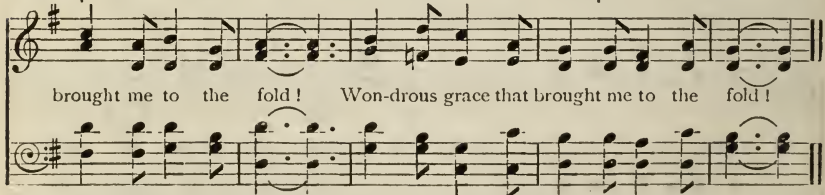


While an - gels in His pres - ence sang Un - til the courts of hea - ven rang

CHORUS.



Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that



brought me to the fold! Won - drous grace that brought me to the fold!

2. He found me bruised and dying,
And poured in oil and wine;
He whispered to assure me,
"I've found thee—thou art Mine!"
I never heard a sweeter voice,
It made my aching heart rejoice!
3. He pointed to the nail-prints,
For me His blood was shed;
A mocking crown so thorny
Was placed upon His head.
I wondered what He saw in me
To suffer such deep agony.

4. I'm sitting in His presence,
The sunshine of His face,
While with adoring wonder
His blessings I retrace.
It seems as if eternal days
Are far too short to sound His praise
5. So while the hours are passing,
All now is perfect rest;
I'm waiting for the morning,
The brightest and the best,
When He will call us to His side,
To be with Him, His spotless Bride.

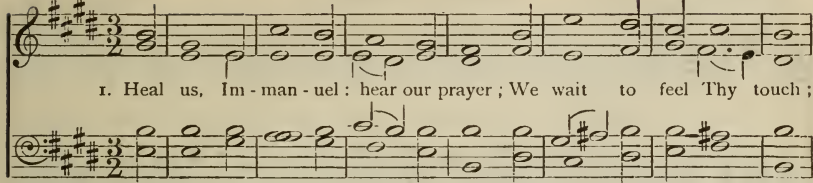
36

Heal us, Immanuel!

W. COWPER.

(BEDFORD. C.M.)

W. WHEALL.



Deep-wound-ed souls to Thee re - pair; And Sa - viour, we are such.

2. Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust Thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord!
3. Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried;
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

4. She too who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace;
Thy faith hath made thee whole."
5. Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch Thee if we may;
Oh, send us not despairing home:
Send none unhealed away!

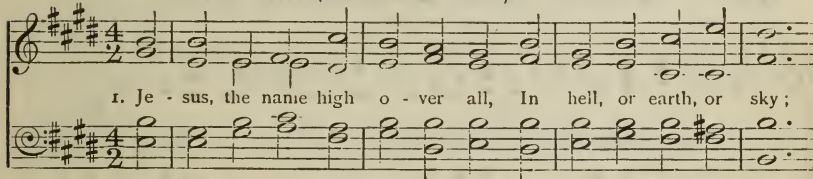
37

Jesus, the Name high over all.

C. WESLEY.

(ST. FULBERT. C.M.)

DR. GAUNTLETT.



An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.

2. Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
And turns their hell to heaven.
3. Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.
4. Oh that the world might taste and see,
The riches of His grace!

- The arms of love which compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.
5. His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, Behold the Lamb!
6. Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

38 Jesus, the very Thought of Thee.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
(Tr. E. CASWALL.)

(REDHEAD, No. 66. C.M.)

R. REDHEAD.

I. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.</p> <p>3. O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!</p> | <p>4. But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.</p> <p>5. Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.</p> |
|--|--|

39 Jesus, Thou Everlasting King.

ISAAC WATTS.

(CONFIDENCE. L.M.)

W. MOORE.

I. Je-sus, Thou ev - er - last - ing King, Ac-cept the tri - bute which we bring;

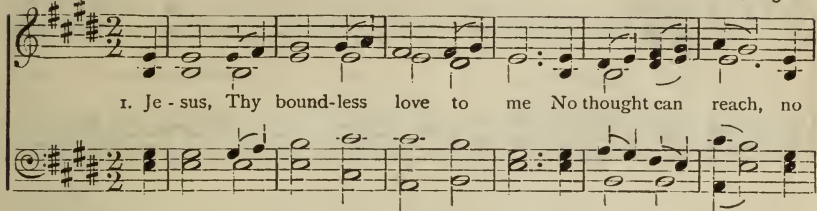
Ac-cept Thy well - de-served re-nown, And wear our prais-es as Thy crown.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the glad hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.</p> <p>3. The gladness of that happy day,
Oh, may it ever with us stay!</p> | <p>Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Our hope decline, our love grow cold.</p> <p>4. Each following moment as it flies
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.</p> |
|---|--|

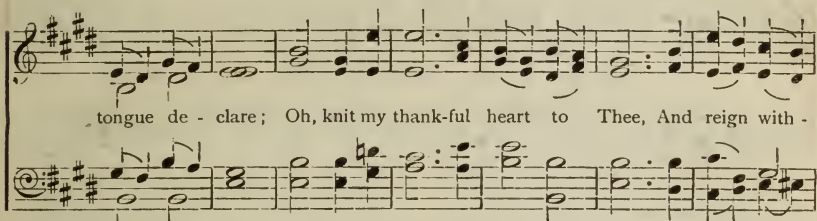
40 Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to me.

P. GERHARDT, tr. J. WESLEY. (EUPHONY. 8.8.8.8.8.8.)

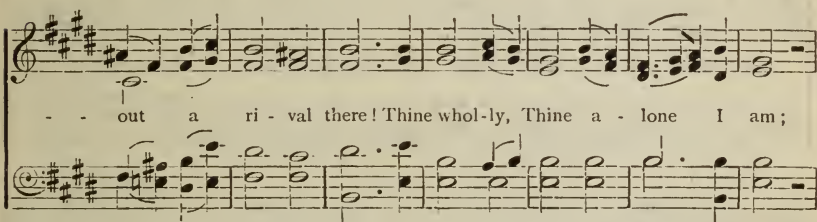
H. DENNIS, 1850.



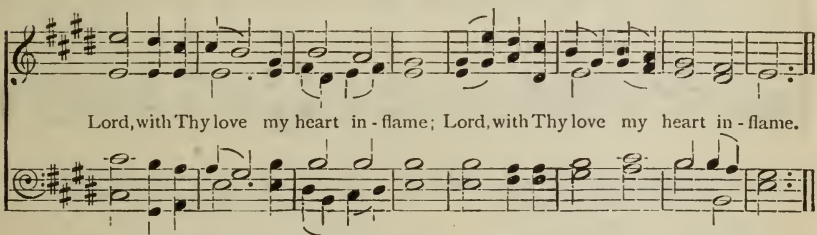
i. Je - sus, Thy bound-less love to me No thought can reach, no



tongue de - clare; Oh, knit my thank-ful heart to Thee, And reign with -



- - out a ri - val there! Thine whol-ly, Thine a - lone I am;

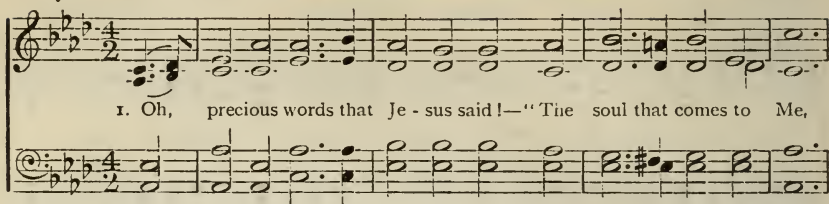


Lord, with Thy love my heart in - flame; Lord, with Thy love my heart in - flame.

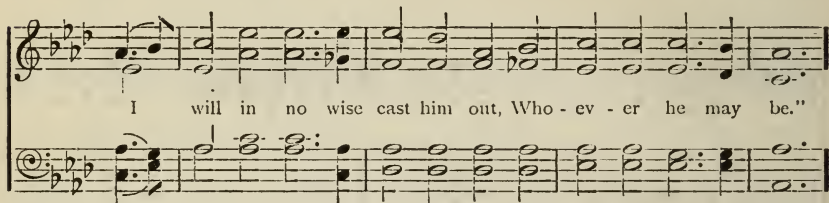
2. Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone!
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole—
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
All coldness from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought, be love.

3. O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4. Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

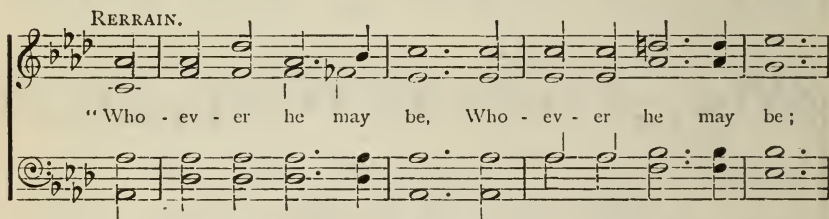


1. Oh, precious words that Je - sus said! — "The soul that comes to Me,

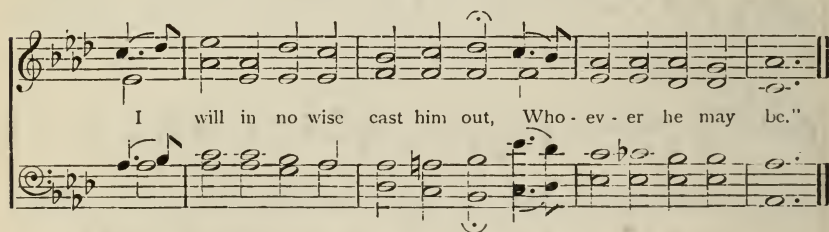


I will in no wise cast him out, Who - ev - er he may be."

RERRAIN.



"Who - ev - er he may be, Who - ev - er he may be;



I will in no wise cast him out, Who - ev - er he may be."

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Oh, precious words that Jesus said! —
 "Behold, I am the Door;
 And all that enter in by Me
 Have life for evermore."
 "Have life for evermore,
 Have life for evermore;
 And all who enter in by Me
 Have life for evermore."</p> | <p>3. Oh, precious words that Jesus said! —
 "Come, weary souls oppressed,
 Come, take My yoke and learn of Me,
 And I will give you rest."
 "And I will give you rest,
 And I will give you rest;
 Come, take My yoke and learn of Me,
 And I will give you rest."</p> |
|--|---|

4. Oh, precious words that Jesus said! —
 "The world I overcame;
 And they who follow where I lead
 Shall conquer in My name."
 "Shall conquer in My name,
 Shall conquer in My name;
 And they who follow where I lead
 Shall conquer in My name."

42

Jesus, Thou Joy.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX,
tr. RAY PALMER.

(WHITBURN. L.M.)

H. BAKER, Mus.Bac.

I. Je-sus, Thou joy of lov-ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men ;

From the best bliss that earth im-parts We turn, un-filled, to Thee a - gain.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Thy truth, unchanged, hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All.</p> <p>3. We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill !</p> | <p>4. Our restless spirits yearn for Thee
Where'er our changeful lot is cast :
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see ;
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.</p> <p>5. O Jesus, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm and bright !
Chase the dark night of sin away—
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.</p> |
|--|---|

43

Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

P. P. B.

Moderato.

P. P. BLISS.

I. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God, who came

Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sa-viour!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood ;
Sealed my pardon with His blood :
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!</p> <p>3. Guilty, vile, and helpless, we ;
Spotless Lamb of God was He :
"Full atonement!"—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!</p> | <p>4. "Lifted up" was He to die ;
"It is finished!" was His cry ;
Now in heaven exalted high :
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!</p> <p>5. When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing :
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!</p> |
|---|---|

44 She only Touched the Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. She on - ly touched the hem of His gar - ment As

to His side she stole, A - mid the crowd that

ga - thered a - round Him; And straight - way was made whole.

CHORUS.

Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment, And thou, too, shalt be free;

His sa - ving power this ve - ry hour Shall give new life to thee!

2. She came in fear and trembling before Him,
She knew her Lord had come;
She felt that from Him virtue had healed her—
The mighty deed was done.
3. He turned with "Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole!"
And peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness filled her soul.

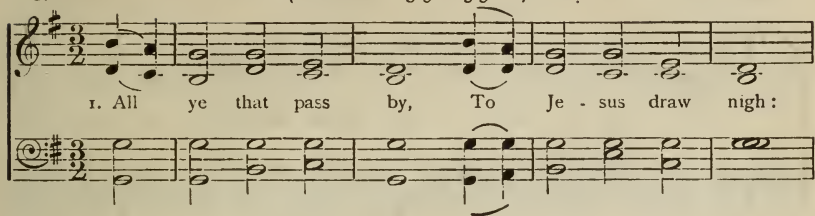
45

All Ye that Pass by.

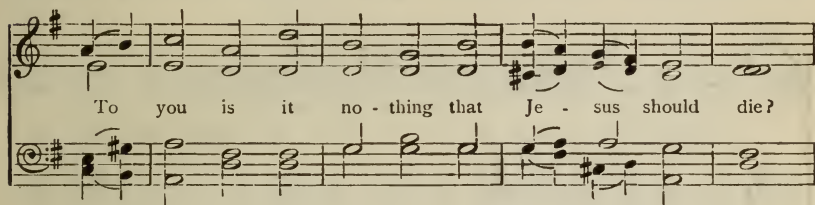
C. WESLEY.

(HARWICH. 5.5.11.5.5.11.)

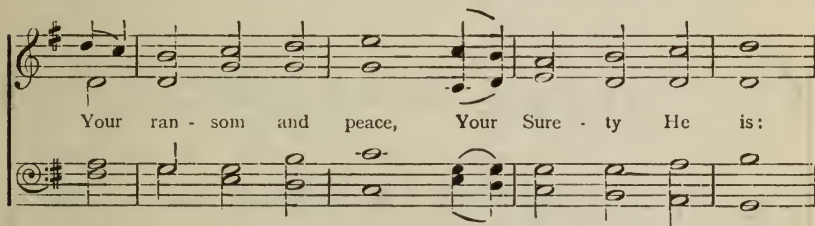
B. MILGROVE.



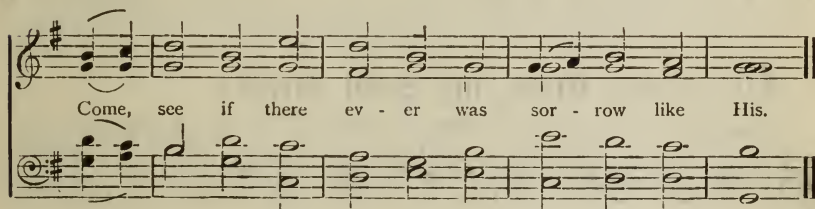
1. All ye that pass by, To Je - sus draw nigh :



To you is it no - thing that Je - sus should die ?



Your ran - som and peace, Your Sure - ty He is :



Come, see if there ev - er was sor - row like His.

2. He dies to atone
For sins not His own ;
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He
hath done.
Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave,
Who made intercession— " My Father,
forgive ! "

3. For you and for me
He prayed on the tree :
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
That sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

4. My pardon I claim ;
For a sinner I am—
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace :
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my
place.

5. His death is my plea ;
My Advocate see, [for me.
And hear the blood speak that hath answered
My ransom He was
When He bled on the cross ;
And by losing His life He hath carried my
cause.

46 (1st Tune.) Arise, my Soul, Arise!

C. WESLEY.

(DARWELL'S 148th. 6.6.6.6.8.8.)

REV. JOHN DARWELL.

I. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - ty fears; The

bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears. Be - fore the

throne My Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten on His hands.

46 (2nd Tune.) Arise, my Soul, Arise!

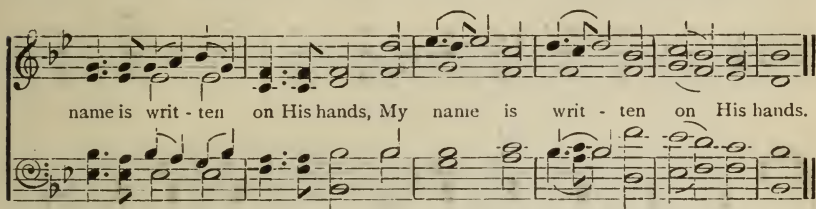
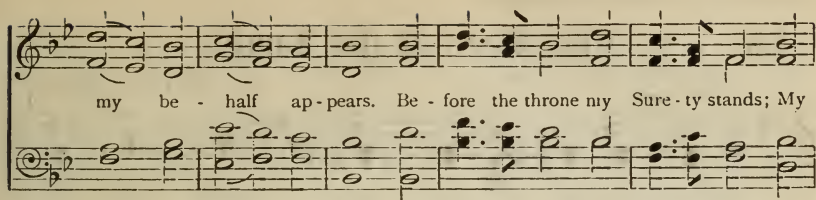
C. WESLEY.

(CAMDEN. 6.6.6.6.8.8.)

Har. by JOSIAH BOOTH.

I. A - rise,..... my soul,..... a - rise! Shake off thy

guilt - ty fears; The bleed - ing Sac - - ri - fice In



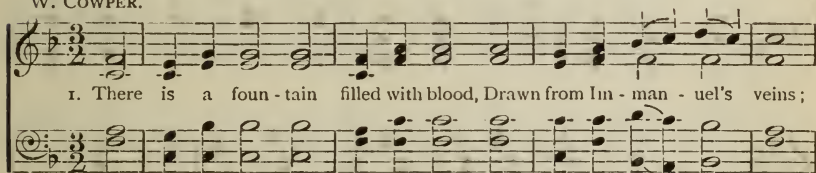
2. He ever lives above
For me to intercede—
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead :
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me,
“ Forgive him, oh, forgive,” they cry,
“ Nor let that ransomed sinner die.”

4. The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One ;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
5. My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for His child—
I can no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And “ Father, Abba, Father ! ” cry.

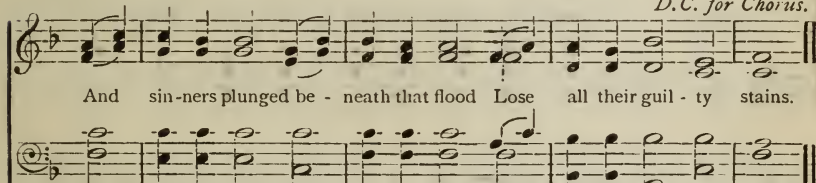
47

There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER.



CHO.—I do be - lieve, I will be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me!
D.C. for Chorus.



That on the cross He shed His blood, From sin to set me free. **FINE.**

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. O dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

48

The Blood of the Lamb.

E. R. LATTA.

Moderato.

Arr. from H. S. PERKINS.

r. Bless - ed be the Foun - tain of blood, To a

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

world of sin - ners re - vealed; Bless - ed be the

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes we are

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

healed. Though I've wan - dered far from His fold,.....

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Bring - ing to my heart pain and woe,..... Wash me in the

The fifth system of musical notation, which is the final system on this page. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow!

CHORUS.

Whiter than the snow!

Whiter than the snow!

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb,

And I shall be whiter than snow!

2. Thorny was the crown that He wore,
And the cross His body o'ercame;
Grievous were the sorrows He bore,
But He suffered not thus in vain.
May I to that Fountain be led,
Made to cleanse my sins here below!
Wash me in the Blood that He shed,
And I shall be whiter than snow!

3. Father, I have wandered from Thee,
Often has my heart gone astray;
Crimson do my sins seem to me—
Water cannot wash them away.
Jesus, to that Fountain of Thine,
Leaning on Thy promise I go;
Cleanse me by Thy washing Divine,
And I shall be whiter than snow!

49

Amazing Love!

C. WESLEY.

(SAGINA. 8.8.8.8.8.8.)

J. GOLDIE (?)

1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in the
 Sa-viour's blood? Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who
 Him to death pur - sued? A - ma - zing love! how can it be..... That
 Thou, my God, shouldst die for me? A - ma - zing love! how
 A - ma - zing love!
 can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 how can it be That Thou, my God,

2. 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
 Who can explore His strange design?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love Divine!
 'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
 Let angel minds inquire no more.
3. He left His Father's throne above,
 So free, so infinite His grace!
 Emptied Himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race:
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
 For, O my God, it found out me!

4. Long my imprisoned spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray—
 I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
 My chains fell off, my heart was free;
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
5. No condemnation now I dread;
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
 Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness Divine,
 Bold I approach the eternal throne, [own.
 And claim the crown, through Christ my

50

The Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

Moderato.

IRA D. SANKEY.

I. Be - neath the Cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand—

The sha - dow of a migh - ty Rock, With - in a wea - ry land;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,

From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.

2. O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.
3. There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4. Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess—
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.
5. I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss—
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the Cross,

51 What a Wonderful Saviour!

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMANN.

1. Christ has for sin a - tonement made: What a won - der - ful Sa - viour!

We are redeemed!—the price is paid: What a won - der - ful Sa - viour!

CHORUS.

What a won - der - ful Sa - viour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

What a won - der - ful Sa - viour is Je - sus, my Lord!

2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood :
What a wonderful Saviour !
That reconciled my soul to God :
What a wonderful Saviour !

3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin :
What a wonderful Saviour !
And now He reigns and rules therein :
What a wonderful Saviour !

4. He walks beside me in the way :
What a wonderful Saviour !
And keeps me faithful day by day :
What a wonderful Saviour !

5. He gives me overcoming power :
What a wonderful Saviour !
And triumph in each trying hour :
What a wonderful Saviour !

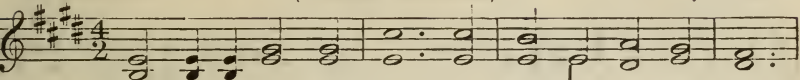
6. To Him I've given all my heart :
What a wonderful Saviour !
The world shall never share a part :
What a wonderful Saviour !

52 Crown Him with Many Crowns.

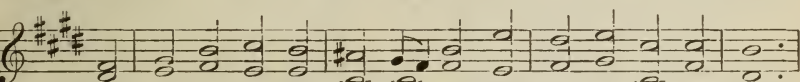
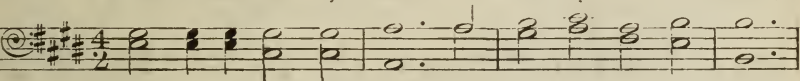
DR. G. THRING.

(DIADEMATA. D.S.M.)

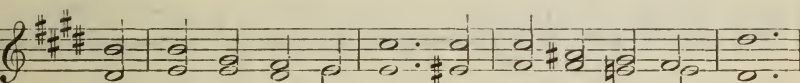
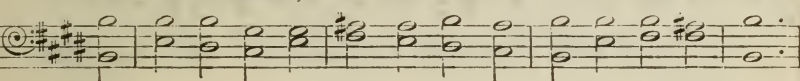
SIR G. J. ELVEY.



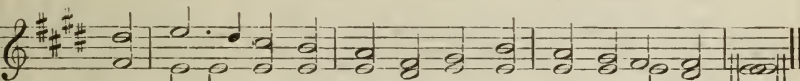
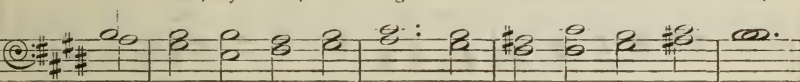
1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;



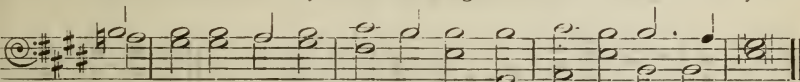
Hark! how the heaven-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.



A - wake, my 'soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,



And hail Him as thy cho - sen King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.



2. Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began;

And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man,
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3. Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,

And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save:
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives, that death may die.

4. Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who, once on earth th' incarnate Word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night—
Their God, Redeemer, King.

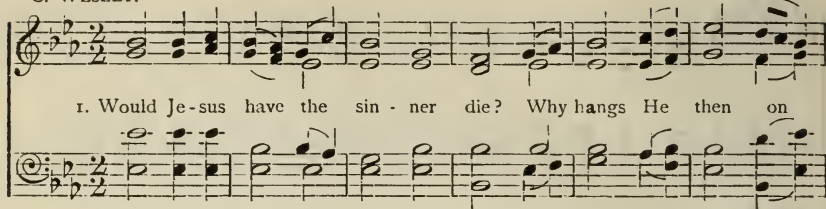
5. Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love;
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

53 Would Jesus have the Sinner die?

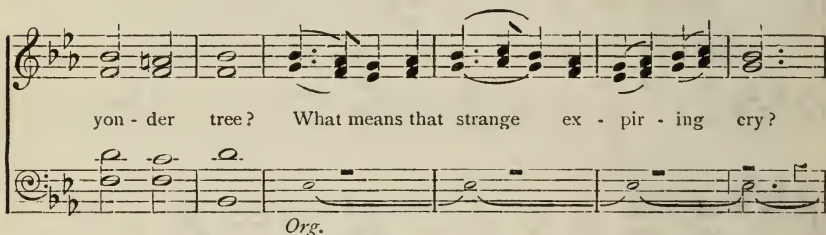
C. WESLEY.

(SOVEREIGNTY. 8.8.8.8.8.)

J. NEWTON.




1. Would Je-sus have the sin - ner die? Why hangs He then on

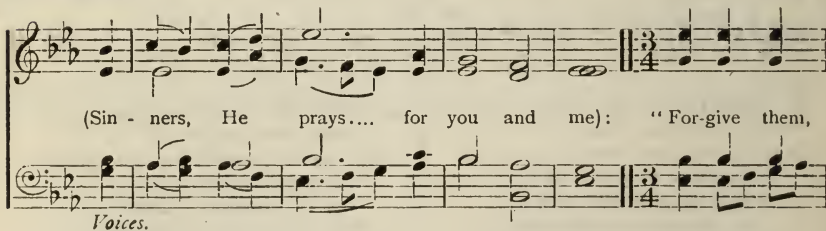


you - der tree? What means that strange ex - pir - ing cry?

Org.

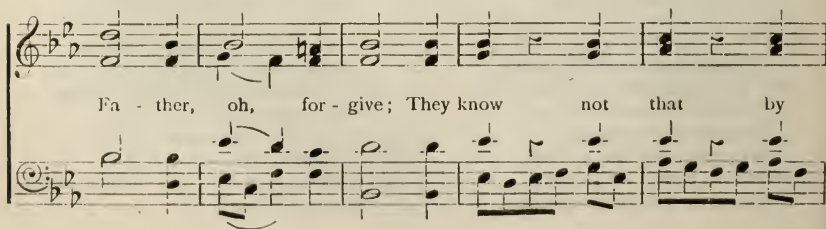


(Sin - ners, He prays for you and me;)

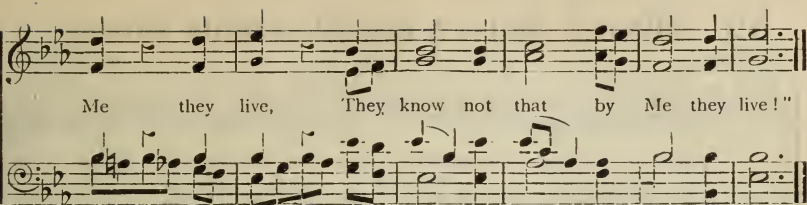


(Sin - ners, He prays for you and me): "For-give them,

Voices.



Fa - ther, oh, for - give; They know not that by



2. Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thou—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away!
3. Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears!
The story of Thy love repeat

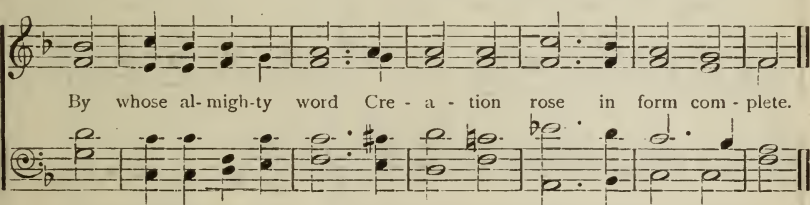
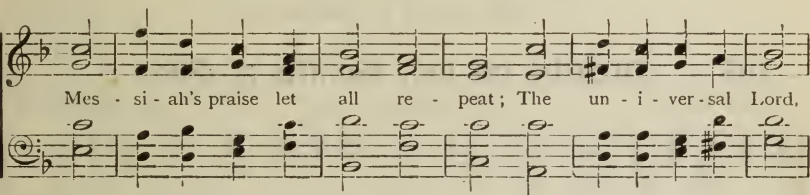
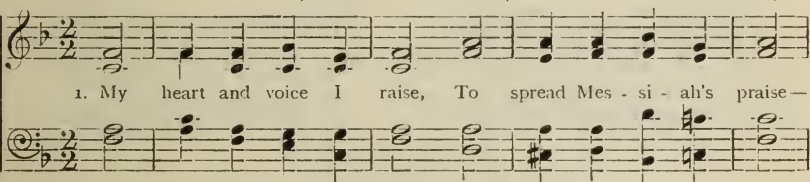
- In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.
4. Oh, let Thy love my heart constrain;
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

54 My Heart and Voice I Raise.

B. RHODES.

(ASCALON. 6.6.8.6.6.8.)

German Melody.



2. A servant's form He wore,
And in His body bore
Our dreadful curse on Calvary:
He like a victim stood,
And poured His sacred blood,
To set the guilty captives free.
3. But soon the Victor rose
Triumphant o'er His foes,
And led the vanquished host in chains:
He threw their empire down,
His foes compelled to own
O'er all the great Messiah reigns.

4. With mercy's mildest grace,
He governs all our race
In wisdom, righteousness, and love:
Who to Messiah fly
Shall find redemption nigh,
And all His great salvation prove.
5. Hail, Saviour, Prince of Peace!
Thy kingdom shall increase,
Till all the world Thy glory see;
And righteousness abound
As the great deep profound,
And fill the earth with purity!

55 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

1. WATTS.

(ROCKINGHAM. L.M.)

DR. MILLER.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous Cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all..... my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :

- Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

56 Breathe on me, Breath of God.

DR. E. HATCH.

(ST. GEORGE. S.M.)

DR. GAUNTLETT.

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God ; Fill me with life a - new,

That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.

2. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.
3. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,

- Until this earthly part of me
Glow with Thy fire Divine.
4. Breathe on me, Breath of God ;
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

57

Breathe Thou upon us.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

(WINCHESTER OLD. C.M.)

ESTE'S Psalter.

1. Breathe Thou up-on us, Ho-ly Ghost; Re-fresh us in this hour:

As-sem-bled here for praise and prayer, We wait Thy gra-cious power.

2. Rest Thou upon us, Dove-like Form;
Our worship to inspire;
Oh, let us now behold Thy grace
In pentecostal fire.

3. Descend upon us, heavenly flame—
Equip us with all zeal;

Baptize our hearts with love Divine,
And Then our work reveal.

4. Breathe Thou upon our waiting hearts,
Here met with one accord;
Then send us forth with sword and shield
To win this world for God.

58

Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

J. HART.

(ST. BRIDE. S.M.)

DR. S. HOWARD.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit, come, Let Thy bright beams a-rise,

Dis-pel all sor-row from our minds, All dark-ness from our eyes

2. Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

3. Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life through every part,
And new-create the whole.

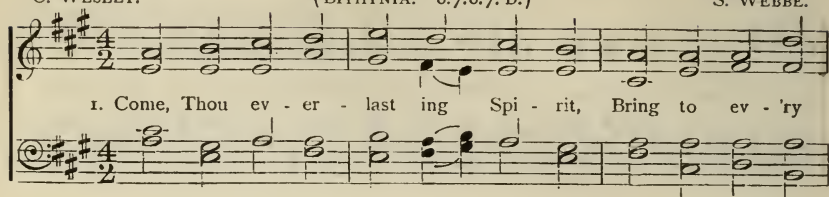
5. Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee!

59 Come, Thou Everlasting Spirit.

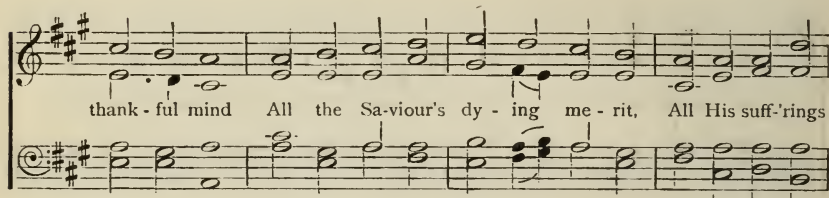
C. WESLEY.

(BITHYNIA. 8.7.8.7. D.)

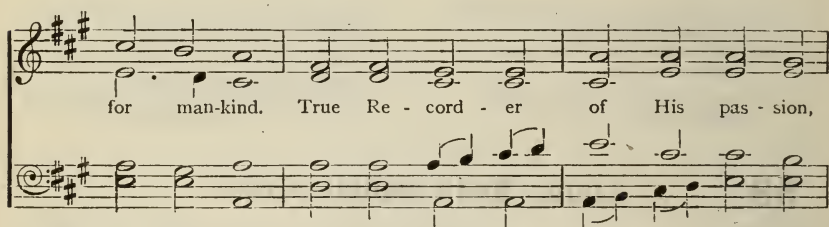
S. WEBBE.



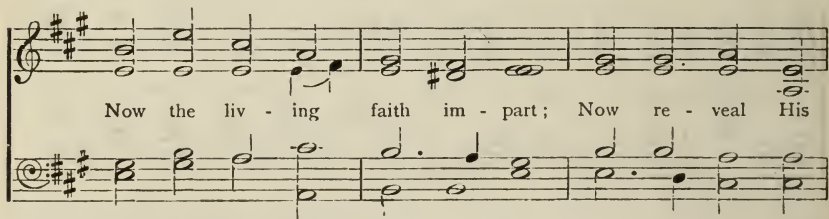
i. Come, Thou ev - er - last ing Spi - rit, Bring to ev - 'ry



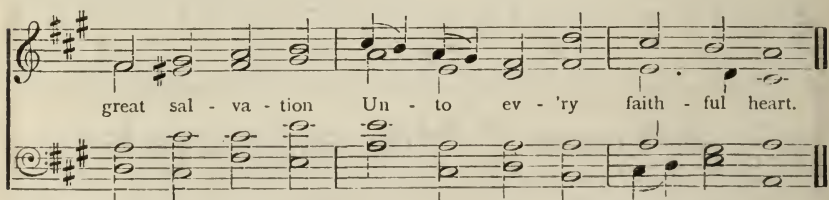
thank - ful mind All the Sa - viour's dy - ing me - rit, All His suff - 'rings



for man - kind. True Re - cord - er of His pas - sion,



Now the liv - ing faith im - part; Now re - veal His



great sal - va - tion Un - to ev - 'ry faith - ful heart.

2. Come, Thou Witness of His dying;
Come, Remembrancer Divine;
Let us feel Thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine;
Let us groan Thine inward groaning,
Look on Him we pierced, and grieve:
All partake the grace atoning—
All the sprinkled blood receive.

3. Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth
Here and through eternity.
Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven:
Such the joyous song of morning;
Such the banquet song of even.

60 Come to our Poor Nature's Night.

G. RAWSON.

(CAPETOWN. 7.7.7.5.)

F. FILITZ.

i. Come to our poor na-ture's night With Thy bless-ed in-ward light,

Ho-ly Ghost the In-fi-nite, Com-fort-er Di-vine.

2. We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord ;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford ;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.
3. Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.
4. Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast ;
5. There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.
5. With us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.
6. In us, Abba, Father ! cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

61 Jesus, Thine All-victorious Love.

C. WESLEY.

(FARRANT. C.M.)

R. FARRANT.

i. Je-sus, Thine all-vic-to-ri-ous love Shed in my soul a-broad ;

Then shall my heart no long-er rove, Root-ed and fixed in God.

2. Oh that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow !
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.
3. Thou, who at Pentecost didst fall,
Do Thou my sins consume :
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call ;
Spirit of Burning, come !
4. Refining Fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
5. My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me
And all my heart is love.

62

Send the Fire!

SOLO AND CHORUS.

GENERAL BOOTH.

Solo.

W. H. JUDE.

VOICE. *f* *Allegro con fuoco.*

1. Thou Christ of burn-ing, cleans-ing flame, Send the

ACCOMPT. *ff* *mf*

fire! *f*

Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim, Send the

Chorus. *ff* Send the fire! *Acpt.*

fire! *p*

Look down and see this wait-ing host, Give

Chorus. *ff* Send the fire!..... *Acpt. p*

us the pro-mised Ho-ly Ghost, We want an-o-ther Pen-te-cost:

f cres.

f cres.

Send, send the fire!..... Thou Christ of

Chorus.

Send, send the fire! Send the fire, Thou Christ, Thou Christ of

ff *ff*

ff Con moto passione.

burn-ing, cleans-ing flame! Send the fire! Send the fire!.....

burning, cleansing, clean-sing flame! Send the fire! Send the fire!.....

cleansing, cleansing flame! Send the fire! Send the fire! Send the fire!

ff *fff*

2. 'Tis fire we want, for fire we plead:
 Send the fire!
 The fire will meet our every need:
 Send the fire!
 For strength to ever do the right,
 For grace to conquer in the fight,
 For power to walk the world in white,
 Send, send the fire!

3. To make our weak hearts strong and brave,
 Send the fire!
 To live, a dying world to save,
 Send the fire!
 Oh, see us on Thy altar lay
 Our lives, our all, this very day!
 To crown the offering now we pray:
 Send, send the fire!

63

Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

J. MONTGOMERY.

(ST. MICHAEL. S.M.)

DAY'S PSALTER.

1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,

As in the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend with all Thy power.

2.

We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3.

Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4.

The young, the old inspire,
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5.

Spirit of Light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

64

☉ Breath of God !

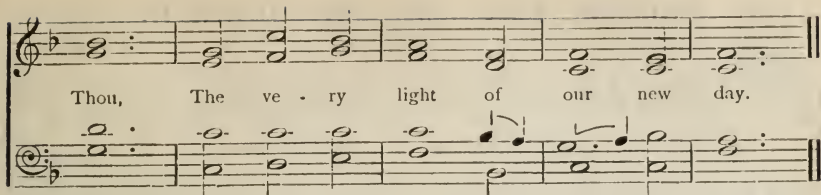
A. H. VINE.

(ARIZONA. L.M.)

DR. R. H. EARNSHAW.

1. O Breath of God, breathe on us now, And move with -

in us while we pray ; The spring of our new life art



2. Oh, strangely art Thou with us, Lord,
Neither in height nor depth to seek :
In nearness shall Thy voice be heard ;
Spirit to spirit Thou dost speak.

4. But ah, this faithless heart of mine !
The way I know ; I know my Guide :
Forgive me, O my Friend Divine,
That I so often turn aside.

3. Christ is our Advocate on high ;
Thou art our Advocate within :
Oh, plead the truth, and make reply
To every argument of sin.

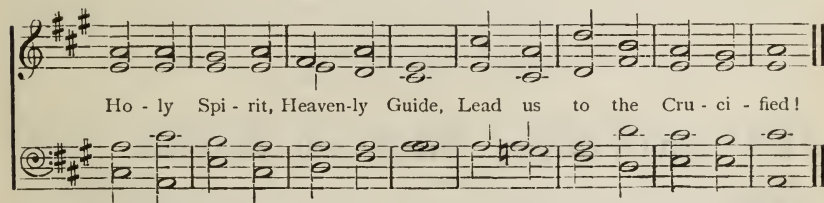
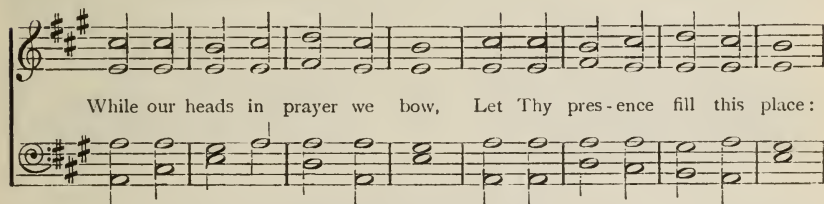
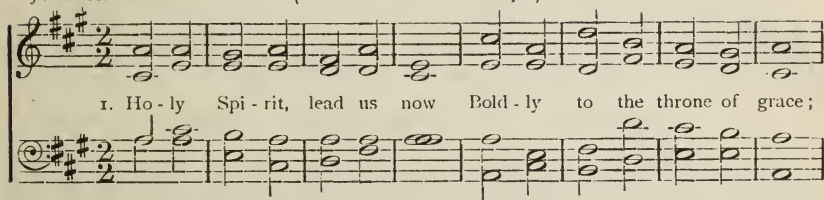
5. Be with me when no other friend
The mysterv of my heart can share ;
And be Thou known, when fears transcend,
By Thy best name of Comforter.

65 Holy Spirit, Lead us Now.

JOHN H. YATES.

(SPANISH CHANT. Six 7s.)

BURGOYNE'S Collection.



2. This is now our time of need,
This is now the day of grace ;
Now our souls with manna feed
Ere we leave this sacred place :
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Lead us to the feast of love !

3. At the blessed mercy-seat
Peace and joy are freely given ;
While we wait at Jesus' feet

Make this place the gate of heaven :
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Friend,
Now upon our hearts descend !

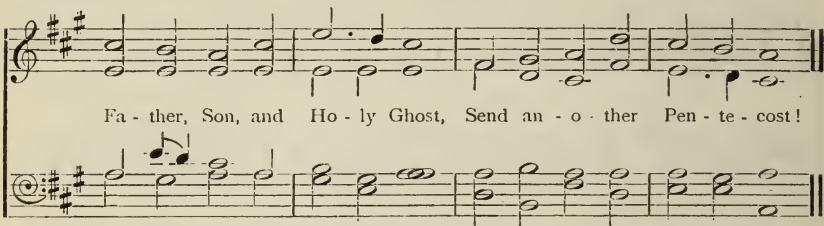
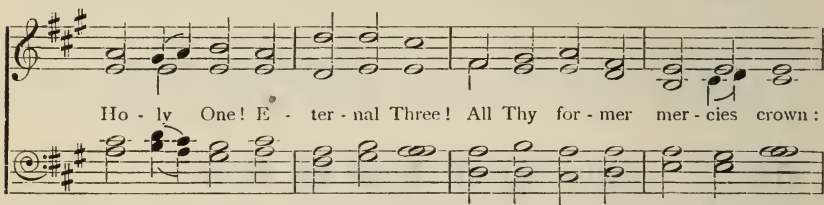
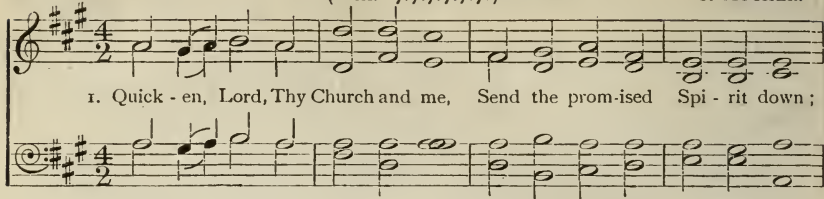
4. Weak and sinful though we be,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from sin ;
At the fountain full and free
Wash and make us pure within :
Holy Spirit, Cleansing Fire,
Burn up every base desire !

66 Quicken, Lord, Thy Church and me.

B. GOUGH.

(DIX. 7.7.7.7.7.)

C. KOCHER.



2. Let the living fire descend,
 "Cloven tongues" on every head—
 Tongues which all may comprehend;
 Speak Thy life unto the dead!
 Suddenly the power of grace
 Send from heaven and fill the place.

3. Send the "rushing mighty wind,"
 Give the "utterance" Divine;
 Let us know the Spirit's mind,
 Let us speak in words of Thine!
 Send a pure baptismal shower,
 Tongues of fire and words of power!

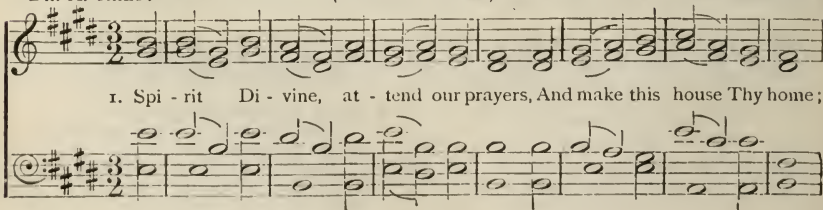
4. As of old, so be it now!
 Now the glorious scene repeat;
 See Thy suppliant people now,
 Waiting lowly at Thy feet,
 Crying all "with one accord,"
 Send the promised Spirit, Lord.

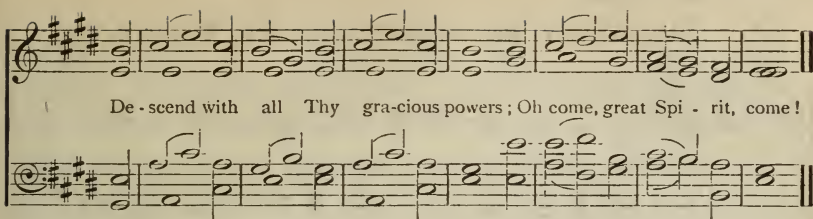
67 Spirit Divine, Attend our Prayers.

DR. A. REED.

(ARNOLD'S. C.M.)

DR. ARNOLD.





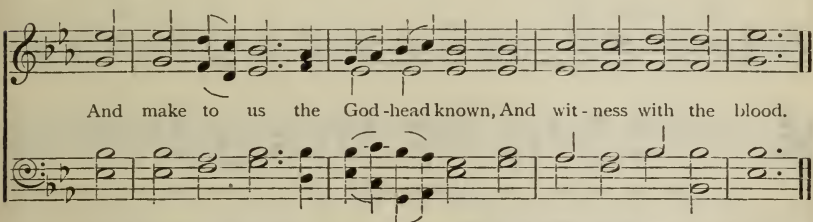
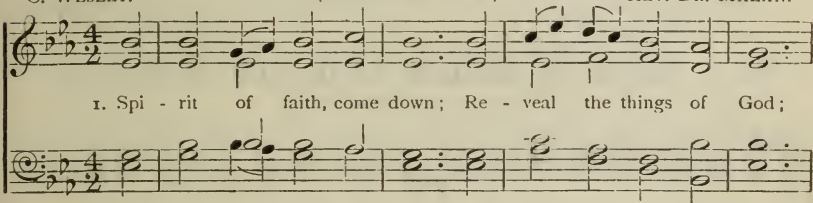
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|---|--|
| <p>2. Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.</p> <p>3. Come as the fire—and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.</p> <p>4. Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.</p> | <p>5. Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.</p> <p>6. Come as the wind—with rushing sound,
And Pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.</p> <p>7. Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
Oh come, great Spirit, come!</p> |
|---|--|

68 Spirit of Faith, Come Down.

C. WESLEY.

(SILCHESTER. S.M.)

REV. DR. MALAN.



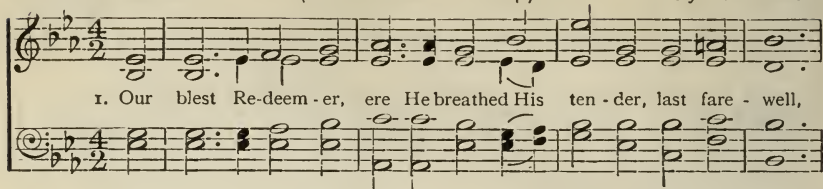
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. 'Tis Thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see;
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.</p> | <p>3. Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;</p> |
|--|---|
4. The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

69 Our Blest Redeemer, ere He Breathed.

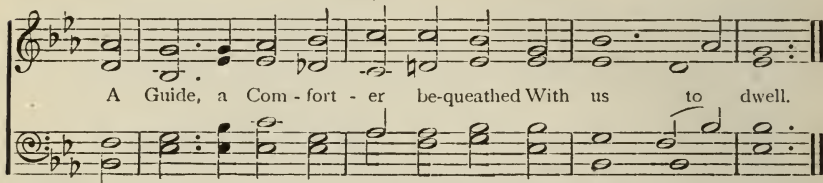
HARRIET AUBER.

(ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6.8.4.)

DR. J. B. DYKES.



1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,



A Guide, a Com-fort-er be-queathed With us to dwell.

2. He came in semblance of a dove,
With shelt'ring wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.
3. He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came—
As viewless too.
4. He comes sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

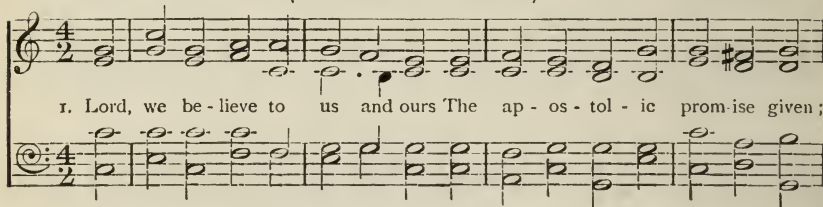
5. And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
6. And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.
7. Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

70 Lord, we Believe to us and ours.

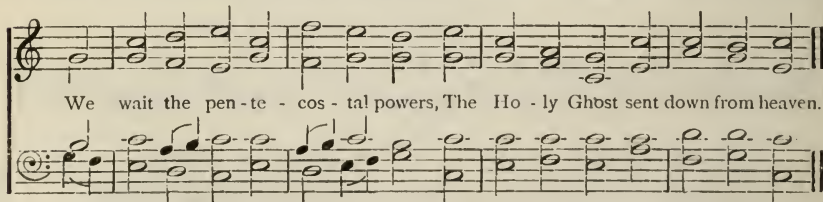
C. WESLEY.

(WINCHESTER NEW. L.M.)

German.



1. Lord, we be-lieve to us and ours The ap-os-tol-ic prom-ise given;



We wait the pen-te-cos-tal powers, The Ho-ly Ghost sent down from heaven.

2. Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for Thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest Divine.
3. Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

4. If every one that asks may find,
If still Thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.
5. Behold, to Thee our souls aspire,
And languish Thy descent to meet:
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart Thy seat.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

71 A Ruler once Came to Jesus by Night.

W. T. SLEEPER.

("YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.")

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

I. A ru - ler once came to Je - sus by night, To
ask Him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an - swer in
words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain!"..... "Ye must be born a -
"a - gain!"
- - gain!"..... "Ye must be born a - gain!"..... I ver - i - ly,
"a - gain!" "a - gain!"
ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain!".....
"a - gain!"

2. Ye children of men, attend to the word
So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord;
And let not this message to you be in vain:
"Ye must be born again!"

3. O ye who would enter this glorious rest,
And sing with the ransomed the song of the
blest;

The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
"Ye must be born again!"

4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see,
At the beautiful gate may be watching for
thee;
Then list to the note of this solemn refrain;
"Ye must be born again!"

72

"Verily! Verily!"

J. McG.

J. McGRANAHAN.

r. Oh, what a Sa-viour that He died for me! From con-dem-

- na-tion He hath made me free; "He that be-liev-eth on the

CHORUS.
Son," saith He, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life." "Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly,

I say un-to you; "Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly," mes-sage ev-er new!

"He that be-liev-eth on the Son"—'tis true!—"Hath ev-er-last-ing life!"

2.

All my iniquities on Him were laid;
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
"Have everlasting life!"

3.

Though poor and needy, I can trust my Lord;
Though weak and sinful, I believe His word;
Oh, glad message! every child of God
"Hath everlasting life!"

4.

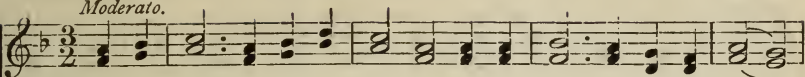
Though all unworthy, yet I will not doubt;
For him that cometh He will not cast out:
"He that believeth," oh the good news shout!
"HATH everlasting life!"

73

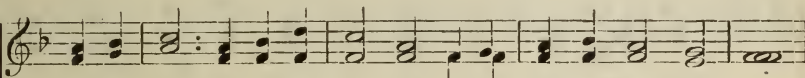
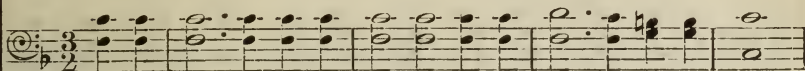
"Call them in."

ANNA SHIPTON.
Moderato.

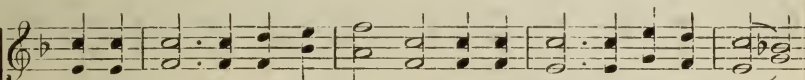
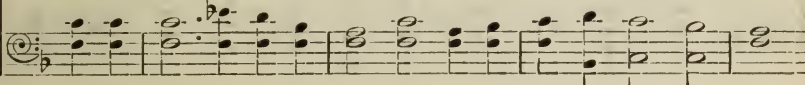
IRA D. SANKEY.



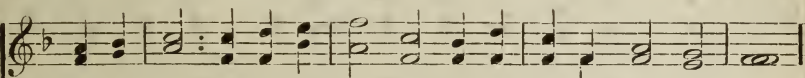
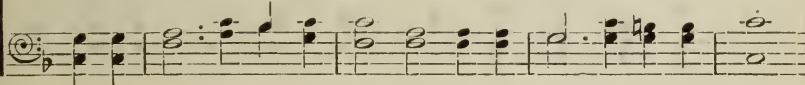
1. "Call them in"—the poor, the wretch-ed, Sin-stained wan-d'ers from the fold ;



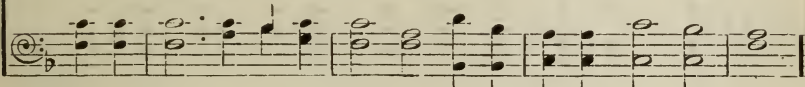
Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer ; Can you weigh their worth with gold ?



"Call them in"—the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin ;



Bid them come and rest in Je - sus : He is wait-ing—"Call them in."



2.

"Call them in"—the little children,
Tarrying far away, away ;
Wait—oh, wait not for to-morrow,
Christ would have them come to-day.
Follow on ! the Lamb is leading !
He has conquered—we shall win ;
Bring the halt and blind to Jesus ;
He will heal them—"Call them in."

3.

"Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame ;
Speak Love's message, low and tender—
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
See ! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin ;
Can you leave them lost and lonely ?
Christ is coming—"Call them in."

74 Are you Coming Home To-night?

A. N.

J. MC GRANAHAN.

1. Are you com - ing Home, ye wan - d'ers, Whom Je - sus

died to win, All foot - sore, lame, and wea - ry, Your

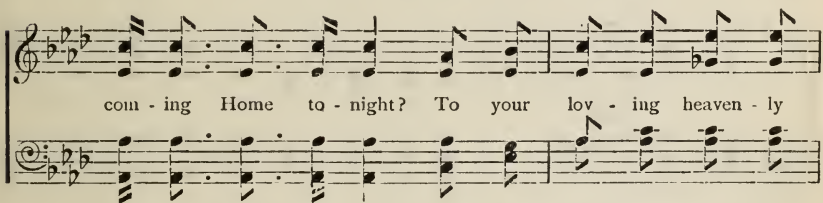
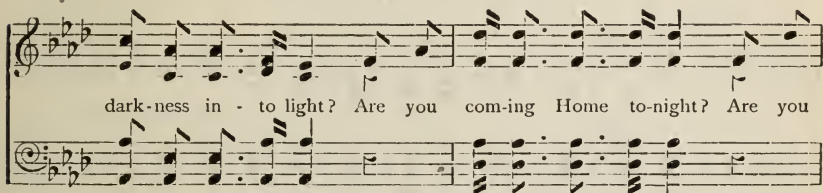
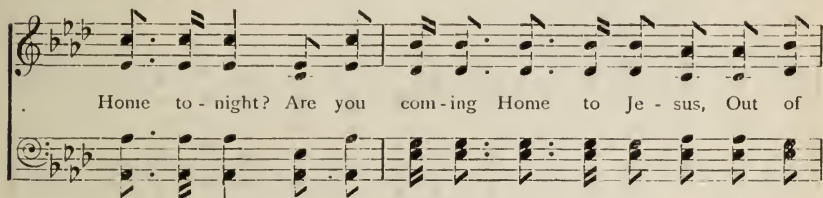
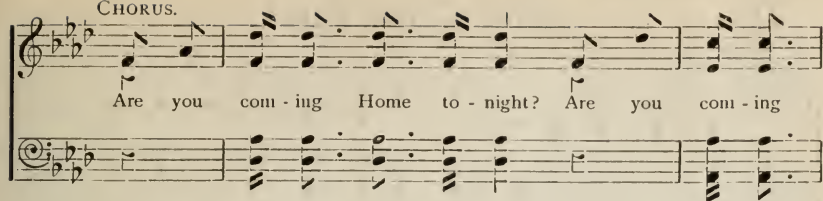
gar - ments stained with sin? Will you seek the blood of

Je - sus To wash your gar - ments white? Will you trust His

pre - cious prom - ise? Are you com - ing Home to - night?

rit.

CHORUS.



2. Are you coming Home, ye lost ones?
Behold, your Lord doth wait;
Come then! no longer linger!
Come ere it be too late!
Will you come, and let Him save you?
Oh, trust His love and might!
Will you come while He is calling?
Are you coming Home to-night?

3. Are you coming Home, ye guilty,
Who bear the load of sin?
Outside you've long been standing,
Come now and venture in!
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,
And dare to trust Him quite?—
"Come unto Me!" saith Jesus:
Are you coming Home to-night?

75

Only Trust Him!

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-press, There's mer - cy with the Lord;

And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His Word.

CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him! On - ly trust Him! On - ly trust Him now!

He will save you! He will save you! He will save you now!

2. For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.
3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way
That leads you into rest;

- Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.
4. Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

76

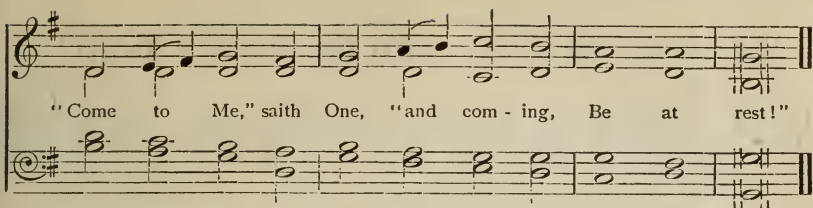
Art thou Weary?

J. M. NEALE, tr.

(STEPHANOS. 8.5.8.3.).

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

1. Art thou wea - ry? art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis - tress?



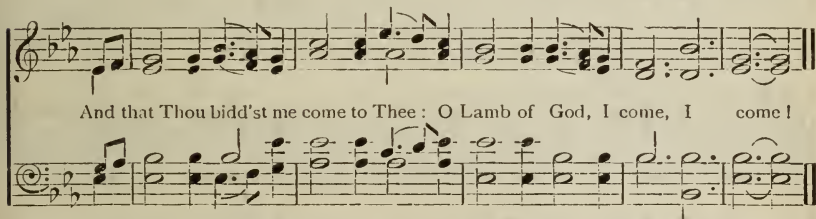
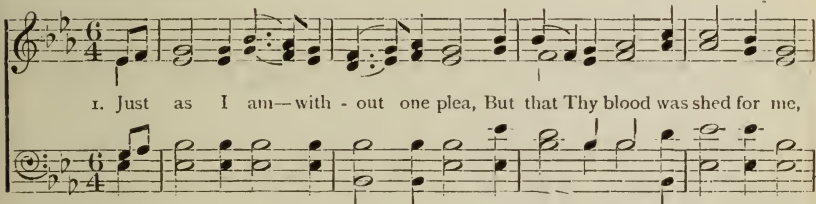
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."</p> <p>3. Is there diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."</p> | <p>4. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed."</p> <p>5. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away."</p> |
|--|---|
6. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs,
Answer—Yes!"

77

Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

W. B. BRADBURY.

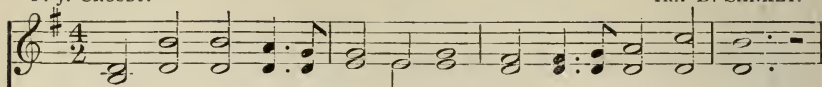


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>3. Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without:
O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find;
O Lamb of God, I come!</p> | <p>5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>7. Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
prove;
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!</p> |
|---|---|

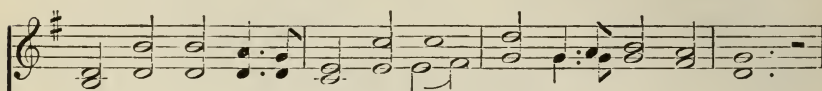
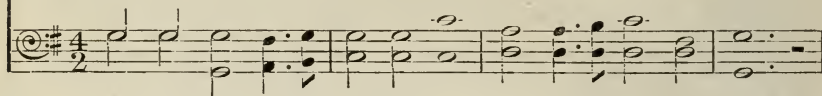
78 Come, oh Come, with thy Broken Heart!

F. J. CROSBY.

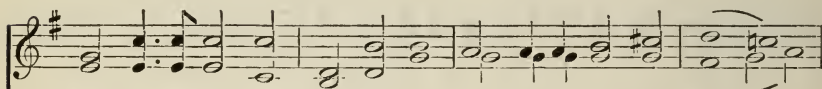
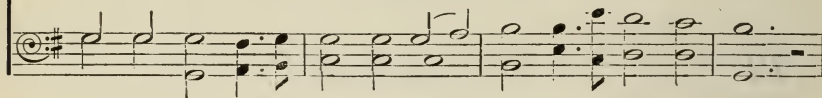
IRA D. SANKEY.



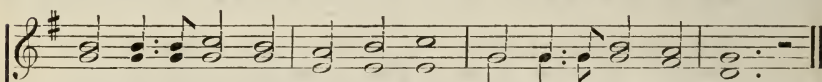
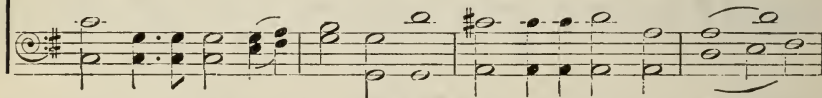
1. Come, oh, come, with thy bro - ken heart, Wea - ry and worn with care ;



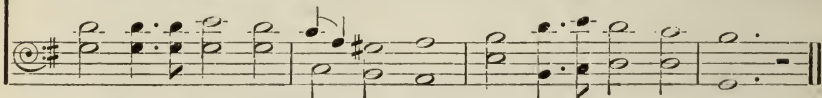
Come and kneel at the o - pen door, Je - sus is wait - ing there—



Wait - ing to heal thy wound - ed soul, Wait - ing to give thee rest :.....



Why wilt thou walk where sha - dows fall? Come to His lov - ing breast!



2.

Firmly cling to the blessèd Cross,
There shall thy refuge be ;
Wash thee now in the crimson fount,
Flowing so pure for thee :
List to the gentle warning voice !
List to the earnest call !
Leave at the Cross thy burden now :
Jesus will bear it all.

3.

Come and taste of the precious feast,
Feast of eternal love ;
Think of joys that for ever bloom,
Bright in the life above :
Come with a trusting heart to God,
Come and be saved by grace ;
Come, for He longs to clasp thee now
Close in His dear embrace.

79

"Come unto Me, ye Weary."

W. C. DIX.

(AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D.)

DR. S. S. WESLEY.

(From "The European Psalmist.")

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."

Oh, bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion; Of par - don, grace, and peace;

Of joy that hath no end - ing; Of love which can - not cease.

- 2 "Come unto Me, ye wand'ers,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

3. "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife:

3*

The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4. "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us—very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless—
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

NATHANIEL NORTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "Come un - to Me!" It is the Sa-viour's voice— The Lord of life, who

bids thy heart re - joice ; O wea - ry heart, with hea - vy cares op - prest,

CHORUS.
"Come un - to Me," and I will give you rest. "Come un - to Me,
"Come un - to Me, oh,

come un - to Me, come un - to Me ; And I will give you
come un - to Me, come un - to Me ;

rit.
rest, I will give you rest, I will give you rest!"
will give you rest, will give you rest!"
you rest, ... you rest!"

2.

Weary with life's long struggle, full of pain,
O doubting soul, thy Saviour calls again ;
Thy doubts shall vanish, and thy sorrows
cease ;

"Come unto Me," and I will give you peace.

3.

O dying man, with guilt and sin dismayed,
With conscience wakened, of thy God afraid ;

"Twixt hopes and fears—oh, end the anxious
strife !—

"Come unto Me," and I will give you life.

4.

Life, rest, and peace, the flowers of deathless
bloom,

The Saviour gives us—not beyond the tomb ;
But here and now : on earth some glimpse is
given

Of joys which wait us through the gates of

81 Jesus is Tenderly Calling.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,

call - ing to - day! Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam,

REFRAIN.

Far - ther and far - ther a - way? Call - - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

Call - - ing to - day!..... Je - - - - - sus is
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day!
call - ing to - day!

2.

Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
Calling to-day, calling to-day!
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest:
He will not turn thee away.

3.

Jesus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day!

Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay!

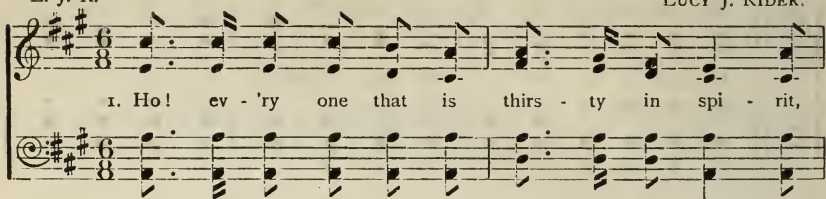
4.

Jesus is pleading: oh, list to His voice—
Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day!
They who believe on His name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away!

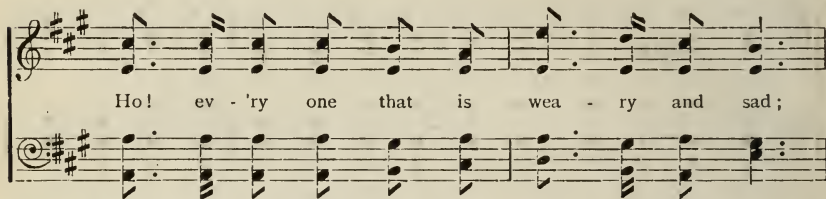
82 Ho, Every One that is Thirsty!

L. J. R.

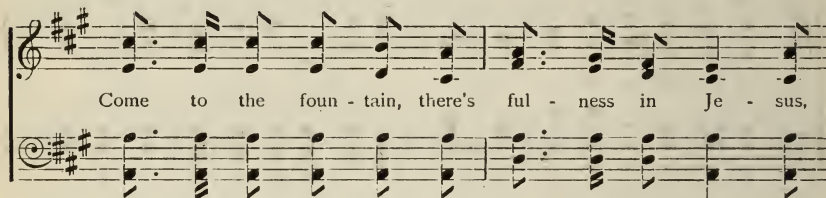
LUCY J. RIDER.



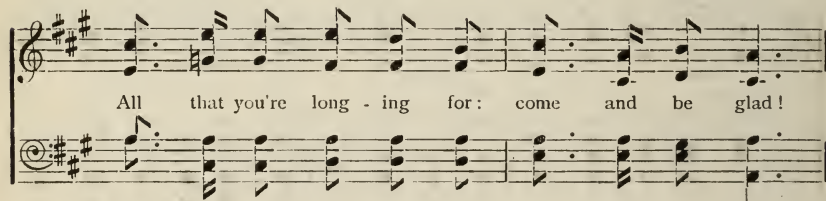
1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that is thirs - ty in spi - rit,



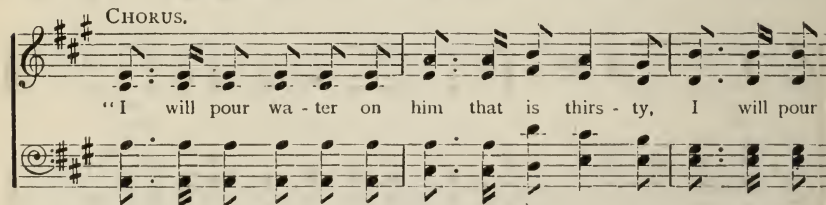
Ho! ev - 'ry one that is wea - ry and sad;



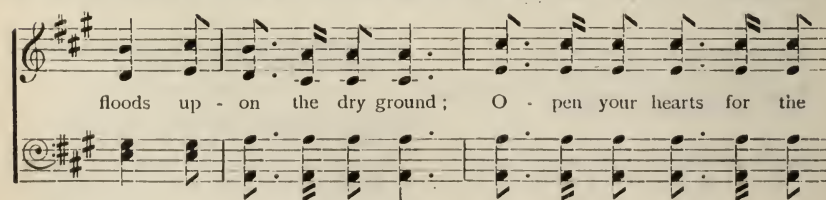
Come to the foun - tain, there's ful - ness in Je - sus,



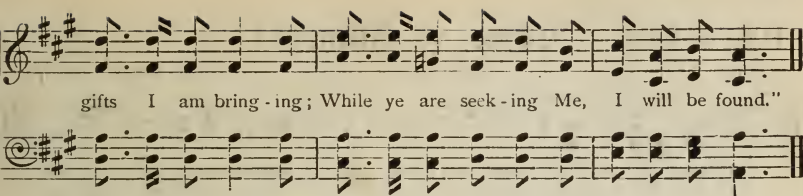
All that you're long - ing for: come and be glad!



CHORUS.
"I will pour wa - ter on him that is thirs - ty, I will pour



floods up - on the dry ground; O - pen your hearts for the



gifts I am bring-ing; While ye are seek-ing Me, I will be found."

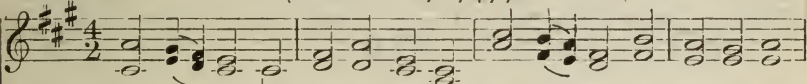
2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bondage?
Weary of earth-joys, so false, so untrue?
Thirsting for God and His fulness of blessing?—
List to the promise—a message for you!
3. Child of the Kingdom, be filled with the Spirit!
Nothing but fulness thy longing can meet;
'Tis the enduement for life and for service;
Thine is the promise, so certain, so sweet.

83 Hark! the Gospel News is Sounding.

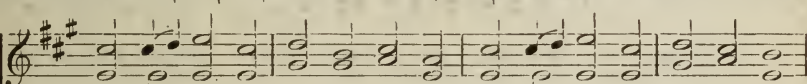
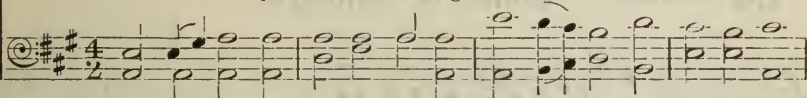
H. BOURNE.

(DISMISSAL. 8.7.8.7.4.7.)

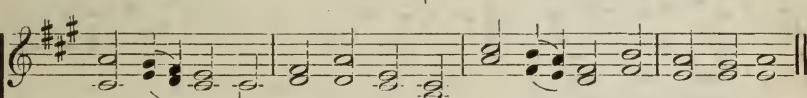
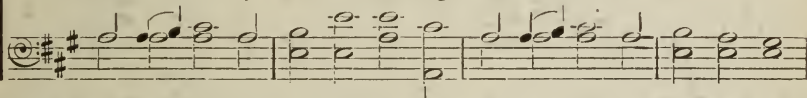
W. L. VINER.



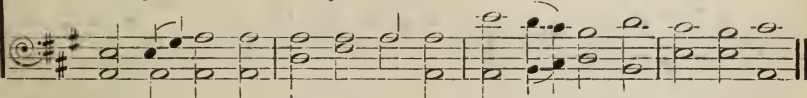
1. Hark! the Gos-pel news is sound-ing, Christ hath suf-fered on the tree;



Streams of mer-cy are a-bound-ing, Grace for all is rich and free.



Now, poor sin-ner, Now, poor sin-ner, Look to Him who died for thee.



2. Oh, escape to yonder mountain!
Now believe in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away:
Do not tarry,
Come to Jesus while you may.
3. Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever

- From the Saviour's wounded side:
None need perish;
All may live, for Christ hath died.
4. Christ alone shall be our portion;
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love:
All His fulness
We shall then for ever prove.

84 (1st Tune.)

Come, ye Sinners!

J. HART.

(CAERSALEM. 8.7.4.)

Arr. D. EMLYN EVANS.

I. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore : }
 Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty joined with power ; }

He is a - ble, He is will - ing ; He is a - ble, He is will - ing ; doubt no more.

84 (2nd Tune.)

Come, ye Sinners!

J. HART.

(HELMSELEY. 8.7.4.)

REV. M. MADAN.

I. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed,
 Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty

sick and sore : }
 joined with power ; } He is a - ble, He is will - ing ;

He is a - ble, He is will - ing ; doubt no more.

2. Come, ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh :
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him :
This He gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the Fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5. Lo ! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood ;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

85 Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast.

C. WESLEY.

(WARRINGTON. L.M.)

REV. R. HARRISON.

1. Come, sin - ners, to..... the Gos - pel feast, Let ev - 'ry

soul be Je - su's guest ; Ye need not one..... be

left..... be - hind, For God hath bid - den all..... man - kind.

2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
The invitation is to all :
Come, all the world ; come, sinner, thou !
All things in Christ are ready now.

3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

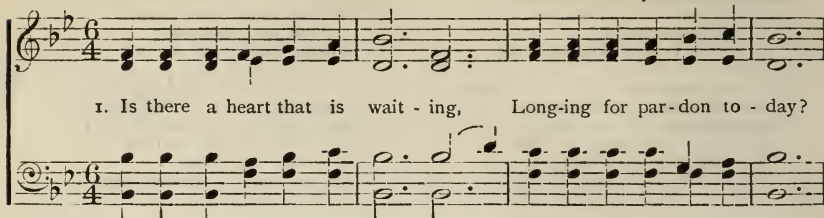
4. His love is mighty to compel ;
His conquering love consent to feel ;
Yield to His love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

5. See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice !
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

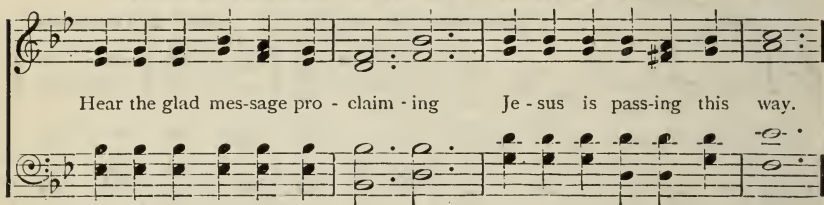
6. This is the time ; no more delay !
This is the acceptable day ;
Come in, this moment, at His call,
And live for Him who died for all.

86 Is there a heart that is Waiting?

J. McGRANAHAN.

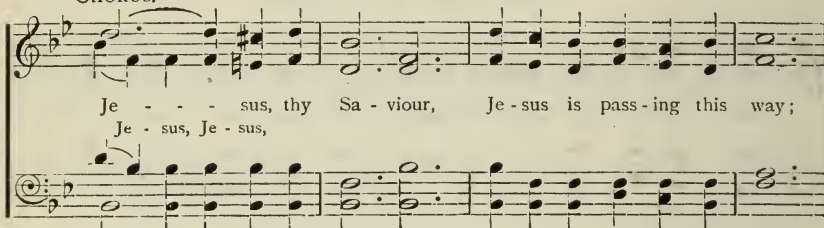


1. Is there a heart that is wait - ing, Long-ing for par-don to - day?



Hear the glad mes-sage pro - claim - ing Je - sus is pass-ing this way.

CHORUS.



Je - - - sus, thy Sa - viour, Je - sus is pass-ing this way;
Je - sus, Je - sus,



Wait-ing to give thee free par - don,..... Long-ing to save thee to - day.

2. Is there a heart that has wandered?
Come with thy burden to-day;
Mercy is tenderly pleading,
Jesus is passing this way.

3. Is there a heart that is broken?
Weary and sighing for rest?
Come to the arms of thy Saviour,
Pillow thy head on His breast.

4. Come to thy only Redeemer;
Come to His infinite love;
Come to the gate that is leading
Homeward to mansions above.

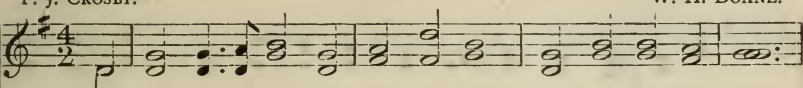
87

Oh Come, Sinner, Come!

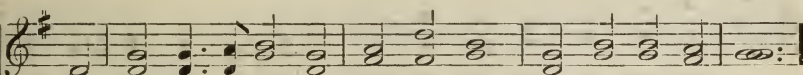
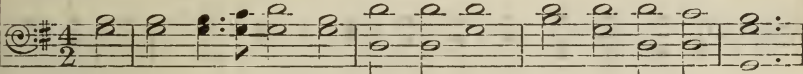
F. J. CROSBY.

("LAY IT DOWN.")

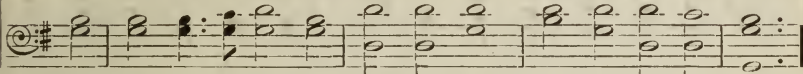
W. H. DOANE.



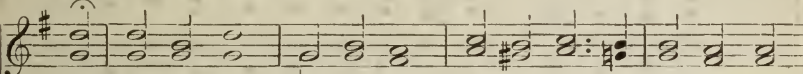
1. Oh come, sin-ner, come! 'tis mer-cy's call; Here at Je-sus' feet!



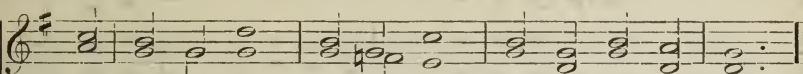
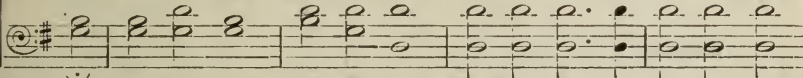
Oh come, and, re-pent-ing, lay thy all Down at Je-sus' feet!



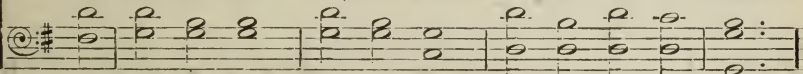
CHORUS.



Oh, lay it down, lay it down! Lay thy wea-ry bur-den down!



Oh, lay it down, lay it down, Down at Je-sus' feet!



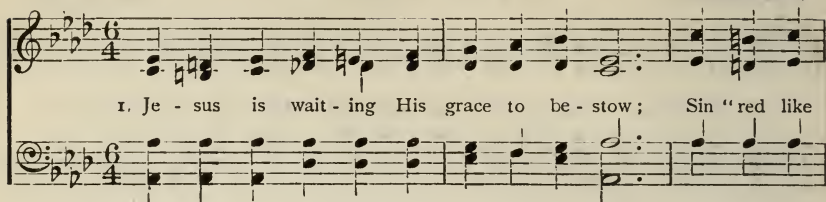
2. Oh come, and, believing, seek thy rest
Here at Jesus' feet!
Thy heart, with its heavy weight opprest,
Lay at Jesus' feet!
3. Oh come, where thy faith can make thee whole,
Here at Jesus' feet!
Oh come, and thy weary, troubled soul
Lay at Jesus' feet!
4. Oh, come! bless the Lord, there's room for thee,
Here at Jesus' feet!
Thy burden of guilt, whate'er it be,
Lay at Jesus' feet!

88

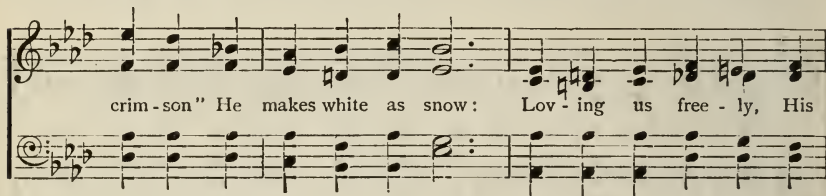
Jesus is Waiting.

E. E. HEWITT.

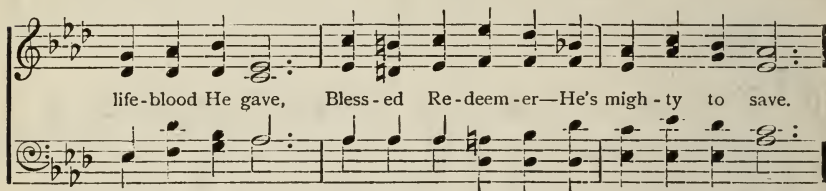
THOMAS FACER.



1. Je - sus is wait - ing His grace to be - stow ; Sin "red like

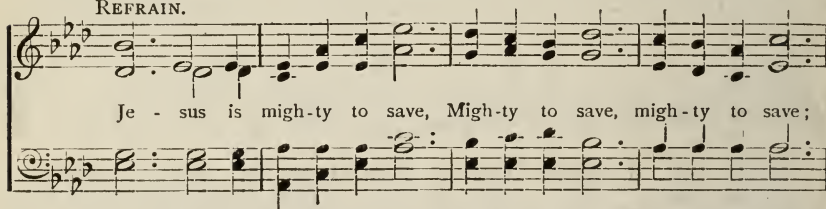


crim - son" He makes white as snow : Lov - ing us free - ly, His

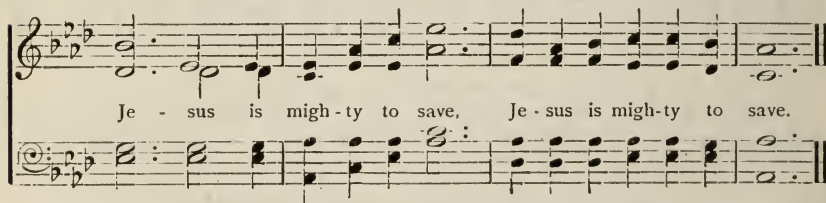


life - blood He gave, Bless - ed Re - deem - er—He's migh - ty to save.

REFRAIN.



Je - sus is migh - ty to save, Migh - ty to save, migh - ty to save ;



Je - sus is migh - ty to save, Je - sus is migh - ty to save.

2.

Standing alone in the strife we shall fail,
Close to our Leader His might will prevail ;
Or, if a blessing for others we crave,
Pray on, believing—He's mighty to save.

3.

Take Him the burden that weighs on your
heart,
Take Him the trouble, He'll comfort impart ;

Held by His hand we can walk on the
wave ;
Look up to Jesus—He's mighty to save.

4.

Up from the valley the darkness has gone,
When Jesus brings there the beauty of
dawn :
Victory, glad victory, we sing o'er the grave ;
Glory to Jesus—He's mighty to save.

89

"Whosoever Will!"

A. MONTEITH.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O wan - d'ring souls, why will you roam A - way from God, a -

- way from Home? The Sa - viour calls, oh, hear Him say—"Who -

REFRAIN.

- ev - er will" may come to - day! "Who - ev - er will!"

"who - ev - er will!" "Who - ev - er will" may come to - day;

"Who - ev - er will" may come to - day, And drink of the wa - ter of life.

2. Behold His hands extended now,
The dews of night are on His brow;
He knocks, He calls, He waiteth still:
Oh, come to Him, "whoever will!"
3. In simple faith His word believe,
And His abundant grace receive;

No love like His the heart can fill;
Oh, come to Him, "whoever will!"

4. The "Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
And find in Him sweet rest, and home;
Let him that heareth echo still
The blessed "whosoever will!"

"Come!"

MRS. J. G. JOHNSON.

J. McGRANAHAN.

1. O word, of words the sweet-est; O word, in which there

lie..... All pro-mise, all ful-ful-ment, And end of mys-te-

-ry! La-ment-ing, or re-joy-cing, With doubt or ter-ror

nigh, I hear the "Come!" of Je-sus, And to His cross I fly.

REFRAIN.

"Come! oh, come to Me!..... Come! oh, come to
Come! come! come! come! come! Come! come! come!

Me!"..... "Wea - ry, hea - vy - la - - - den,
come! come!

Come, oh, come to Me!"..... "Come, oh, come to
Oh, come! come! come!

Me!"..... Come, oh, come to Me!".....
come! come! Come! come! come! come! come!

"Wea - ry, hea - vy - la - - - den, Come, oh, come to Me!" .
rit.

2.

O soul, why shouldst thou wander
From such a loving Friend?
Cling closer, closer to Him,
Stay with Him to the end:
Alas! I am so helpless,
So very full of sin,
For I am ever wandering,
And coming back again.

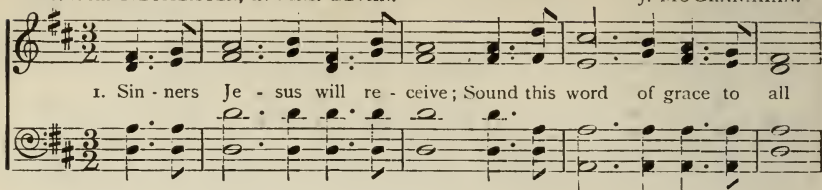
3.

Oh, each time draw me nearer,
That soon the "Come" may be
Naught but a gentle whisper
To one close, close to Thee:
Then, over sea and mountain,
Far from, or near my home,
I'll take Thy hand and follow,
At that sweet whisper, "Come!"

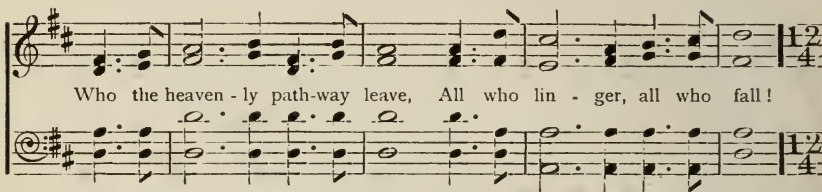
91 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from NEUMEISTER, tr. MRS. BEVAN.

J. McGRANAHAN.

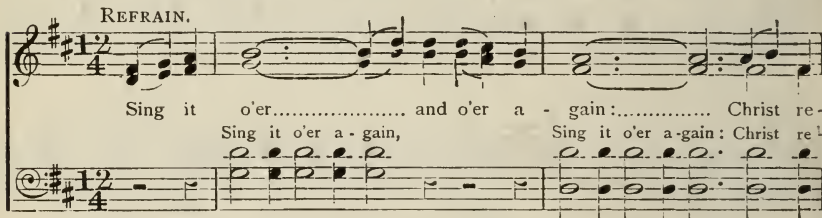


1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all

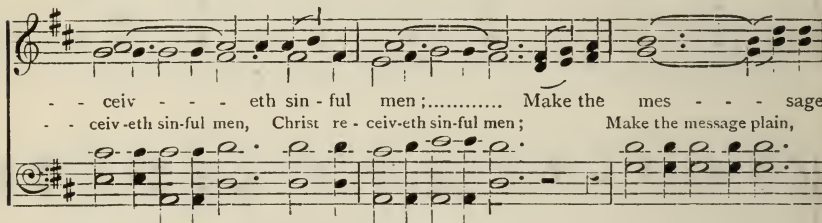


Who the heaven - ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall!

REFRAIN.



Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain:..... Christ re -
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain: Christ re -



- - ceiv - - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - - sage
- - ceiv-eth sin-ful men, Christ re - ceiv-eth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,



clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes-sage plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

2. Come, and He will give you rest;
Trust Him, for His word is plain;
He will take the sinfulness:
Christ receiveth sinful men.
3. Now my heart condemns me not,
Pure before the law I stand;

- He who cleansed me from all spot
Satisfied its last demand.
4. Christ receiveth sinful men—
Even me, with all my sin;
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him I enter in.

92

At the Cross there's Room.

F. J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY.

1. Sin - ner, where - so - e'er thou art, At the cross there's room!

Tell the bur - den of thy heart: At the cross there's room!

Tell it in thy Sa - viour's ear, Cast a - way thine ev - 'ry fear,

On - ly speak, and He will hear: At the cross there's room!

2. Haste thee, wand'rer, tarry not,
At the cross there's room!
Seek that consecrated spot:
At the cross there's room!
Heavy-laden, sore opprest,
Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
In the Saviour find thy rest:
At the cross there's room!
3. Thoughtless sinner, come to-day,
At the cross there's room!
Hark! the Bride and Spirit say,
"At the cross there's room!"

- Now a living fountain see,
Opened there for you and me,
Rich and poor, for bond and free:
At the cross there's room!
4. Blessed thought! for every one
At the cross there's room!
Love's atoning work is done:
At the cross there's room!
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go;
Oh that all the world might know
At the cross there's room!

93 Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling.

W. L. T.

("FOR YOU AND FOR ME.")

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing for

you and for me; Pa - tient - ly Je - sus is wait - ing and watch - ing—

CHORUS.

Watch - ing for you and for me! "Come home!..... come home!.....
"Come home! come home!

Ye who are wea - ry, come home!".... Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly

rit.
Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing, O sin - ner, "Come home!"

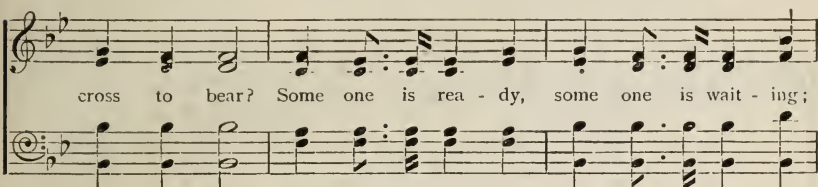
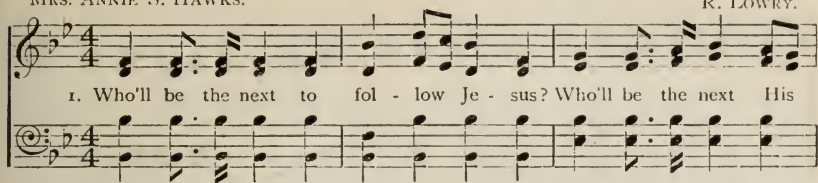
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading—
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies—
Mercies for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing—
Passing from you and from me;

- Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming—
Coming for you and for me!
4. Oh for the wonderful love He has promised—
Promised for you and for me!
Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon—
Pardon for you and for me!

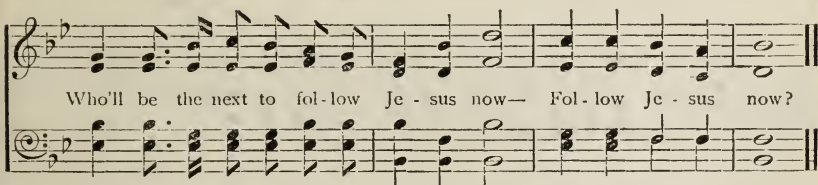
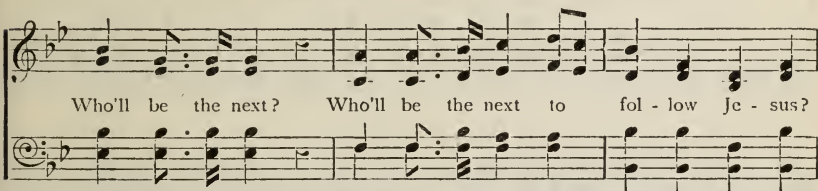
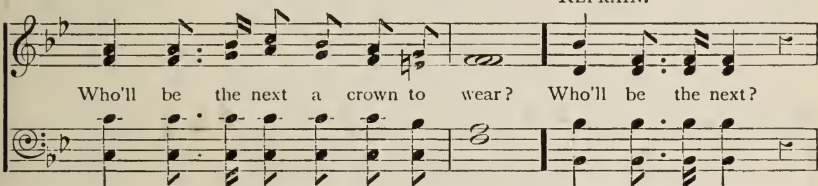
94 Who'll be the Next to follow Jesus?

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

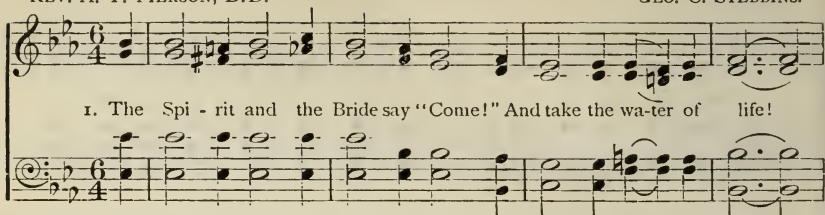
R. LOWRY.



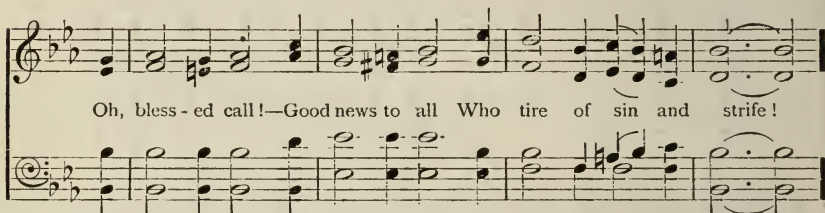
REFRAIN.



2. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—
Follow His weary, bleeding feet?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy-seat?
3. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise His name?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption?—
Sing, Hallelujah! praise the Lamb!




1. The Spi - rit and the Bride say "Come!" And take the wa - ter of life!

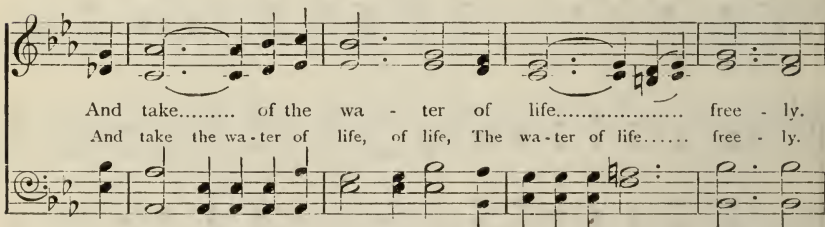


Oh, bless - ed call!—Good news to all Who tire of sin and strife!

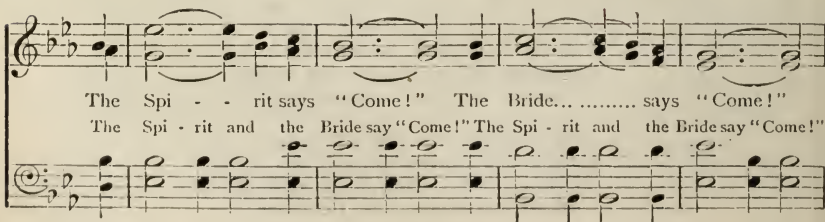
CHORUS.



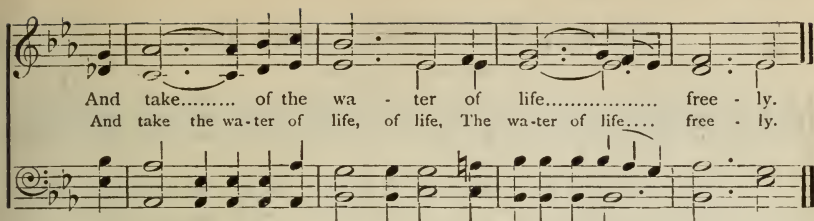
The Spi - - rit says "Come!" The Bride..... says "Come!"
The Spi - rit and the Bride say "Come!" The Spi - rit and the Bride say "Come!"



And take..... of the wa - ter of life..... free - ly.
And take the wa - ter of life, of life, The wa - ter of life..... free - ly.



The Spi - - rit says "Come!" The Bride..... says "Come!"
The Spi - rit and the Bride say "Come!" The Spi - rit and the Bride say "Come!"



And take..... of the wa - ter of life..... free - ly.
And take the wa - ter of life, of life, The wa - ter of life.... free - ly.

2.

Let every one who hears, say "Come!"
And joyful witness give;
I heard the sound,
The stream I found—
I drank, and now I live!

3.

Ye souls who are athirst, forsake
Your broken cisterns first;

Then come, partake:
One draught will slake
Your soul's consuming thirst.

4.

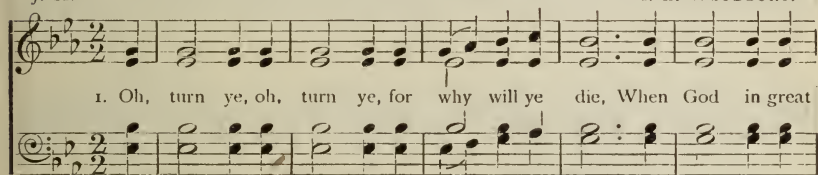
Yea, "whosoever will" may come—
Your longings Christ can fill;
The stream is free
To you and me,
And whosoever will.

96

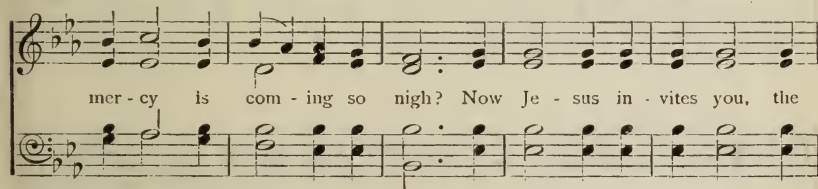
Turn ye!

J. H.

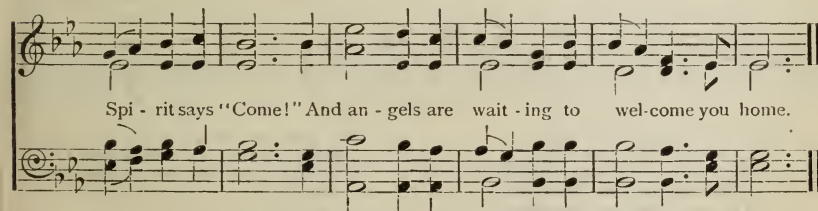
I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great



mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the



Spi - rit says "Come!" And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.

2.

How vain the delusion, that, while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better, your chains melt
away!
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as
you are,
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.

3.

The contrite in heart He will freely receive;
Oh, why will you not the glad message be-
lieve?
If sin be your burden, why will ye not come?
'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you
come home.

97 To-day His Mercy Calls thee.

(RUTHERFORD. 7.6.7.6. D.)

I. To - day His mer - cy calls thee To wash a - way thy sin ;

How - ev - er great thy tres - pass, What - ev - er thou hast been :

How - ev - er long from mer - cy Thou may'st have turned a - way,

The blood of Christ can cleanse thee And make thee white to - day.

2. To-day the gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present grace be given,
A future joy be promised—
A glorious crown in heaven.

3. To-day the Father calls thee ;
The Holy Spirit waits ;
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates :

No question will be asked thee
Why thou so late hast come ;
Although thou long hast wandered,
There's rest for thee at home.

4. O all embracing mercy,
O ever open door,
What should we do without thee
When heart and eyes run o'er ?
When all things seem against us,
And tempt us to despair,
We know one gate is open—
One ear will hear our prayer.

98

Come to Jesus.

ANNA SHIPTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Come to Je - sus, ye who wan - der Far from hope, and peace, and rest ;

Scorned, neg - lect - ed, and for - sa - ken, Sor - row - ful, and sore dis - trest.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus! Hark! the Spi - rit whis - pers, "Come!"

rit.
Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus! Hark! the Spi - rit whis - pers, "Come!"

2. Come to Jesus! He hath loved you
With a deep, abounding love;
And His heart of tenderest pity
Needs no sacrifice to move.
3. Come! oh come! the Master waiteth:
"Come!" the longing Bride doth say:
"Come!" He tarries whilst we linger:
He hath borne our sins away.

99 Jesus is Pleading with my Poor Soul.

("SHALL I BE SAVED TO-NIGHT?")

F. J. CROSBY.

MRS. M. BLISS WILSON.

1. Je-sus is plead-ing with my poor soul: Shall I be saved to - night?

If I be - lieve, He will make me whole: Shall I be saved to - night?

Ten - der - ly, sad - ly, I hear Him say, "How can you grieve Me from day to day?"

Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to - night?

2. Jesus was nailed to the cross for me :
 Shall I be saved to night?
 How can my heart so ungrateful be?
 Shall I be saved to-night?
 Now He will save me by grace Divine;
 Now, if I will, I may call Him mine :
 Can I the pleasures of earth resign?
 Oh, shall I be saved to night?
3. Jesus is knocking at my poor heart :
 Shall I be saved to-night?
 What if His Spirit should now depart?
 Shall I be saved to-night?

- Over and over His voice I hear,
 Sweetly it falls on my listening ear:
 Shall I reject Him, a Friend so dear?
 Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more :
 Shall I be saved to-night?
 Quickly I'll open this bolted door :
 Save me, O Lord, to-night !
 Blessèd Redeemer, come in, come in,
 Pity my sorrow, forgive my sin !
 Now let Thy work in my soul begin,
 For I will be saved to-night !

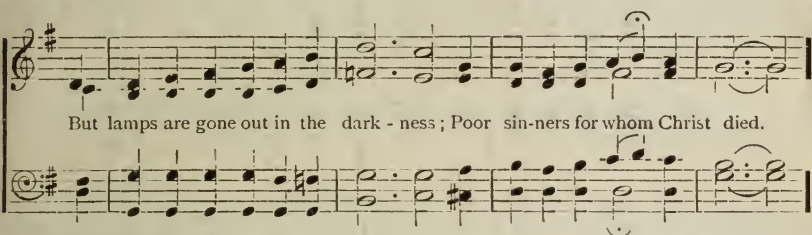
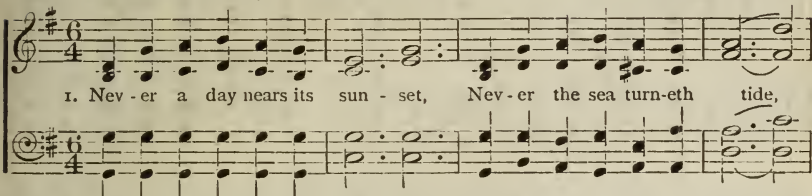
100 Never a Day nears its Sunset.

("FOR WHOM CHRIST DIED.")

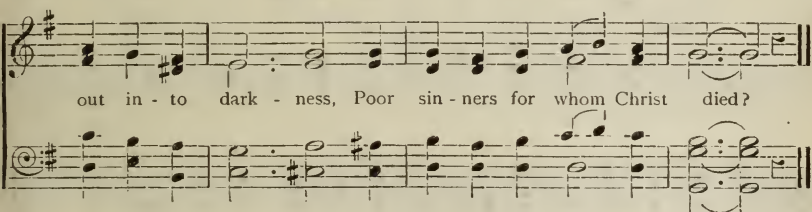
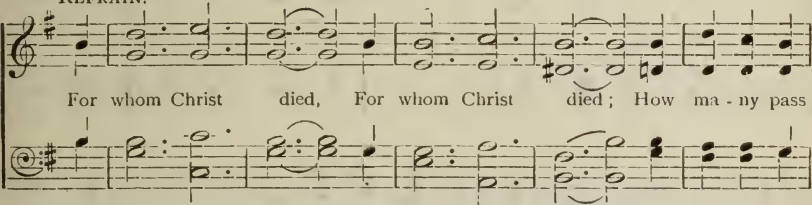
[Specially written and composed for GIPSY SMITH.]

MISS WINIFRED IVERSON.

E. MINSHALL.



REFRAIN.



2.

Never a day brings its blessings,
But bids us, with arms stretch'd wide,
Persuade them away from their peril,
These sinners for whom Christ died.

For whom Christ died,
For whom Christ died;
Persuade, lest they pass into darkness,
These sinners for whom Christ died.

3.

Say, are you straitened in spirit?
Say, does one passion abide?
Oh say, are you spending your heart's blood
For sinners for whom Christ died.

For whom Christ died,
For whom Christ died;
Oh, save from the horror of darkness
These sinners for whom Christ died.

4.

Oh, the glad light of God's city!
Oh, welcoming gates flung wide!
God shows His dear love and His pity
To sinners for whom Christ died.
For whom Christ died,
For whom Christ died;
Why need they pass out into darkness,
These sinners for whom Christ died?

101 Behold Me standing at the Door.

F. J. CROSBY.

With feeling. (May be sung as a Solo.)

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Be - hold Me stand - ing at the door, And hear Me plead - ing ev - er -

- - more, With gen - tle voice : O heart of sin, May I come

REFRAIN.

in? may I come in? Be - hold Me stand - ing at the

door, And hear Me plead - ing ev - er - more : Say, wea - ry

heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

2. I bore the cruel thorns for thee,
I waited long and patiently :
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

3. I would not plead with thee in vain ;
Remember all My grief and pain ;

I died to ransom thee from sin :
May I come in? may I come in?

4. I bring thee joy from heaven above ;
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love :
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

102

Only a Step to Jesus!

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

i. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?

Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing; To Him thy Sa - viour bow.

REFRAIN.

On - ly a step! on - ly a step! Come, He waits for thee;

Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt re - ceive a bless - ing;

Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

2. Only a step to Jesus!
Believe, and thou shalt live;
Lovingly now He's waiting,
And ready to forgive.
3. Only a step to Jesus!
A step from sin to grace;

What has thy heart decided?
The moments fly apace.

4. Only a step to Jesus!
Oh, why not come, and say—
"Gladly to Thee, my Saviour,
I give myself away"?

103 Crowded is your Heart with Cares.

Tenderly.

T. FACER.

1. Crowd-ed is your heart with cares : Have you no room for Je - sus?

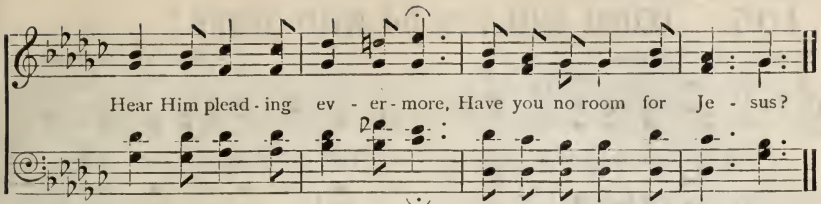
Cap-tured by earth's gild-ed snares, Have you no room for Je - sus?

Lo, He's stand-ing at your door, Knock-ing, knock-ing o'er and o'er—

Hear Him plead-ing ev - er-more : Have you no room for Je - sus?

CHORUS. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ of preceding movement.

Room, room; have you no room? Have you no room for Je - sus?



Hear Him plead - ing ev - er - more, Have you no room for Je - sus?

2. Wasting all your precious hours,
Have you no work for Jesus?
Spending those God-given powers,
Have you no work for Jesus?
Striving not to conquer sin,
Seeking not a soul to win,
Bringing not a wanderer in:
Have you no work for Jesus?
3. Chasing bubbles through the air,
Have you no time for Jesus?
None for gracious deeds to spare,
Have you no time for Jesus?

Earthly pleasures, wealth and ease,
Seeking, grasping toys like these;
Striving only self to please:
Have you no time for Jesus?

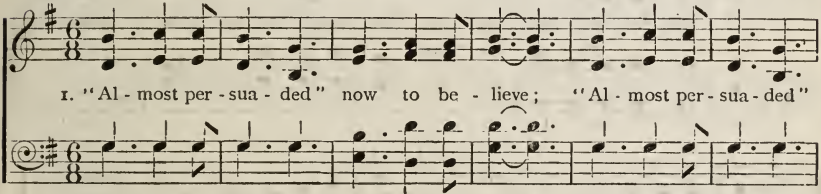
4. Bearing only worthless leaves,
Have you no fruit for Jesus?
In your hands no precious sheaves,
Have you no fruit for Jesus?
Not a grain to store away,
Naught your labour to repay,
Not a joy for that great day,
When you shall meet with Jesus?

104

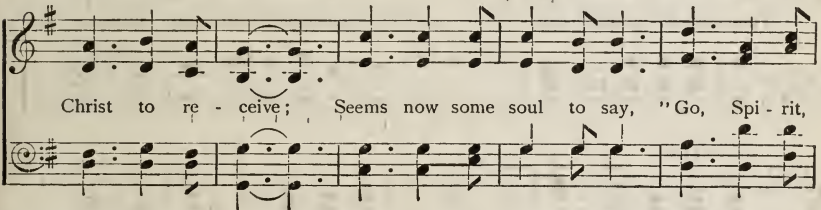
"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

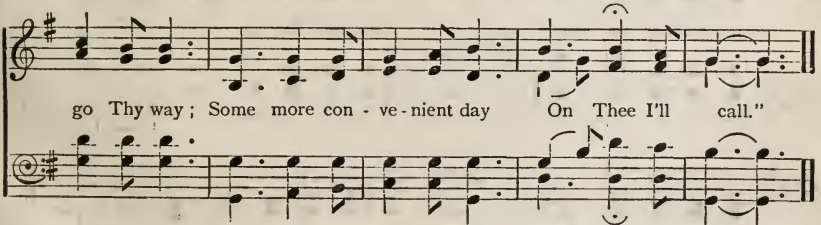
P. P. BLISS.



1. "Al - most per - sua - ded" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - sua - ded"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spi - rit,



go Thy way; Some more con - ve - nient day On Thee I'll call."

2. "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
O wand'rer, come!
3. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail;
Sad, sad, that bitter wail:
"Almost—but lost!"

105 What will you do with Jesus?

NATHANIEL NORTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and sweet;

And ten - der - ly He bids you Your bur - dens lay at His feet;

O soul, so sad and wea - ry, That sweet voice speaks to thee:

Then what will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the an - swer be?.....

REFRAIN.

What shall the an - swer be?..... What shall the an - swer be?.....

What will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the an - swer be?.....

2. Oh, what will you do with Jesus?
The call comes low and clear;
The solemn words are sounding
In every listening ear:
Immortal life's in the question,
And joy through eternity:
Then what will you do with Jesus?
Oh, what shall the answer be?

3. Oh, think of the King of Glory—
From heaven to earth come down;
His life so pure and holy;
His death, His cross, His crown;
Of His Divine compassion,
His sacrifice for thee:
Then what will you do with Jesus?
Oh, what shall the answer be?

106 Have you any Room for Jesus?

EL NATHAN, arr.

C. C. WILLIAMS.

1. Have you an-y room for Je-sus, He who bore your load of sin?

As He knocks and asks ad-mis-sion, Sin-ner, will you let Him in?

CHORUS.

Room for Je-sus, King of Glo-ry! Hast-en now, His word o-bey!

Swing the heart's door widely o-pen! Bid Him en-ter while you may.

2. Room for pleasure, room for business;
But for Christ the crucified—
Not a place that He can enter
In the heart for which He died!

3. Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
Oh, "TO-DAY" is "time accepted,"
To-morrow you may call in vain.

4. Room and time now give to Jesus:
Soon will pass God's day of grace;
Soon thy heart be cold and silent,
And thy Saviour's pleadings cease.

107 Some go Away from the House To-night.

Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

THOMAS FACER.

1. Some go a-way from the house to - night, Pu - ri-fied from sin ;

The first system of the hymn features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4 and B4, then a quarter note C5, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes or dyads in the left hand.

O - thers re - ject the gra - cious light, And go a - way un - clean :

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a more active eighth-note pattern in the first half. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Lov - ing - ly still the Sa - viour stands, Plead - ing with thy heart ;

The third system shows the vocal melody with a long note on 'still' followed by a descending line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

Pa - tient - ly knocks with bleed - ing hands, Un - will - ing to de - part.

The final system concludes the hymn. The vocal melody ends with a half note on 'part'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

CHORUS. *pp*

1, 2. Go - ing a - way, go - ing a - way, Go - ing un - saved to -
 3. Give Him thy heart, give Him thy heart, Give Him thy heart to -

- night, Go - ing a - way, go - ing a - way, A - way from the
 - night; Then go a - way, then go a - way Re - joi - cing

glo - rious light. Go - ing a - way un - saved to - night,
 in the Lord. Hap - py are they who share His grace,

Go - ing a - way from re - deem - ing blood, Go - ing a -
 Trust and be - lieve in the Sa - viour's word: Give Him thy

- way from the glo - rious light, From par - don, life, and God.
 heart, and leave the place Re - joi - cing in the Lord.

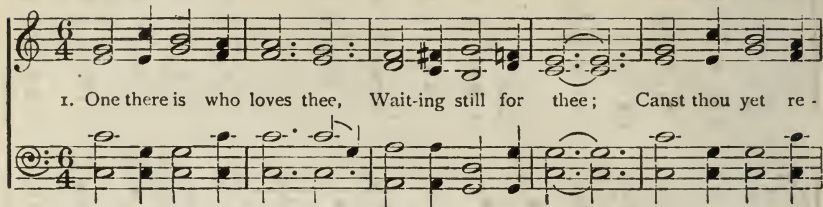
2. Some go away from the house of God
 Filled with joy and peace;
 Others despise the precious blood
 That brings the soul release:
 Never again the Saviour dear
 May be offered thee;
 Never again thy soul may hear
 The Spirit's tender plea.

3. Some go away from the house to-night,
 Bowed with guilt and shame;
 Others receiving life and light,
 Confess the Saviour's name:
 Happy are they who share His grace,
 Trusting in His word—
 Give Him the heart, and leave the place,
 Rejoicing in the Lord.

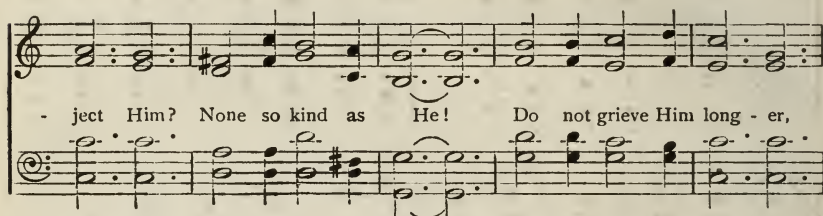
108 One there is Who Loves thee.

H. C. AYERS.

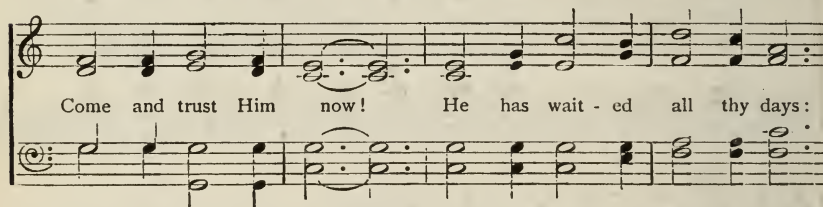
W. H. DOANE.



1. One there is who loves thee, Wait-ing still for thee; Canst thou yet re-

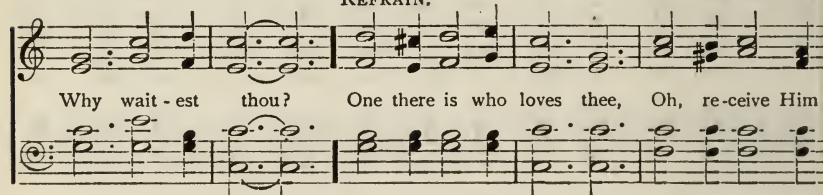


- ject Him? None so kind as He! Do not grieve Him long - er,

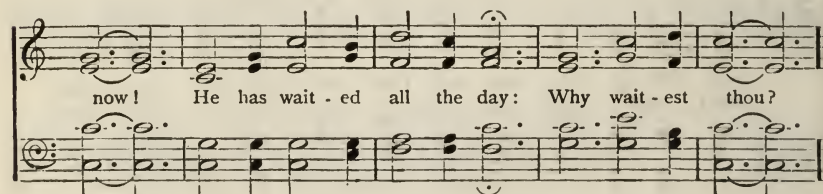


Come and trust Him now! He has wait - ed all thy days:

REFRAIN.



Why wait - est thou? One there is who loves thee, Oh, re-ceive Him



now! He has wait - ed all the day: Why wait - est thou?

2. Tenderly He woos thee,
Do not slight His call;
Though thy sins are many,
He'll forgive them all.
Turn to Him, repenting,
He will cleanse thee now!
He is waiting at thy heart:
Why waitest thou?

3. Jesus still is waiting;
Sinner, why delay?
To His arms of mercy
Rise and haste away!
Only come believing,
He will save thee now!
He is waiting at the door:
Why waitest thou?

109 Why do you Wait, Dear Brother?

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear bro - ther? Oh, why do you

tar - ry so long? Your Sa - viour is wait - ing to

give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.

CHORUS.

Why not, why not, Why not come to Him now?

Why not, why not, Why not come to Him now?

2. What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus;
There's no other way but His way.

3. Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?

- Oh, why not accept His salvation,
And throw off your burden of sin?
4. Why do you wait, dear brother?
The harvest is passing away;
Your Saviour is longing to bless you:
There's danger and death in delay.

110

The Penitent's Plea.

H. B.

Andante con espress.

(By permission of the Composer.)

HERBERT BOOTH.

1. { Sa - viour, hear me, while be - fore Thy feet I the re - cord of my,
Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled

sins re - peat; Stained with guilt, my - self ab - hor - - ring,
spi - rit free,

1st time.

Filled with grief, my soul out - pour - ing. Raise my sink-ing heart and

cres. 2nd time.

bid me be Thy child once more? Grace..... there is my ev - 'ry
Grace there is my ev - 'ry

CHORUS.

mp

debt to pay, Blood..... to wash my ev - 'ry sin a - way, Power..... to
debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry sin a - way, Power to keep me

cres.

keep me spot-less day by day, For me, for me.....
spot - less day by day,

2. All the memories of deeds gone by
Rise within me, and Thy power defy :
With a deathly chill ensnaring,
They would leave my soul despairing.
Saviour, take my hand, I cannot tell
How to stem the tides that round me swell,
How to ease my conscience, or to quell
My flaming heart.
3. Back with all the guilt my spirit bears,
Past the haunting memories of years,
Self and shame and fear despising,
Foes and taunting fiends surprising :
Saviour, to Thy cross I press my way,
And a broken heart before it lay :
Ere I leave, oh let me hear Thee say,
I shall be Thine !
4. Yet why should I fear—hast Thou not died
That no seeking soul should be denied ?
To that heart its sins confessing,
Canst Thou fail to give a blessing ?
By the love and pity Thou hast shown,
By the blood that did for me atone,
Boldly will I kneel before Thy throne,
A pleading soul.
5. All the rivers of Thy grace I claim,
Over every promise write my name ;
As I am I come believing,
As Thou art Thou dost, receiving,
Bid me rise a freed and pardoned slave ;
Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave,
Charging me to preach Thy power to save
To sin-bound souls.

111 3 am Coming to the Cross.

W. McDONALD.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross ; I am poor, and weak, and blind :
CHO. I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry ;

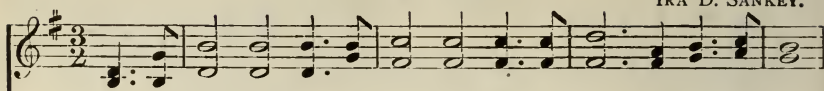
D.C. for Chorus.
I am count - ing all but dross ; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow : Save me, Je - sus, save me now !
FINE.

2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within ;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me :
"I will cleanse you from all sin !"
3. Here I give my all to Thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store ;
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine for evermore.
4. In the promises I trust,
Now I know the blood applied ;
- I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.
5. Jesus comes ! He fills my soul ;
Perfect in Him I am ;
I am every whit made whole :
Glory, glory to the Lamb !
Still I'm trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary ;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow :
Jesus saves me—saves me now !

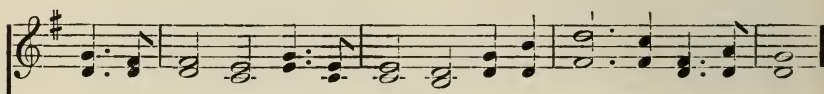
112

Cleanse and Fill me.

IRA D. SANKEY.

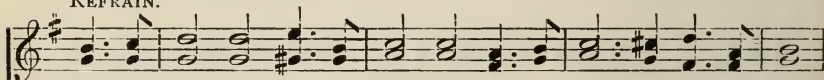


1. I am com - ing, Je - sus, com - ing, At Thy feet I hum - bly bow ;

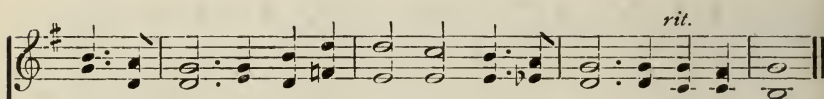


I have tast - ed Thy sal - va - tion, But I want the ful - ness now.

REFRAIN.



Cleanse and fill me, cleanse and fill me ; Fill me with Thy Spi - rit now :



Cleanse and fill me, bless - ed Je - sus ; Fill me with Thy Spi - rit now.

2.

Take away the bent to sinning,
Every bitter root within ;
Heal the tide at its beginning,
That has caused me oft to sin.

3.

Search, as with a lighted candle,
Every hidden corner, Lord ;
Separate me from the evil,
Through Thine ever - living Word.

4.

Now Thou art the blood applying :
I am clean—I feel the flow
That alone hath power to make me
Whiter than the purest snow.

113

Depth of Mercy!

C. WESLEY.

W. H. ROBERTS.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?

CHORUS. *Quickly.*

God is Love, I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still;

Je - - sus weeps—... He weeps, and loves me still.....

2.

I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3.

Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.

4.

There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is Love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

5.

If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;
Pardon and accept me now!

114

Over the Line!

ELLEN K. BRADFORD.

E. H. PHELPS.

1. Oh, ten - der and sweet was the Mas - ter's voice As He

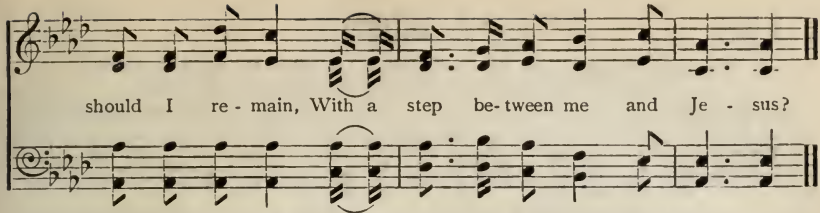
lov - ing - ly called to me:.... "Come o - ver the line! it is

on - ly a step— I am wait - ing, My child, for thee!

REFRAIN.

"O - ver the line!" hear the sweet re - frain! An - gels are

chant - ing the hea - ven - ly strain: "O - ver the line!"—Why



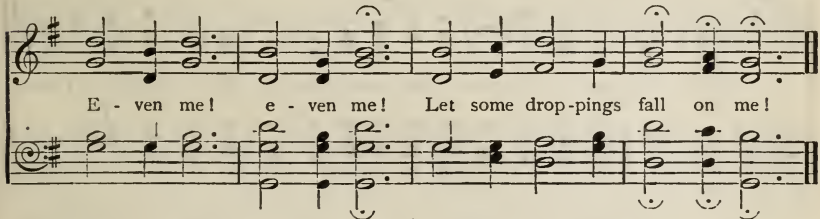
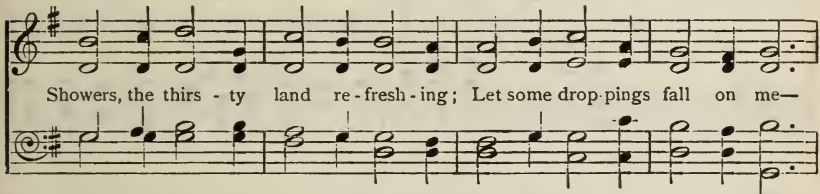
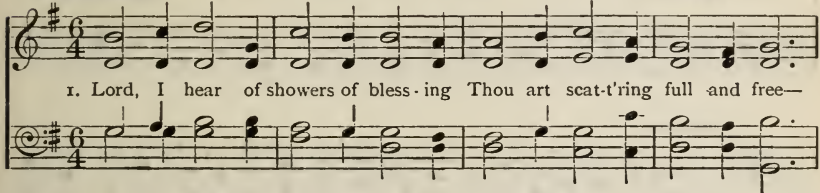
2. "But my sins are many, my faith is small:"
 Lo! the answer came quick and clear:
 "Thou needest not trust in thyself at all;
 Step over the line: I am here!"
3. "But my flesh is weak," I tearfully said,
 "And the way I cannot see;
 I fear if I try I may sadly fail,
 And thus may dishonour Thee."
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go back;
 Press forward I surely must:
 I will place my hand in His wounded palm,
 Step over the line, and *trust*.
 "Over the line!" hear the sweet refrain!
 Angels are chanting the heavenly strain:
 "Over the line" I *will not* remain,
 I'll cross it and go to Jesus!

115

Even Me!

MRS. CODNER.

W. B. BRADBURY.



2. Pass me not, O gracious Father!
 Sinful though my heart may be:
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy fall on me—Even me!
3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
 Let me love and cling to Thee:
 I am longing for Thy favour;
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
 Even me!
4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see:
- Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me—Even me!
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
 Magnify them all in me—Even me!
6. Pass me not; Thy lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee:
 While the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me!

(Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question,
"Will you trust Christ?" at the Meetings in that City, October, 1883.)

EL NATHAN.

J. MCGRANAHAN.

1. Once more, my soul, thy Saviour, thro' the Word, Is of-fered full and free;

And now, O Lord, I must, I must de-cide: Shall I ac-cept of Thee'

CHORUS.

I will!..... I will!..... I will! God helping me, I will, O Lord, be

Thine! Thy pre-cious blood was shed to purchase me—I will be whol-ly Thine!

2.

By grace I will Thy mercy now receive,
Thy love my heart hath won;
On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will believe,
And trust in Thee alone!

3.

Thou knowest, Lord, how weak I am,
And how I fear to stray;
For strength to serve I look to Thee alone—
The strength Thou must supply!

4.

And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day
The grace to join our song;
And from the heart to gladly with us say:
"I WILL to Christ belong!"

5.

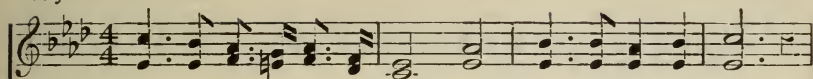
To all who came, when Thou wast here below
And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"
To them, "I will!" was ever Thy reply:
We rest upon it now.

117

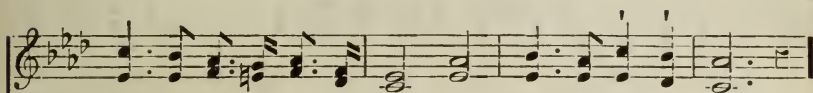
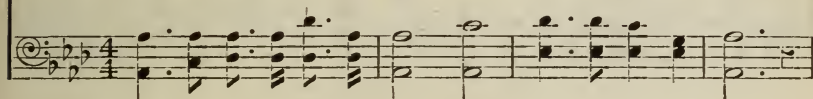
Pass me Not.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

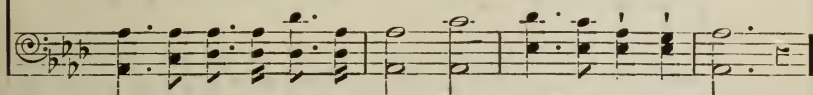
W. H. DOANE.



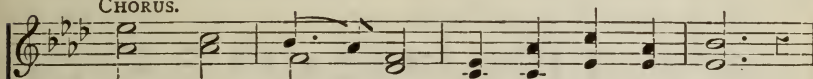
1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sa - viour, Hear my hum - ble cry;



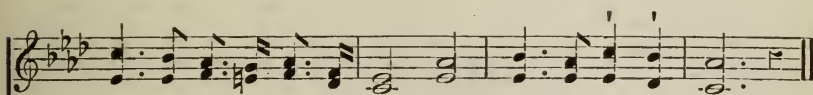
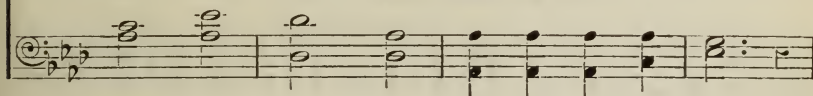
While on o - thers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.



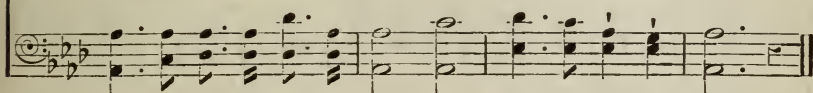
CHORUS.



Sa - viour, Sa - viour, Hear my hum - ble cry,



And while o - thers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.



2. Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3. Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4. Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

F. J. CROSBY.

E. F. WOOD.

1. Lov-ing Sa-viour, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry,

Trem-bling to Thine arms I.... fly; Oh, save me at the Cross! I have sinned, but

Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died: In Thy mer-cy let me hide; Oh,

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

save me at the Cross! Lord Je-sus, re-ceive me, No more would I

grieve Thee; Now, bless-ed Re-deem-er, Oh, save me at the Cross!

2. Though I perish I will pray;
Thou of life the Living Way;
Oh, save me at the Cross!
Thou hast said Thy grace is free,
Have compassion, Lord, on me;
Oh, save me at the Cross!

3. Wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
Plunge me now beneath the flood;
Oh, save me at the Cross!
Only faith will pardon bring,
In that faith to Thee I cling;
Oh, save me at the Cross!

119 I am Coming to Jesus for Rest.

W. MACDONALD.

("THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.")

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. I am com - ing to Je - sus for rest— Rest such as the

pu - ri - fied know; My soul is a - thirst to be blest, To be

CHORUS.

washed and made whi - ter than snow. I be - lieve Je - sus saves,
I be - lieve Je - sus saves,

In the repeat aim. gradually to the end.

And His blood wash - es whi - ter than snow; I be - lieve
than the snow; I be - lieve

Je - sus saves, And His blood wash - es whi - ter than snow.
Je - sus saves,

2. In coming, my sin I deplore;
My weakness and poverty know;
I long to be saved evermore—
To be washed and made whiter than snow.
3. To Jesus I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know;

For His fulness of blessing I call,
Till His blood makes me whiter than snow.

4. I am trusting in Jesus alone—
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

120

Take me as I am!

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un-less Thou help me, I must die:

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

CHORUS.

And take me as I am! And take me as I am!

My on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am!

2.

Helpless I am, and full of guilt;
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am!

3.

No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break;
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am!

4.

Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;
Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
But take me as I am!

121 I hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee,

For cleans - ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!

Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

2. Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3. 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

4. And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

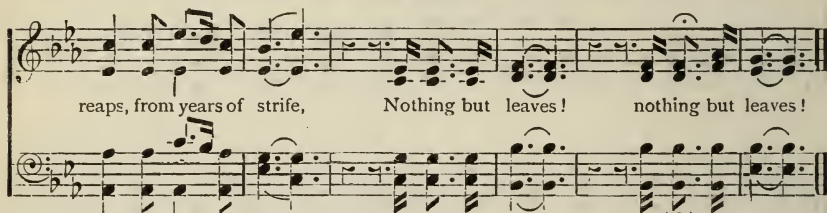
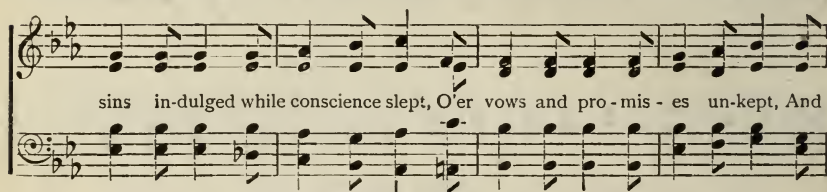
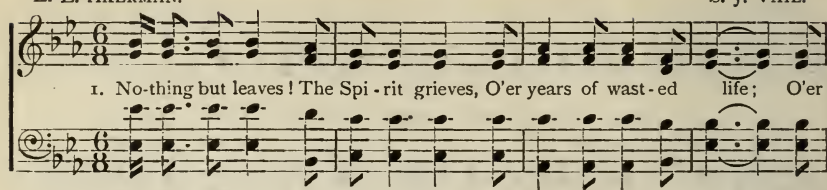
5. All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

122

Nothing but Leaves!

L. E. AKERMAN.

S. J. VAIL.



2. Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain:
We sow our seeds; lo, tares and weeds,
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds:
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3. Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past:
And as we trace our weary way,

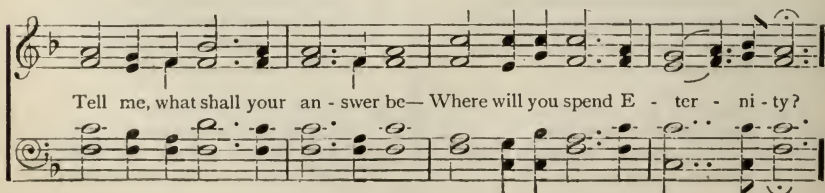
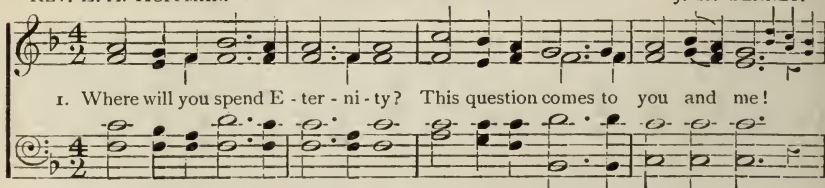
And count each lost and misspent day,
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4. Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful Judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves?

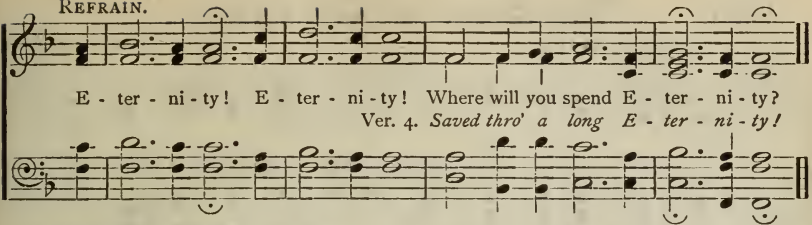
123 Where will you Spend Eternity?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



REFRAIN.



E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend E - ter - ni - ty?
Ver. 4. *Saved thro' a long E - ter - ni - ty!*

2. Many are choosing Christ to-day,
Turning from all their sins away;
Heav'n shall their blessed portion be:
Where will you spend Eternity?
3. Leaving the strait and narrow way,
Going the downward road to-day,

What shall the final ending be—
Where will you spend Eternity?

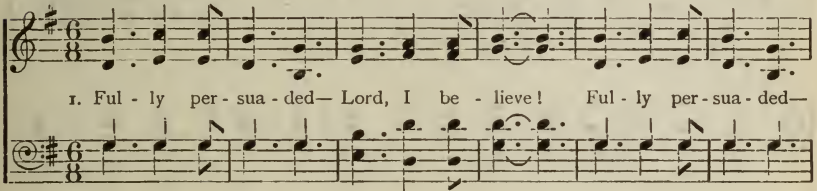
4. Turn, and believe this very hour;
Trust in the Saviour's grace and power:
Then shall your joyous answer be,
Saved through a long Eternity!

124

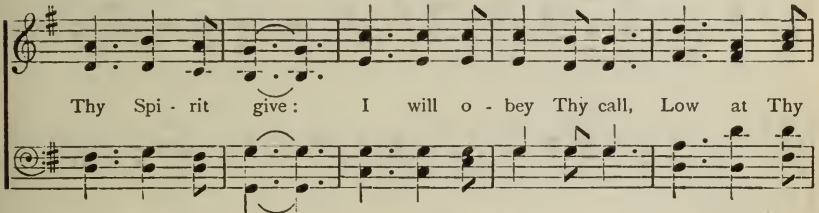
Fully Persuaded.

REV. J. B. AITCHINSON.

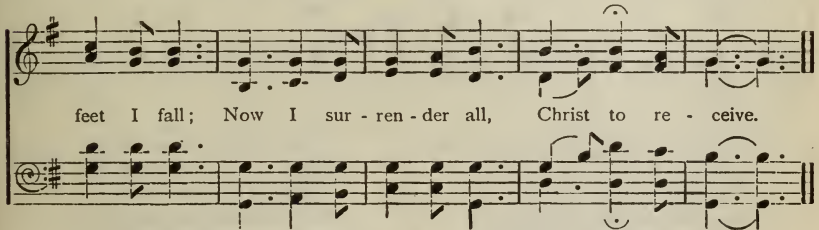
P. P. BLISS.



I. Ful - ly per - sua - ded—Lord, I be - lieve! Ful - ly per - sua - ded—



Thy Spi - rit give: I will o - bey Thy call, Low at Thy



feet I fall; Now I sur - ren - der all, Christ to re - ceive.

2. Fully persuaded—Lord, hear my cry!
Fully persuaded—pass me not by;
Just as I am I come,
I will no longer roam,
Oh, make my heart Thy home;
Save, or I die!
3. Fully persuaded—no more oppress;
Fully persuaded—now I am blest;
Jesus is now my Guide,

I will in Christ abide;
My soul is satisfied
In Him to rest.

4. Fully persuaded—Jesus is mine!
Fully persuaded—Lord, I am Thine!
Oh, make my love to Thee
Like Thine own love to me,
So rich, so full, and free,
Saviour Divine!

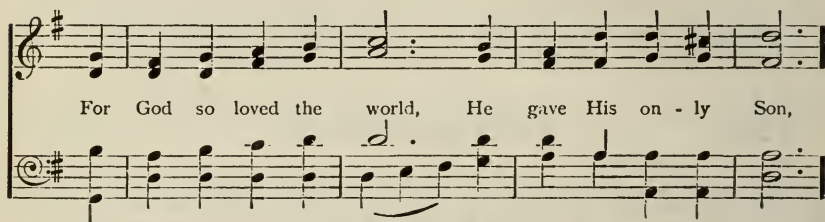
125 The Gospel of Thy Grace.

REV. A. T. PIERSON, D.D.

J. McGRANAHAN.

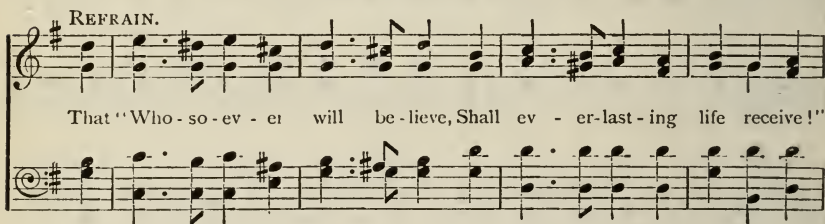


1. The gos - pel of Thy grace My stub - born heart has won ;



For God so loved the world, He gave His on - ly Son,

REFRAIN.



That "Who - so - ev - er will be - lieve, Shall ev - er - last - ing life receive !"



"Shall ev - - er - last - - ing life re - - ceive !"

2. The serpent "lifted up"
Could life and healing give,
So Jesus on the cross
Bids me to look and live ;
For "Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive !"
3. "The soul that sinneth dies :"
My awful doom I heard ;
I was for ever lost,
But for Thy gracious word
That "Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive !"

4. "Not to condemn the world"
The "Man of Sorrows" came ;
But that the world might have
Salvation through His name ;
For "Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive !"
5. "Lord, help my unbelief !"
Give me the peace of faith,
To rest with childlike trust
On what Thy gospel saith,
That "Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive !"

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

126 Blessed Lord, in Thee is Refuge.

HERBERT BOOTH.

(BRYN CALFARIA. 8.7.8.7.4.7.)

W. OWEN.

1. Bless-ed Lord, in Thee is ref - uge, Safe - ty for my trembling soul,

Power to lift my head when droop - ing 'Midst the an - gry bil - lows' roll.

I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee;
I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee;

All my life Thou shalt con - trol, All my life Thou shalt con - trol.

2. In the past, too, unbelieving,
'Midst the tempest I have been,
And my heart has slowly trusted
What my eyes have never seen.
Blessed Jesus,
Teach me on Thy arm to lean.

3. Oh for trust, that brings the triumph
When defeat seems strangely near;
Oh for faith, that changes fighting
Into victory's ringing cheer!
Faith triumphant,
Knowing not defeat nor fear.

4. Faith triumphant—blessèd victory!
Every barrier swept away!
Heaven descending, joy and fulness,
Dawn of everlasting day!
Jesus only—
Him to love and Him obey.

127 Come, let us all Unite and Sing.

HOWARD KINGSBURY.

AUBER.

1. Come, let us all u-nite and sing: God is love!..... God is love!

love! While heaven and earth their prais-es bring: God is love!..... God is love!

Let ev-'ry soul from sin a-wake, Each in his heart sweet mu-sic make, And sweet-ly sing for Je-sus' sake! God is love!..... God is love!

2. Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound:
 God is love!
 In Christ is full redemption found:
 God is love!
 His blood can cleanse our sins away;
 His Spirit turns our night to day,
 And leads our souls with joy to say:
 God is love!
3. How happy is our portion here!
 God is love!
 His promises our spirits cheer:
 God is love!

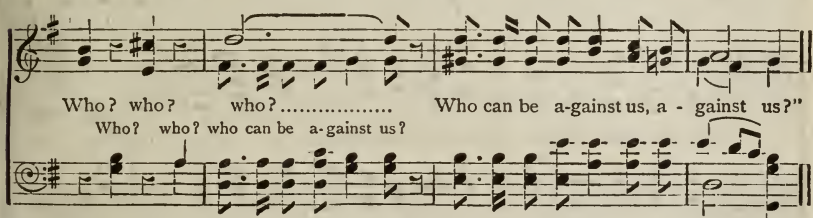
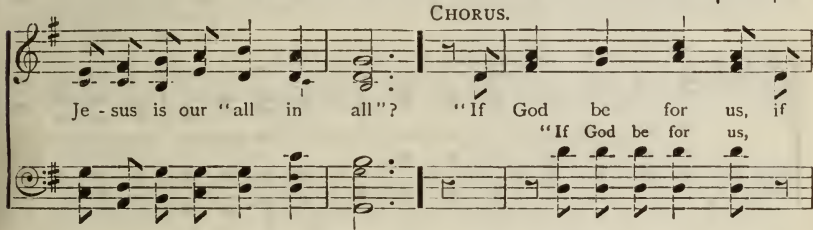
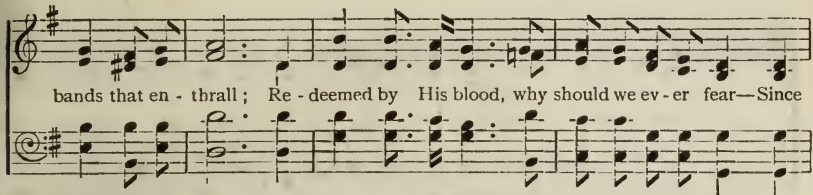
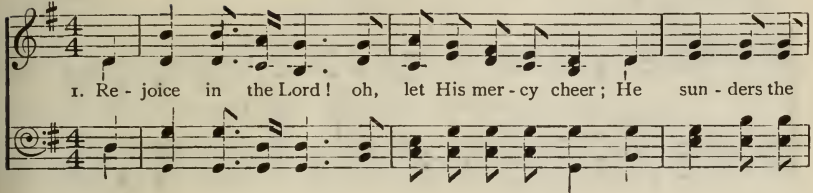
- He is our Sun and Shield by day,
 By night He near our tents will stay—
 He will be with us all the way:
 God is love!
4. What though my heart and flesh shall fail:
 God is love!
 Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail:
 God is love!
 E'en Jordan's swell I will not fear,
 For Jesus will be with me there,
 My soul above the waves to bear:
 God is love!

128

"If God be for Us."

G. M. J.

J. McGRANAHAN.



2.

Be strong in the Lord! rejoicing in His might,
Be loyal and true day by day;
When evils assail, be valiant for the right,
And He will be our strength and stay.

3.

Confide in His Word—His promises so
sure;
In Christ they are "yea, and amen";

Though earth pass away, they ever shall
endure—
'Tis written o'er and o'er again.

4.

Abide in the Lord: secure in His control,
'Tis life everlasting begun;
To pluck from His hand the weakest, trem-
bling soul—
It never, never can be done!

129 Lord Jesus, Thou dost keep.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

(PRAISE. 8.8.6.8.8.6.)

A. RADIGER, 1790.

i. Lord Je - sus, Thou dost keep Thy child Through sunshine or through

tem - pests wild; Je - sus,..... I trust in Thee! Thine

is such won-drous power to save. Thine is the might-y love that gave Its

all on Cal - va - ry,..... Its all on Cal - va - ry; Thine is such wondrous

power to save, Thine is the mighty love that gave Its all on Cal - va - ry.

2. O glorious Saviour, Thee I praise,
To Thee my new glad song I raise,
And tell of what Thou art:
Thy grace is boundless in its store;
Thy face of love shines evermore;
Thou givest me Thy heart.
3. Upon Thy promises I stand,
Trusting in Thee: Thine own right hand
Doth keep and comfort me!

- My soul doth triumph in Thy Word;
Thine, Thine be all the praise, dear Lord
As Thine the victory.
4. Love perfecteth what it begins:
Thy power doth save me from my sins—
Thy grace upholdeth me.
This life of trust—how glad, how sweet!
My need and Thy great fulness meet,
And I have all in Thee.

130 God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

W. COWPER.

(IRISH. C.M.) "Hymns and Sacred Poems," 1749.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form ;

He plants His foot - steps in..... the sea, And rides up - on the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

131 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

REV. J. FAWCETT.

(DENNIS. S.M.)

H. G. NAGELI, arr.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love ;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;

And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.

132

All Things are Possible.

C. WESLEY.

(WORSLEY. 8.8.8, 8.8.8.)

HOWGATE.

1. All things are pos - si - ble to him That can in Je - su's name be - lieve :

Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme, Thy truth I lov - ing - ly re - ceive ;

I can, I do be - lieve in Thee— All things are pos - si - ble to me.

2. The most impossible of all
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease ;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall ;
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness !
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

3. All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renewed,
When I in Christ am formed again ;
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

133 O Master, let me Walk with Thee.

W. GLADDEN.

(BLOCKLEY. L.M.)

T. BLOCKLEY.

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of ser - vice free :

Tell me Thy se - cret ; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2. Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love ;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
3. Teach me Thy patience ; till with Thee
In closer, dearer company,

- In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong ;
4. In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way ;
In peace that only Thou canst give—
With Thee, O Master, let me live !

134

Hiding in Thee.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh, safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My

soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so

wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm

REFRAIN.

hi - ding in Thee, Hi - ding in Thee, Hi - ding in

Thee; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hi - ding in Thee.

2. In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour;
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea—
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.
3. How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe;
How often when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

135

Under His Wings.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.
SOLO OR DUET.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bi - ding; Though the night

deep - ens and tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust Him— I

know He will keep me; He has re-deemed me, and I am His child.

CHORUS.

Un - der His wings, un - der His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?

Un - der His wings my soul shall a - bide, Safe - ly a - bide for ev - er.

2.

Under His wings, what a refuge in sorrow!
How the heart yearningly turns to its rest!
Often when earth has no balm for my healing,
There I find comfort and there I am blest.

3.

Under His wings, oh, what precious enjoyment!
There will I hide till life's trials are o'er;
Sheltered, protected, no evil can harm me:
Resting in Jesus I'm safe evermore.

136 A Shelter in the Time of Storm!

V. J. C., in "Song Services," by per.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide: A shel-ter in the time of

storm! Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide: A shel-ter in the

CHORUS.

time of storm! Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land,

A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land; Oh, Je-sus is a

Rock in a wea-ry land— A shel-ter in the time of storm!

2. A shade by day, defence by night:
A shelter in the time of storm!
No fears alarm, no foes affright:
A shelter in the time of storm!

3. The raging storms may round us beat:
A shelter in the time of storm!
We'll never leave our safe retreat:
A shelter in the time of storm!

4. O Rock Divine, O Refuge dear:
A shelter in the time of storm!
Be Thou our helper ever near:
A shelter in the time of storm!

137 Saviour, Lead me, lest I Stray.

F. M. D. *With expression.*

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sa - viour, lead me, lest I stray,
 Sa - - viour, lead me, lest I stray,

Gen - tly lead me all the way; I am -
 Gen - - tly lead me all the way; I


safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a -
 am safe when by Thy side, I would

CHORUS.

- bide. Lead me, lead me, Sa - viour,
 in Thy love a - bide.

lead me, lest I stray; Gen - tly down the stream of
 lest I stray;

rit. e dim.



time, Lead me, Sa - viour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

2. Thou, the refuge of my soul,
When life's stormy billows roll,
I am safe when Thou art nigh—
On Thy mercy I rely.

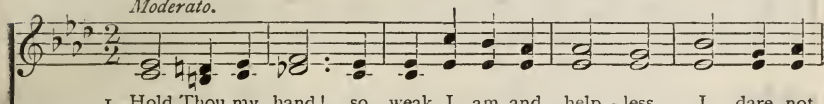
3. Saviour, lead me, till at last,
When the storm of life is past,
I shall reach the land of day,
Where all tears are wiped away.

138

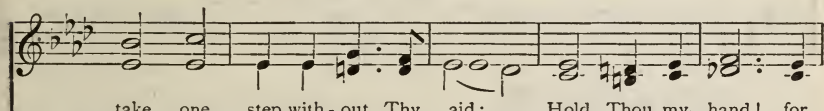
Hold Thou my hand!

GRACE J. FRANCES.
Moderato.

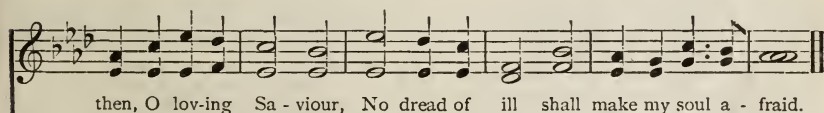
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Hold Thou my hand! so weak I am, and help - less, I dare not



take one step with - out Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand! for



then, O lov - ing Sa - viour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.

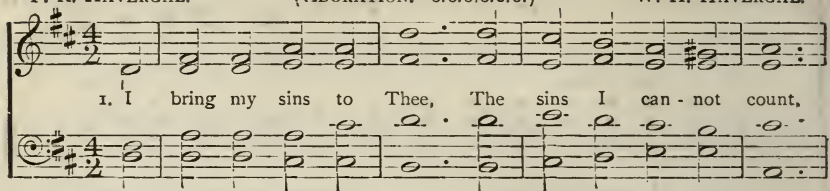
2. Hold Thou my hand! and closer draw me
To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all:
Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander,
And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.
3. Hold Thou my hand! the way is dark before me
Without the sunlight of Thy face Divine;
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
4. Hold Thou my hand! that when I reach the margin
Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

139 3 Bring my Sins to Thee.

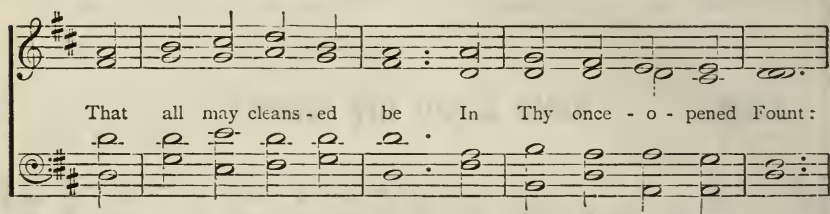
F. R. HAVERGAL.

(ADORATION. 6.6.6.6.8.8.)

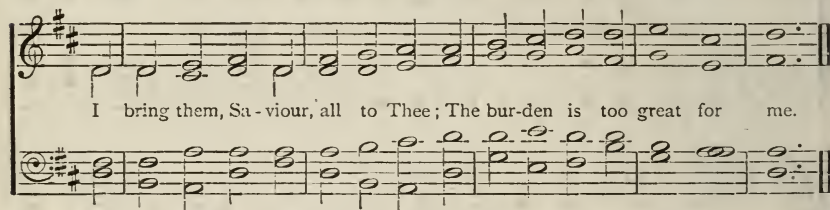
W. H. HAVERGAL.



1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count,



That all may cleans - ed be In Thy once - o - pened Fount :



I bring them, Sa - viour, all to Thee; The bur - den is too great for me.

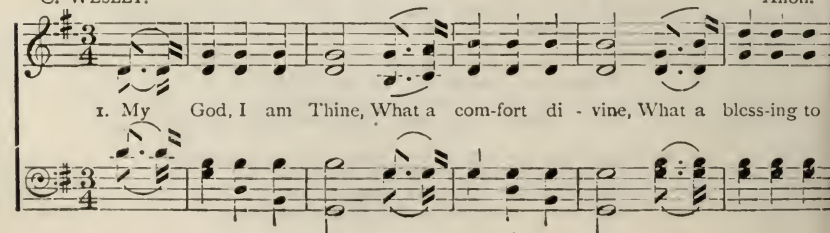
2. My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed :
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.
3. To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me:
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.
4. I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,

- Thou knowest all so well :
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.
5. My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given.
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven :
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
For Thou hast purchased all for me.
6. My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone :
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

140 My God, I am Thine.

C. WESLEY.

Anon.



1. My God, I am Thine, What a com - fort di - vine, What a bless - ing to

CHORUS.

know that my Je - sus is mine! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry! Hal - le -
lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry! Re - vive us a - gain!

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound
of His name.</p> <p>3. True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound; [found.
And whoever hath found it hath Paradise</p> | <p>4. My Jesus to know,
And feel His blood flow;
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.</p> <p>5. Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast:
That, that is the fulness; but this is the
taste!</p> <p>6. And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.</p> |
|--|---|

141 When the Light of Day is Waning.

E. M. GELDART.

(STUTT GART. 8.7.8.7.) Attributed to H. L. HASSLER.

1. When the light of day is wa - ning, When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in still - ness reign - ing, Teach me to be - lieve Thee near.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. When my heart is faint and drooping,
When my faith is weak and cold,
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
Draw me upwards as of old.</p> <p>3. Nearer to the peace unbroken,
Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
All my life a silent psalm.</p> <p>4. Teach me to abide in patience
All the little storms of time,</p> | <p>Making every day's temptations
Steps for faltering feet to climb.</p> <p>5. Let me find Thee in my sorrow,
Nor forget Thee in my joy;
And from Thee my sunshine borrow,
And by Thee my gloom destroy.</p> <p>6. God of day, the dark dispelling,
Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
Lead me to my journey's end,</p> |
|--|--|

142

Cleansing for Me!

H. B.

(By permission of the Composer.)

HERBERT BOOTH.

mp SOLO. *Moderato.**mf*

1. Lord, thro' the Blood of the Lamb that was slain: Cleans - ing for

me, cleans - ing for me! From all the guilt of my

sins now I claim Cleans - ing from Thee, cleans - ing from

Thee! Sin - ful and black though the past may have been;

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

Ma - ny the crush-ing de - feats I have seen ; Yet on Thy prom-ise, O

Lord, now I lean : Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me !

2. From all the sins over which I have wept :
 Cleansing for me !
 Far, far away, by the blood current swept :
 Cleansing for me !
 Jesus, Thy promise I dare to believe ;
 And as I come, Thou wilt surely receive,
 That over sin I may nevermore grieve :
 Cleansing for me !
3. From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom :
 Cleansing for me !
 From all the fears that would point me to doom :
 Cleansing for me !
 Jesus, although I may not understand,
 In childlike faith now I stretch forth my hand,
 And through Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand,
 Cleansed by Thee !
4. From all the care of what men think or say,
 Cleansing for me !
 From ever fearing to speak, sing, or pray,
 Cleansing for me !
 Lord, in Thy love and Thy power make me strong,
 That all may know that to Thee I belong :
 When I am tempted let this be my song—
 Cleansing for me !

143

My Jesus, I love Thee.

W. R. FEATHERSTON.

A. J. GORDON.

I. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine!

For Thee all the plea - sures of sin I re - sign;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sa - viour art Thou:

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!

2. I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow:
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!
4. In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing, with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!

144

Like a River Glorious.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

(ST. ALBANS. 6.5.)

Arr. from HAYDN.

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic -

- tor - ious in its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth

full - er ev - 'ry day; Per - fect, yet it grow - eth deep - er all the

REFRAIN.

way. Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are ful - ly

blest; Find - ing, as He pro - mised, Per - fect peace and rest.

2.

Hidden in the hollow of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow, never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry, not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry touch the spirit there.

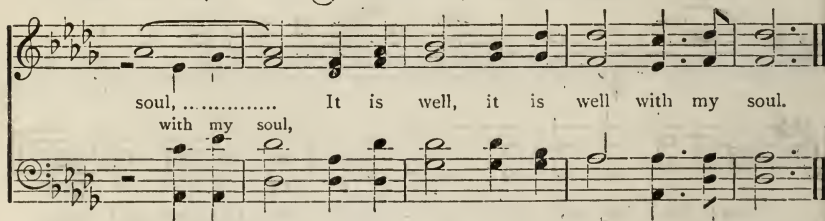
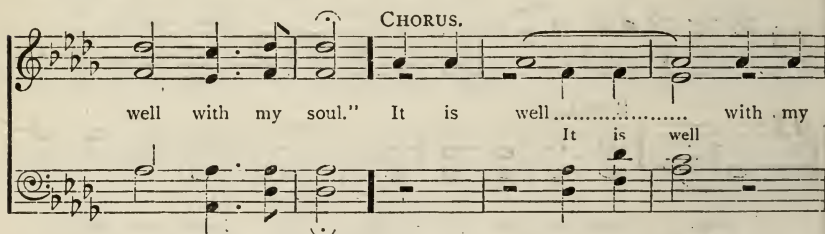
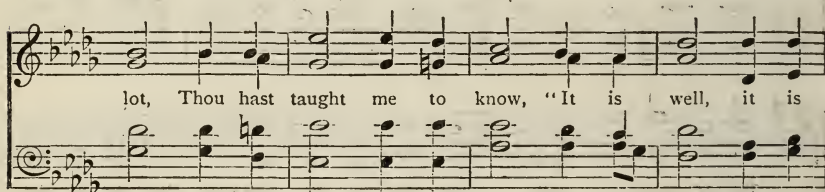
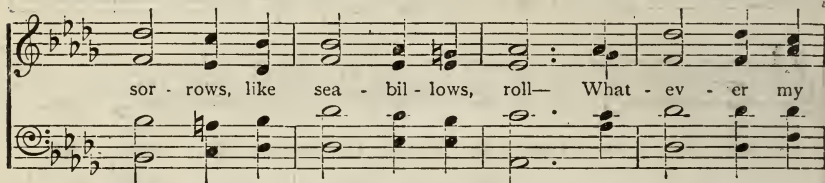
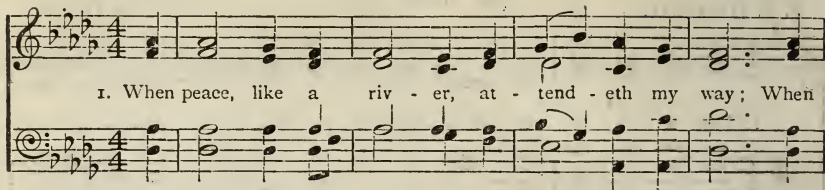
5*

3.

Every joy or trial falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial by the Sun of Love:
We may trust Him fully all for us to do—
They who trust Him wholly find Him wholly true.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.



2.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials
should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross; and I bear it no more:
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4.

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live!
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

5.

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we
wait;
The sky, not the grave, is our goal:
Oh, trump of the Angel! oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope! blessed hope of my soul!

146 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a
sweet strain,

joy - ous re - frain, I sing it a - gain and a -
re - frain,

CHORUS.

- gain : Sweet peace, the gift of God's love. Peace, peace, sweet peace,

Won - der - ful gift from a - bove; Oh, won - der - ful,
a - bove;

won - der - ful peace— Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

2. Through Christ on the cross peace was made,
My debt by His death was all paid,
No other foundation is laid,
For peace, the gift of God's love.
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned,
My heart with His peace did abound ;

In Him a rich blessing I found—
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

4. In Jesus at peace I abide,
And while I keep close to His side
There's nothing but peace can betide—
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

147 Oh, the Peace my Saviour gives!

F. A. B.

(8.7.8.7.)

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Once I thought I walked with Je - sus, Yet such change-ful feel-ings

had—..... Some - times trust - ing, some times doubt - ing, Some - times

joy - ful, some - times sad. CHORUS. Oh, the peace my Sa - viour

gives! Peace I nev - er knew be - fore; For my

way has bright - er grown Since I learned to trust Him more. ...

2. For He called me closer to Him,
Bade my doubting, fearing, cease;
And when I had fully yielded,
Filled my soul with perfect peace.

3. Now I'm trusting every moment,
Less than this is not enough;
And my Saviour bears me gently
O'er the places once so rough.

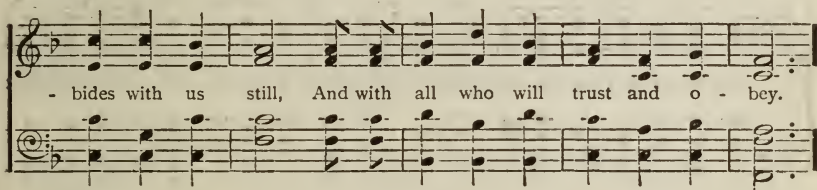
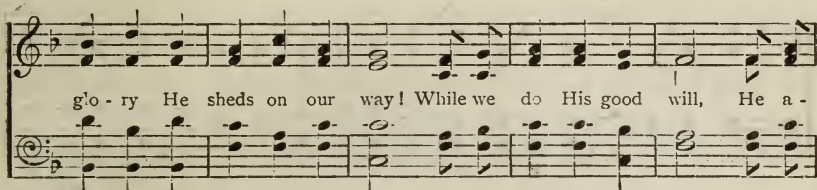
4. Blessèd Saviour, Thou dost keep me
By Thy power from day to day;
And my heart is full of gladness,
For Thou'lt keep me all the way.

148

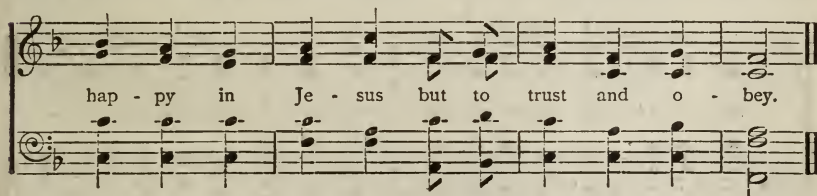
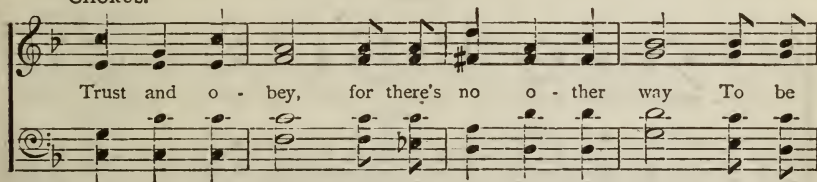
Trust and Obey.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



CHORUS.



2. Not a shadow can rise,
Not a cloud in the skies,
But His smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt nor a fear,
Not a sigh nor a tear,
Can abide while we trust and obey.

3. Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share,
But our toil He doth richly repay;
Not a fear nor a loss,
Not a frown nor a cross,
But is blest if we trust and obey.

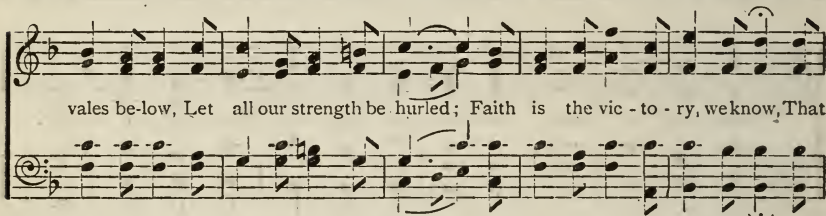
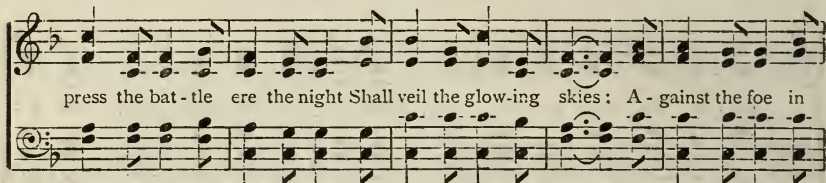
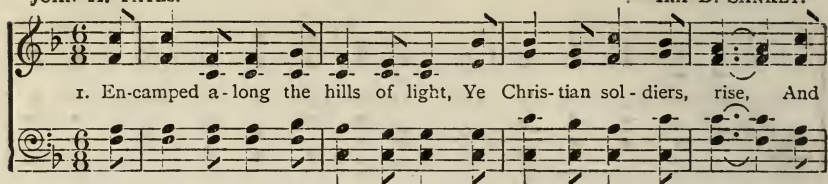
4. But we never can prove
The delights of His love,
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favour He shows,
And the joy He bestows,
Are for them who will trust and obey.

5. Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,
Where He sends we will go;
Never fear, only trust and obey.

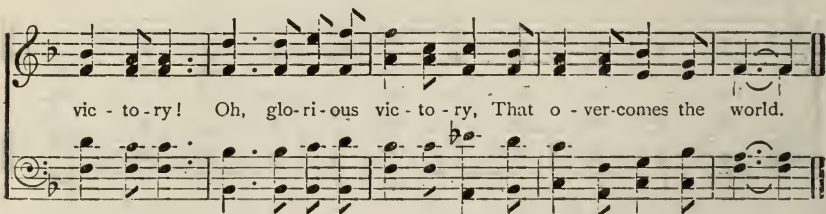
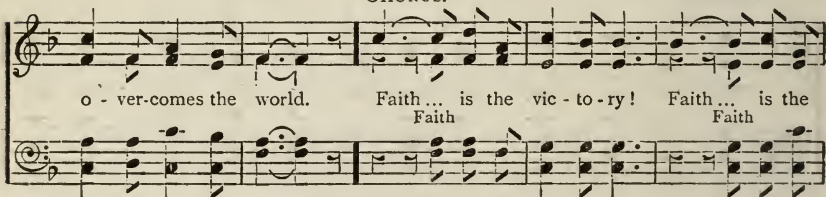
Faith is the Victory!

JOHN H. YATES.

IRA D. SANKEY.



CHORUS.



2. His banner over us is Love,
Our sword, the Word of God;
We tread the road the saints above
With shouts of triumph trod:
By faith, they, like a whirlwind's breath,
Swept on o'er every field;
The faith by which they conquered death
Is still our shining shield.
3. On every hand the foe we find
Drawn up in dread array;
Let tents of ease be left behind,
And—onward to the fray!

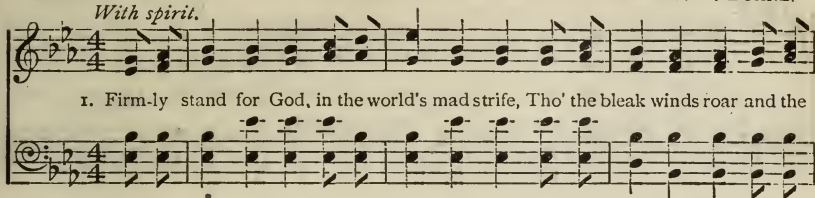
- Salvation's helmet on each head,
With truth all girt about,
The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,
And echo with our shout!
4. To him that overcomes the foe
White raiment shall be given;
Before the angels he shall know
His name confessed in heaven:
Then onward from the hills of light,
Our hearts with love aflame,
We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,
In Jesus' conq'ring name!

150

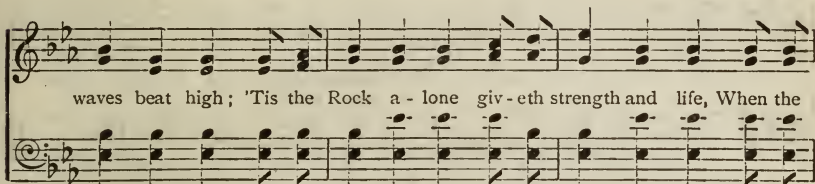
Firmly Stand!

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

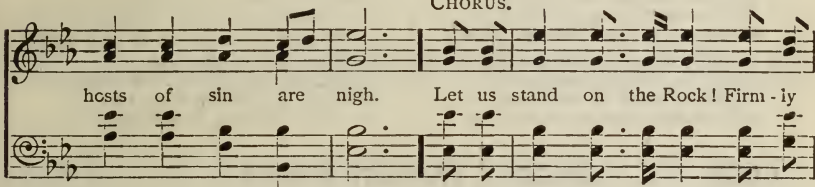
W. H. DOANE.

With spirit.

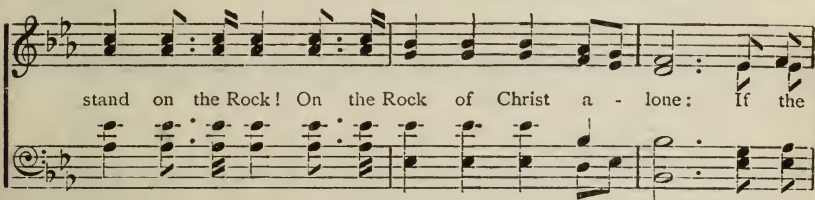
waves beat high; 'Tis the Rock a-lone giv-eth strength and life, When the



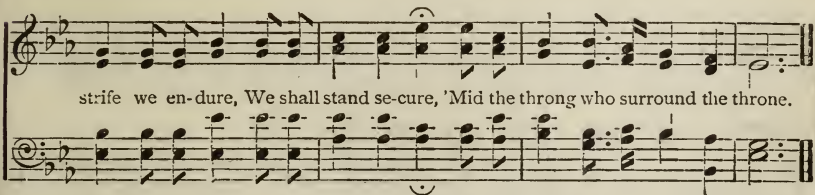
CHORUS.



stand on the Rock! On the Rock of Christ a-lone: If the



strife we en-dure, We shall stand se-cure, 'Mid the throng who surround the throne.



2. Firmly stand for right, with a motive pure;
With a true heart bold, and a faith e'er strong;
'Tis the Rock alone giveth triumph sure,
O'er the world's array of wrong.
3. Firmly stand for truth! it will serve you best;
Though it waiteth long, it is sure at last;
'Tis the Rock alone giveth peace and rest
When the storms of life are past.

151

Oft in Danger.

H. KIRKE WHITE & F. S. FULLER-MAITLAND. (HART'S. 7s.)

B. MILGROVE.

1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On ward, Chris-tians, on-ward go!

Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

2. Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?
3. Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

4. Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not tears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.
5. Onward then to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

152

Peace! Perfect Peace!

RIGHT REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D. (PAX TECUM. 10.10.)

G. T. CALDBECK.

Moderato.

1. Peace! per-fect peace! in this dark world of sin?

The blood of Je-sus whis-pers peace with-in.

2. Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
3. Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows surging round?
On Jesu's bosom naught but calm is found.
4. Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
1. Jesu's keeping we are safe, and they.

5. Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
6. Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
7. It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

153

Sound the Battle Cry!

W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Vigorously.

1. Sound the bat-tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the stan-dard high

For the Lord! Gird your ar-mour on; Stand firm, ev-'ry one;

CHORUS.

Rest your cause up-on His ho-ly Word! *f* Rouse then, sol-diers! ral-ly round the

ban-ner! Rea-dy, stea-dy, pass the word a-long; On-ward! for-ward!

shout a-loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Cap-tain of the mig-hy throng!

2. Strong to meet the foe,
 Marching on we go,
 While our cause we know
 Must prevail:
 Shield and banner bright,
 Gleaming in the light,
 Battling for the right,
 We ne'er can fail!

3. O Thou God of all,
 Hear us when we call;
 Help us one and all,
 By Thy grace:
 When the battle's done,
 And the vict'ry won,
 May we wear the crown
 Before Thy face!

154 (1st Tune.) Stand up for Jesus!

G. DUFFIELD.

G. J. WEBB.

i. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross!

The first system of music is in 4/2 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, while the accompaniment is primarily chords.

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody includes a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody features a half note followed by a quarter note.

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

The fourth system concludes the first tune. The melody ends with a half note, and the accompaniment ends with a final chord.

154 (2nd Tune.) Stand up for Jesus!

G. DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Marcato.

i. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross! Lift high His roy - al

The second tune is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The melody is more rhythmic, featuring many eighth and sixteenth notes. The accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss : From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my

shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

CHORUS (Harmony).
a tempo.

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross ! Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus !

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
The trumpet call obey !
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day ;
" Ye that are men now serve Him "
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust you own :

- Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

EL NATHAN.

J. McGRANAHAN.

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers

of the King; 3 As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,

CHORUS.
While as ransomed ones we sing. 3 March - ing on!..... Marching
March - ing on! on! on! Marching

on!..... For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss;..... And to
on! on! on! For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry - thing but loss; And to

crown Him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross!
crown Him King, we'll toil and sing, Be - neath the ban - ner of the cross!

2.
Though the foe may rage and gather as the
Let the standard be displayed! [flood,
And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord,
For the truth be not dismayed!

3.
Over land and sea, wherever man may dwell,
Make the glorious tidings known:

Of the crimson banner now the story tell,
While the Lord shall claim His own!

4.
When the glory dawns—'tis drawing very near,
It is hastening day by day—
Then before our King the foe shall disappear,
And the cross the world shall sway!

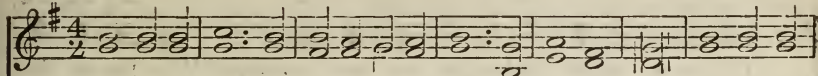
156

Light of the World.

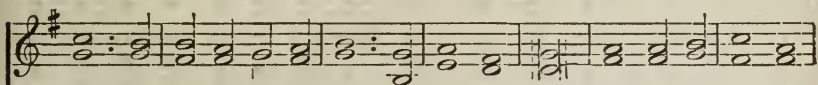
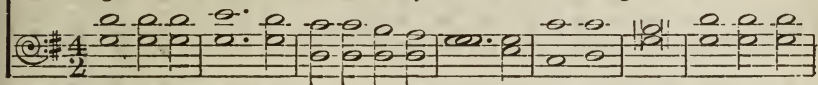
L. ORMISTON CHANT.

(SANDON. 10.4.10.4.10.10.)

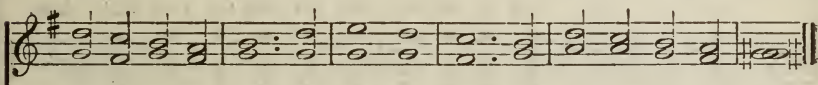
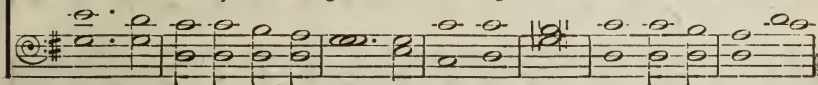
C. H. PURDAY.



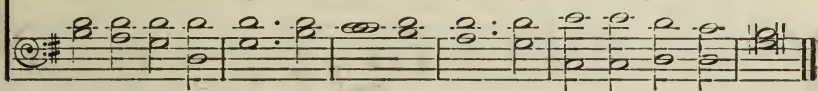
1. Light of the world, faint were our weary feet With wan-d'ring far; But Thou didst



come our lone-ly hearts to greet, Our Morn-ing Star! And Thou didst bid us



lift our gaze on high, And see the glo-ry of the glow-ing sky.



2.

In days long passed we missed our homeward

We could not see: [way,

Blind were our eyes, our feet were bound to

How blind to Thee! [stray—

But Thou didst pity, Lord, our gloomy

plight, [them sight.

And Thou didst touch our eyes, and give

3.

Now hallelujahs rise along the road

Our glad feet tread:

Thy love hath shared our sorrow's heavy

There's light o'erhead! [load;

Glory to Thee, whose love hath led us on;

Glory, for all the great things Thou hast done.

4.

Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy

Where all the pain? [victory?

Now that thy King the veil that hung o'er

Hath rent in twain, [thee

Light of the world, we hear Thee bid us come

To light, and love, in Thine eternal home.

157

Be Thou my Guide!

1.

Be Thou my Guide, on life's tempestuous sea,

Be Thou my Guide!

The waves run high, and all seems dark to me:

Be Thou my Guide!

Take Thou the helm, and steer me safely

o'er

Life's surging seas to the celestial shore.

2.

I did not always fear that winds or sea

Could overwhelm;

I never looked, I never prayed to Thee

To take the helm;

I trusted to myself 'midst storm and wave,

And never thought of Him who came to save.

3.

I tried to do without Thee; but in vain,

In vain the hope:

With all the perils of the 'whelming main

I could not cope:

Now from the depths I turn my eyes to Thee;

O Saviour, take the helm and pilot me!

158

Count your Blessings.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jun.

E. O. EXCELL

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis -

- - cour-aged, thinking all is lost, Count your ma - ny bless-ings, name them

one by one, And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.

CHORUS.

Count..... your bless-ings, name them one by one; Count..... your
Count your ma - ny bless-ings, name them one by one; Count your ma - ny

bless-ings, see what God..... hath..... done; Count..... your bless-ings,
bless - ings, see what God hath done; Count your ma - ny bless-ings,

name them one by one; And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.

2. Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,
And you will keep singing as the days go by.
3. When you look at others with their lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold:
Count your many blessings, wealth can never buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
4. So, amid the conflict, whether great or small,
Do not be disheartened, God is over all;
Count your many blessings, angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

159 None but Christ can Satisfy!

B. E., arr.

J. McGRANAHAN.

1. O Christ, in Thee my soul hath found, And found in Thee a - lone,

The peace, the joy I sought so long, The bliss till now un - known.

CHORUS.

Now none but Christ can sat - is - fy, None o - ther name for me;.....
for me;

There's love, and life, and last - ing joy, Lord Je - sus, found in Thee.

2. I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But while I passed my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.
3. I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But ah! the waters failed!

- E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.
4. The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received,
Thy loveliness to see.

160

Master, Speak!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

(OTTAWA. 8.7.8.7.7.)

DR. L. MASON.

i. Mas - ter, speak! Thy ser-vant hear - eth, Wait-ing for Thy gra-cious word,

Long-ing for Thy voice that cheer - eth; Mas-ter, let it now be heard.

I am list - 'ning, Lord, for Thee: What hast Thou to say to me?

2. Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.
3. Master, speak! though least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for oh, 'Thou knowest

- All the yearning of my heart,
Knowest all its truest need;
Speak! and make me blest indeed.
4. Master, speak! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady,
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee:
Master, speak, oh, speak to me!

161

Fight the Good Fight.

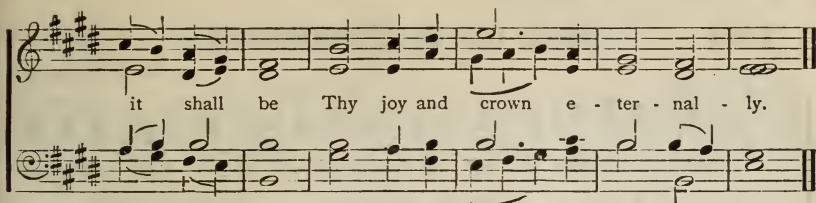
J. S. B. MONSELL.

(DUKE STREET. L.M.)

JOHN HATTON.

i. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy

strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and



2. Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies—
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
3. Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;

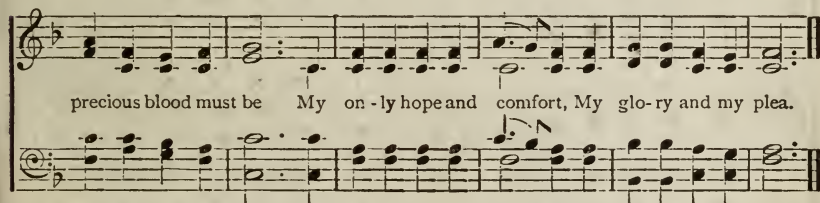
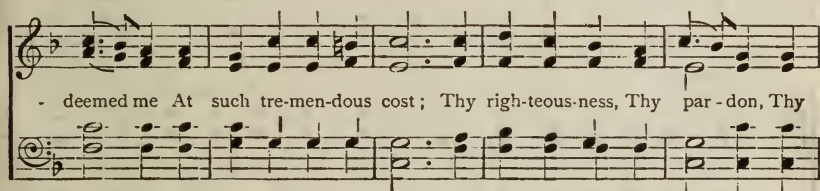
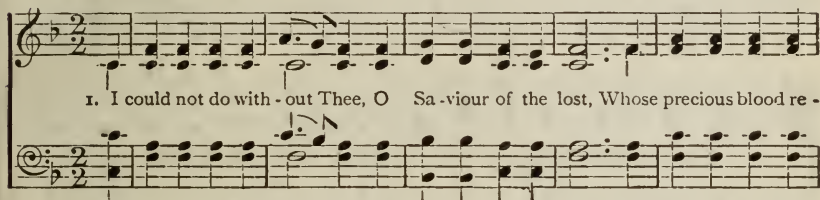
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

162 I could not do without Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

GEO. F. ROOT.



2. I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.
3. I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;

No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine.

4. I could not do without Thee;
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed:
But Thou wilt never leave me;
And, though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I!"

163

Yield not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion. For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will

help you Some o-ther to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-

- due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sa-viour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

2. Shun evil companions,
 Bad language disdain,
 God's name hold in reverence,
 Nor take it vain:
 Be thoughtful and earnest,
 Kind-hearted and true;
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

3. To him that o'ercometh
 God giveth a crown;
 Through faith we shall conquer,
 Though often cast down:
 He who is our Saviour
 Our strength will renew;
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

164 Onward, Brothers, Onward!

(ONWARD. 6.5.)

May also be sung to "Armageddon," No. 210.

JOSIAH BOOTH.

1. On-ward, bro-thers, on - ward! March with one ac - cord ; Je - sus goes be -

- fore us, All-vic-to-rious Lord. Ye who serve and love Him, Join with all your

REFRAIN.

powers In the ho-ly warfare 'Gainst His foes and ours. Onward, brothers, onward!

March with one ac - cord ; Je - sus goes be - fore us, All-vic - to - rious Lord.

2. Far and wide around us,
See on every hand,
Through the mighty city,
Satan's strongholds stand:
Selfish greed and grinding,
Lust, and drink, and hate—
These his chains which bind men
With their iron weight.
3. Ah, the groans uprising
From those dungeons cold!
Ah, the wounds unhealed!
Ah, the griefs untold!
Ah, the peace they crave for—
Peace which never comes!
Ah, the need of Jesus
In ten thousand homes!

4. Can we rest contented,
Whom His love hath freed,
Careless of our brothers
In their bitter need?
Soldiers, up and onward!
Lay th' oppressor low;
Bring the old glad tidings
'To these scenes of woe.
5. Ours the might that conquered
In the days of old;
Faith that never changes,
Love that ne'er grows cold.
He is with us alway,
He who bade us, Go!
Until every creature
His dear name shall know.

165 Come, ye that Love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

("WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.")

REV. R. LOWRY.

Spirited.

r. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And

thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful ci - ty of God.
Zi - on, Zi-on,

2. Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Must speak their joys abroad.
3. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,

- Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
4. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry: [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

166

Behold, what Love!

M. S. S.

J. McGRANAHAN.

1. Be - hold, what love, what bound - less love, The Fa - ther bath be - stowed

On sin - ners lost, that we should be Now called "the sons of God!"

CHORUS.

Be - hold, what manner of love!
Be - hold, what manner of love! be - - hold, what manner of love!

what manner of love the Father hath bestowed up - on us, That we, that
That we should be called,

we should be called, should be called the sons of God!
we should be called the sons of God!

2. No longer far from Him, but now
By "precious blood" made nigh,
Accepted in the "Well-belov'd,"
Near to God's heart we lie.
3. What we in glory soon shall be
It doth not yet appear;

- But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.
4. With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

167

Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

MARY J. WALKER.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Je - sus, I will trust Thee, Trust Thee with my soul: Guil - ty, lost, and

help - less, Thou canst make me whole. There is none in hea - ven
D.S. - Je - sus, I will trust Thee,

Or on earth like Thee: Thou hast died for sin - ners—There - fore,
Trust Thee with my soul: Guil - ty, lost, and help - less, Thou canst

FINE. CHORUS.

Lord, for me. In Thy love con - fi - ding, I will seek Thy
make me whole.

face, Wor - ship and a - dore Thee, For Thy won - drous grace.

2. Jesus, I can trust Thee,
Trust Thy written Word,
Since Thy voice of mercy
I have often heard.
When Thy Spirit teacheth,
To my taste how sweet!
Only may I hearken,
Sitting at Thy feet.

3. Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust Thee without doubt;
"Whosoever cometh,"
Thou "wilt not cast out";
Faithful is Thy promise,
Precious is Thy blood—
These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God!

168

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance— Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a

fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of

God; Born of His Spi-rit, washed in His blood.

CHORUS.

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sa-viour all the day long;

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sa-viour all the day long.

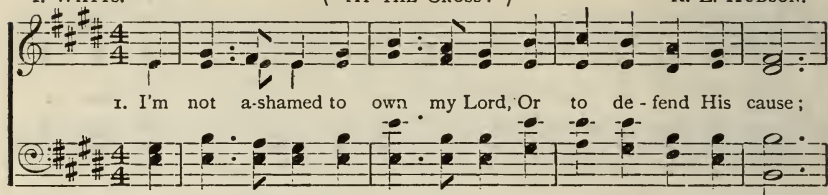
2. Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight;
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest;
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

169 I'm not Ashamed to Own my Lord.

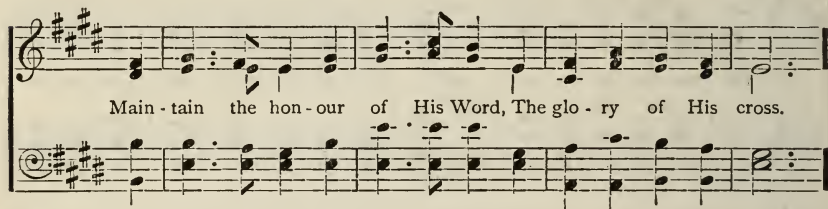
I. WATTS.

("AT THE CROSS!")

R. E. HUDSON.

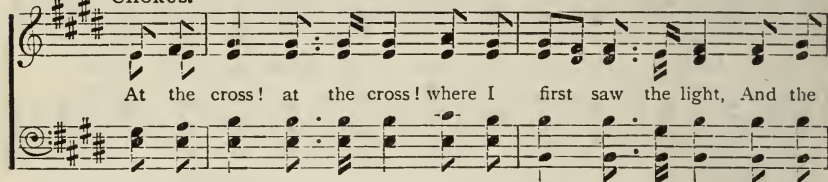


1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause;

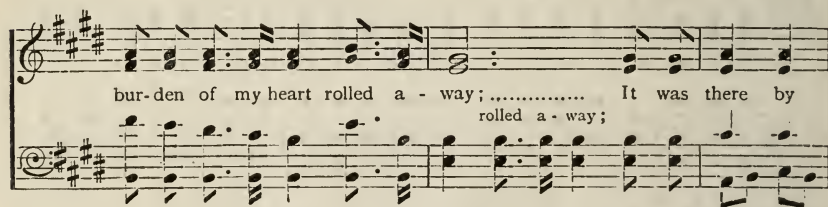


Main-tain the hon-our of His Word, The glo-ry of His cross.

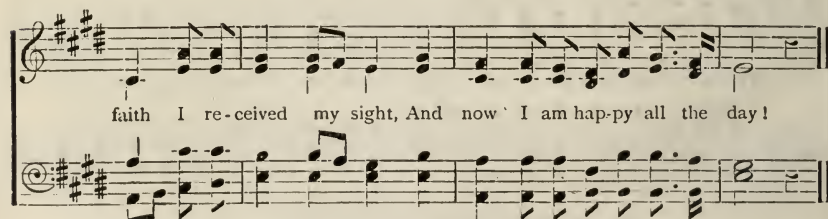
CHORUS.



At the cross! at the cross! where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart rolled a-way; It was there by
rolled a-way;



faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

2. Jesus, my God! I know His name—
His name is all my trust:
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3. Firm as His throne His promise stands;
And He can well secure

What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4. Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face;
And, in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

170 "I know whom I have Believed."

EL NATHAN.

Moderato.

J. McGRANAHAN.

I. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me hath been made known ;

Nor why—un - wor - thy as I am—He claimed me for His own.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, And am per - sua - ded that He is a - ble

To keep that which I've com - mit - ted un - to Him a - gainst that day."

2.

I know not how this saving faith
To me He did impart ;
Or how believing in His Word
Wrought peace within my heart.

3.

I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin ;
Revealing Jesus through the Word,
Creating faith in Him.

4.

I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me—
Of weary ways or golden days,
Before His face I see.

5.

I know not when my Lord may come ;
I know not how, nor where ;
If I shall pass the vale of death,
Or "meet Him in the air."

171

3 hear the Saviour say.

E. M. HALL.

("ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.")

J. T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sa-viour say, "Thy strength in-deed is small: Child of

CHORUS.

weakness, watch and pray; Find in Me thine all in all." Je-sus paid it all—

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow!

2. Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.
3. For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4. When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
5. And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

172

Fully Trusting.

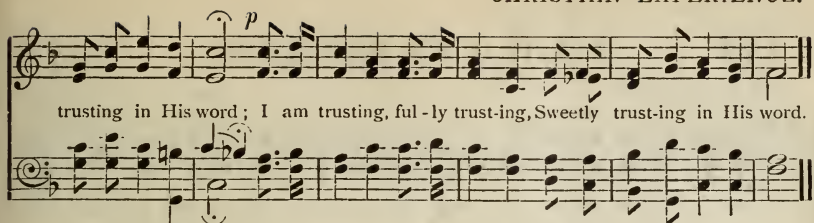
J. C. MORGAN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. All my doubts I give to Je-sus! I've His gracious promise heard—I "shall never be con-

CHORUS.

founded"—I am trusting in that word. I am trust-ing, ful-ly trust-ing, Sweetly



trusting in His word ; I am trusting, ful-ly trust-ing, Sweetly trust-ing in His word.

2. All my sin I lay on Jesus !
He doth wash me in His blood ;
He will keep me pure and holy,
He will bring me home to God.
3. All my fears I give to Jesus !
Rests my weary soul on Him ;
Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can His light grow dim.

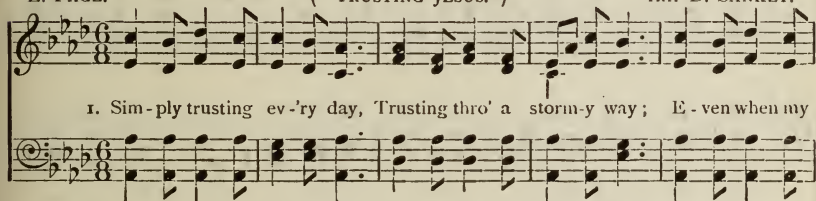
4. All my joys I give to Jesus !
He is all I want of bliss ;
He of all the worlds is Master—
He has all I need in this.
5. All I am I give to Jesus !
All my body, all my soul,
All I have, and all I hope for,
While eternal ages roll.

173 Simply Trusting every Day.

E. PAGE.

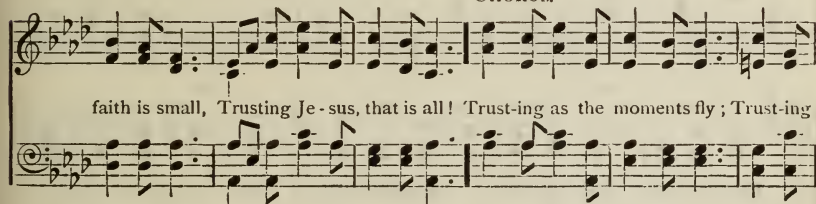
("TRUSTING JESUS.")

IRA D. SANKEY.

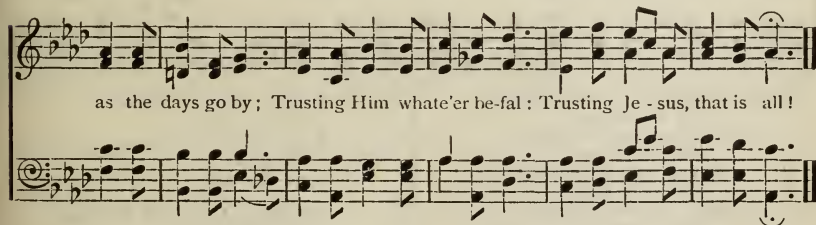


1. Sim-ply trusting ev-'ry day, 'Trusting thro' a storm-y way ; E-ven when my

CHORUS.



faith is small, Trusting Je-sus, that is all ! 'Trust-ing as the moments fly ; Trust-ing



as the days go by ; Trusting Him whate'er be-fal : Trusting Je-sus, that is all !

2. Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine ;
While He leads I cannot fall :
Trusting Jesus, that is all !

3. Singing, if my way be clear ;
Praying, if the path be drear ;
If in danger, for Him call :
Trusting Jesus, that is all !

4. Trusting Him while life shall last ;
Trusting Him till earth be past ;
Till within the jasper wall :
Trusting Jesus, that is all !

174

3 Left it All with Jesus.

MISS E. H. WILLIS.

Moderato.

MISS H. M. WARNER.

1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him,

And my woe: When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small, still

whis - per, "'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way—

Hap - py day! From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way— Hap - py day!

2. I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop
With His smile,
Make the desert garden
Bloom awhile:
When my weakness leaneth
On His might,
All seems light.
3. I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him,
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest

In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide
At His side.

4. Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging.
On His hand;
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—
Oh, come home!

175

I've Found a Friend.

REV. J. G. SMALL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him:

And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sever;

For I am His, and He is mine, For ever and for ever!

2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!

He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever!

3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!

All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.

Th' eternal glories gleam afar,

To nerve my faint endeavour:
So now to watch! to work! to war!
And then—to rest for ever!

4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!

So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life? or death? or earth? or hell?
No! I am His for ever!

176

Hallelujah! 'tis Done.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God full sal - va - tion to give Un - to

CHORUS.

him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve. Hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis

done; I be - lieve on the Son; I am saved by the blood of the

Cru - ci - fied One! Hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis done; I be - lieve on the

Son; I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.

2. Though the pathway be lonely and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
3. Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng—
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
- 4: Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles, as their song of salvation they sing:
5. There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
6. There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises for ever will be:

177 Now I have Found the Ground.

ROTHE, tr. J. WESLEY.

(CAREY'S. 8.8.8.8.8.)

H. CAREY.

1. Now I have found the ground where - in Sure my soul's an - chor

may re - main—The wounds of Je - sus, for my sin Be -

- fore the world's fun - da - tion slain ; Whose mer - cy shall un -

- sha - ken stay, When heaven and earth are fled a - way.

2. Father, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far,
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.
3. O Love, Thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee !
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and
skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy ! cries.
4. With faith I plunge me in this sea ;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest !
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast :

Away, sad doubt and anxious fear !
Mercy is all that's written there.

5. Though waves and storms go o'er my
head,
Though strength, and health, and
friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn—
On this my stedfast soul relies :
Father, Thy mercy never dies !
6. Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away :
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

178

No, not One!

REV. J. OATMAN, Jun.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with great feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our souls' dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

2. No friend like Him is so high and holy,
No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly,
No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us,
No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us,
No, not one! no, not one!

4. Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him?
No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner find that He would not take him?
No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?
No, not one! no, not one!
Will He refuse us a home in heaven?
No, not one! no, not one!

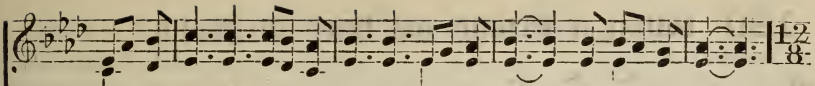
179

My Redeemer.

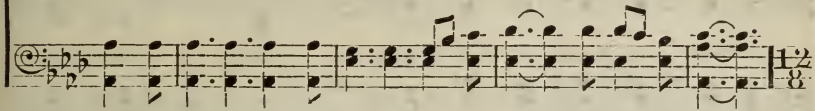
P. P. BLISS.

J. MC GRANAHAN.

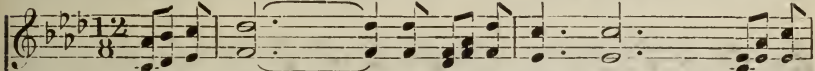
1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;



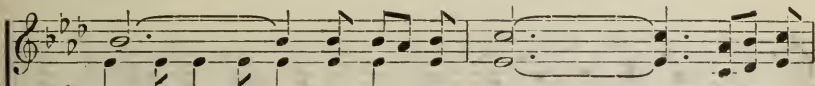
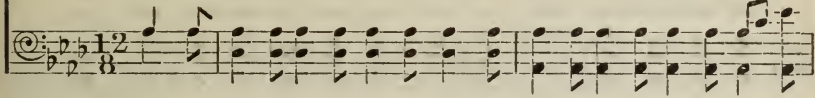
On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.



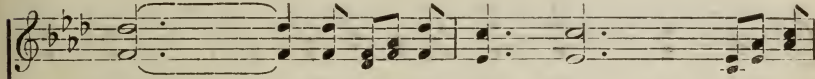
CHORUS.



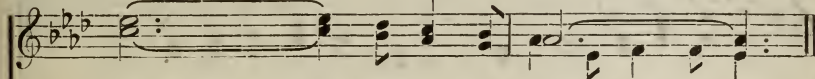
Sing, oh sing of my Re-deem - er! With His
Sing, oh sing of my Re-deem-er! Sing, oh sing of my Re-deem-er! With His



blood He pur-chased me! On the
blood He pur-chased me! He pur-chased me! He pur-chased me! On the



cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the
cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the



debt, and made me free.
debt, and made me free, and made me free, and made me free.



2. I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save;
In His boundless love and mercy
He the ransom freely gave.
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell;

- How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.
4. I will sing of my Redeemer
And His heavenly love to me:
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with Him to be.

180 What a Friend we have in Jesus!

J. SCRIVEN.

C. C. CONVERSE.

r. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our

sins and griefs to bear! What a priv - i - lege to car - ry

Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer! Oh, what peace we of - ten

for - feit; Oh, what need - less pain we bear— All be -

- cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!

2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3. Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee—
Thou wilt find a solace there.

181

Will your Anchor Hold?

Words arr. from PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-fold their

wings of strife? When the strong tides lift and the ca-bles strain, Will your

CHORUS.

an-chor drift, or..... firm re-main? We have an an-chor that keeps the soul

Sted-fast and sure while the bil-lows roll; Fas-tened to the Rock which

can-not move, Ground-ed firm and deep in the Sa-viour's love!

2.

Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers roar and the reef is near?
While the surges rave and the wild winds
blow, [flow?
Shall the angry waves then your bark o'er-

3.

Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill your latest breath?

On the rising tide you can never fail
While your anchor holds within the vail.

4.

Will your eyes behold through the morning
light
The city of gold and the harbour bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
When life's storms are past for evermore?

182

Jesus, I Love Thee!

F. J. CROSBY.

DUET (S. & T.).

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. Je - sus, I love Thee! Thou art to me Dear - er than ev - er

mor - tal can be; Je - sus, I trust Thee, Sa - viour Di - vine;

CHORUS.

Sin - ning, I sor - row, mer - cy is Thine. Gra - cious - ly par - doned,

safe on Thy breast; There be my re - fuge, there let me rest! Bless - ed Re -

- deem - er, pre - cious to me, Draw me still clo - ser, clo - ser to Thee!

2. Full of compassion, plenteous in grace,
Give me Thy blessing, show me Thy face;
Give me Thy Spirit, rid me of sin;
Make my life holy, cleanse me within.

3. Jesus, I trust Thee! reign in my heart;
Thence let Thy Spirit never depart;
Jesus, I love Thee! Thou now art mine;
Living or dying I will be Thine.

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

(ONWARD. 6.5.)

S. BARING-GOULD.

May also be sung to "Armageddon," No. 210.

JOSIAH BOOTH.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, Look - ing un - to

Je - sus, Who is gone be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the

REFRAIN.
foe; Forward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ners go. Onward, Christian soldiers!

cres. *ff*
March - ing as to war, Look - ing un - to Je - sus, Who is gone be - fore.

2. At the name of Jesus
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
3. Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we—
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4. Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
5. Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song:
Glory, praise, and honour,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

184 (1st Tune.) 3 will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. RAWLEY.

PETER BILHORN.

1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - ry
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry

Of the Christ..... who died for me;.....
Of the Christ who died for me;

Sing it with..... the saints in glo - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,

Ga - thered by..... the cry - stal sea.....
Ga - thered by the cry - stal sea, the cry - stal sea.

184 (2nd Tune.) I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. RAWLEY.

(HYFRYDOL. 8.7.8.7.)

R. H. PRITCHARD.

1. I will sing the won-drous sto-ry Of the Christ who

died for me; How He left His home in glo-ry,

CHORUS.

For the cross on Cal-va-ry. Yes, I'll sing the

won-drous sto-ry Of the Christ who died for me; Sing it

with the saints in glo-ry, Ga-thered by the cry-stal sea.

2. I was lost; but Jesus found me—
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.

3. I was bruised; but Jesus healed me—
Faint was I from many a fall;
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me;
But He freed me from them all.

4. Days of darkness still come o'er me;
Sorrow's paths I often tread;
But the Saviour still is with me,
By His hand I'm safely led.

5. He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

185

Give me the Faith.

C. WESLEY.

(STELLA. 8.8.8.8.8.)

From "Crown of Jesus."

1. Give me the faith which can re - move And sink the

moun - tain to a plain ; Give me the child-like pray - ing love,

Which longs to build Thy house a - gain ; Thy love let it my

heart o'er - power, And all my sim - ple soul de - vour.

2. I want an even strong desire,
I want a calmly fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.
3. I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known :
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.
4. My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive ;
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live ;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.
5. Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity Divine !
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine ;
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

186

Moment by Moment.

D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Dy-ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv-ing with Je - sus a

new life Di - vine; Look-ing to Je - sus till glo-ry doth shine— Moment by

CHORUS.

mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine. Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His

love; Mo - ment by mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look-ing to Je - sus till

glo - ry doth shine— Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

2. Never a battle with wrong for the right;
Never a contest that He doth not fight;
Lifting above us His banner so white—
Moment by moment I'm kept in His sight.
3. Never a trial that He is not there;
Never a burden that He doth not bear;
Never a sorrow that He doth not share—
Moment by moment I'm under His care.

4. Never a heartache, and never a groan;
Never a teardrop, and never a moan;
Never a danger—but there on the throne
Moment by moment He thinks of His own.
5. Never a weakness that He doth not feel;
Never a sickness that He cannot heal;
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.

187 Hearer, my God, to Thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.)

DR. L. MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it
be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be—
Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!

2. Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
3. There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

4. Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
5. Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

188 I Need Thee every Hour.

MRS. A. S. HAWKS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

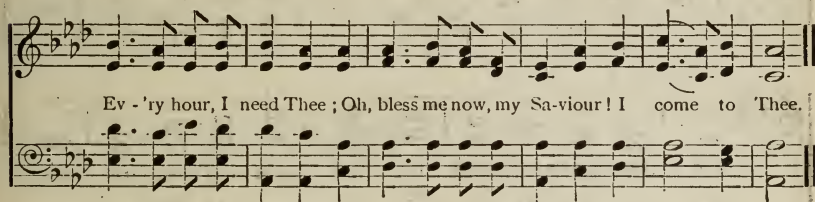
1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like

CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

REFRAIN.



Thine Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee ;



Ev - 'ry hour, I need Thee ; Oh, bless me now, my Sa - viour ! I come to Thee.

2. I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by ;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
3. I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain ;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4. I need Thee every hour ;
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
5. I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One :
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.

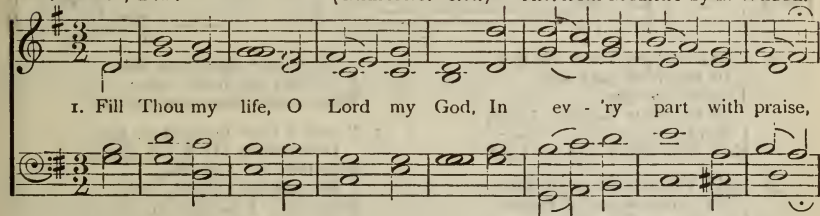
189

Fill Thou my Life.

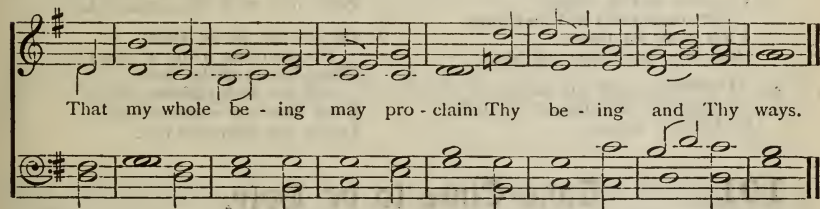
H. BONAR, D.D.

(BELMONT. C.M.)

Arr. from MOZART by S. WEBBE.



1. Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God, In ev - 'ry part with praise,



That my whole be - ing may pro - claim Thy be - ing and Thy ways.

2. Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part :
3. Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in ;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.
4. Fill every part of me with praise ;
Let all my being speak

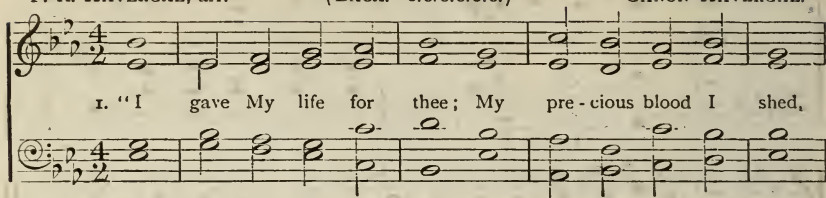
- Of Thee, and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be and weak.
5. So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due ;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.
 6. So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free ;
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

190 I Gave My Life for thee.

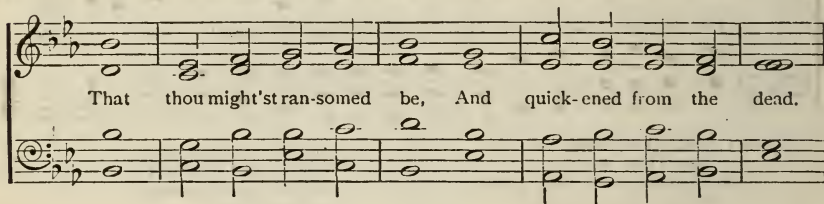
F. R. HAVERGAL, arr.

(BACA. 6.6.6.6.6.6.)

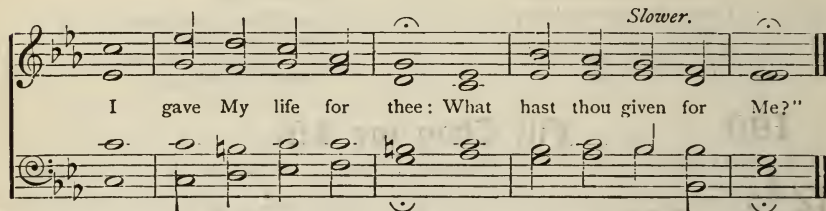
CANON HAVERGAL.



I. "I gave My life for thee; My pre-cious blood I shed,



That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead.



Slower.
I gave My life for thee: What hast thou given for Me?"

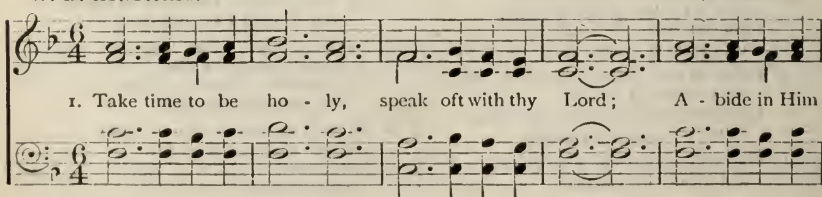
2. "I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee:
Hast thou spent *one* for Me?
3. "My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for Me?
4. "I suffered much for thee—
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony—

- To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee:
What canst thou bear for Me?
5. "And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee:
What hast thou brought to Me?"
 6. Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Him be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Bring thou thy worthless all:
Follow thy Saviour's call.

191 Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. LONGSTAFF.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



I. Take time to be ho - ly, speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him

al - ways, and feed on His Word. Make friends of God's chil - dren ;

help those who are weak ; For - getting in no - thing His blessing to seek.

2.

Take time to be holy, the world rushes on ;
Spend much time in secret with Jesus alone—
By looking to Jesus, like Him thou shalt be ;
Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.

3.

Take time to be holy, let Him be thy Guide ;
And run not before Him, whatever betide ;

In joy or in sorrow still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus, still trust in His Word.

4.

Take time to be holy, be calm in thy soul ;
Each thought and each temper beneath His control :
Thus led by His Spirit to fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted for service above.

192

Oh for a Closer Walk !

W. COWPER.

(ABRIDGE. C.M.)

ISAAC SMITH.

1. Oh for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heaven-ly frame ;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb !

2. Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word ?
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed—
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
5. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

193

Close to Thee.

F. J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing Por - tion, More than friend or life to me;

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sa - viour, let me walk with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sa - viour, let me walk with Thee.

2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Not for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer—
Only let me walk with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

3. Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

194

Remember me.

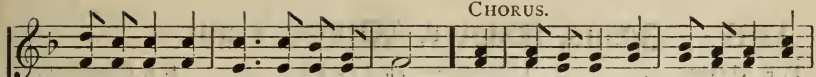
ISAAC WATTS.

ASA HULL.

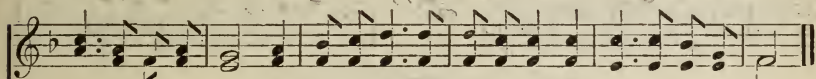
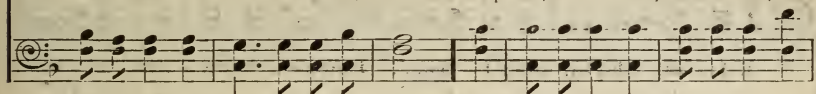
1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that

CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

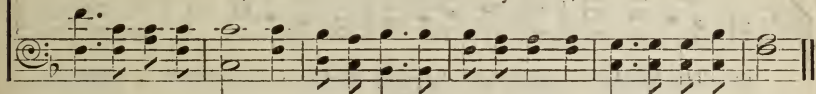
CHORUS.



sa-cred head for such a worm as I? Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own, And



ev - er faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.



2. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

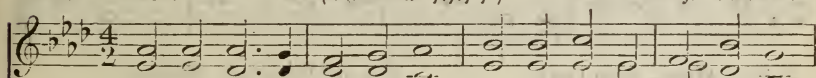
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

195 Thirsting for a Living Spring.

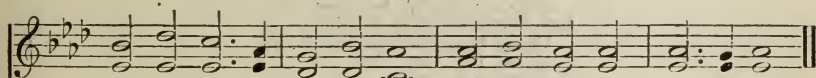
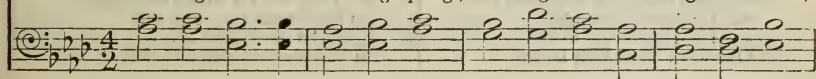
F. P. APPLETON.

(ST. BEES. 7.7.7.7.)

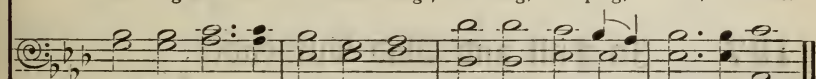
DR. J. B. DYKES.



1. Thirst-ing for a liv-ing spring; Seek-ing for a high-er home;



Rest-ing where our souls must cling; Trust-ing, ho-ping, Lord, we come.



2. Glorious hopes our spirit fill
When we feel that Thou art near;
Father, then our fears are still
When the soul's bright end is clear.

3. Life's hard conflict we would win;
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

4. Make us beautiful within
By Thy Spirit's holy light;
Guard us when our faith burns dim
Father of all love and might!

196 Jesus, Master, Whose I am.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

(ROUSSEAU. 7.7.7.7.7.7.)

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

1. Je - sus, Mas-ter, whose I am,..... Purchased, Thine a - lone to be,

By Thy blood, O spot-less Lamb, Shed so wil-ling - ly for me,

Let my heart be all Thine own,..... Let me live to Thee a-lone.

2. Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve,
All Thy bidding to fulfil:
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

3. Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free.

4. Jesus, Master, I am Thine :
Keep me faithful, keep me near ;
Let Thy presence in me shine,
All my homeward way to cheer :
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
O be Thou my All in all.

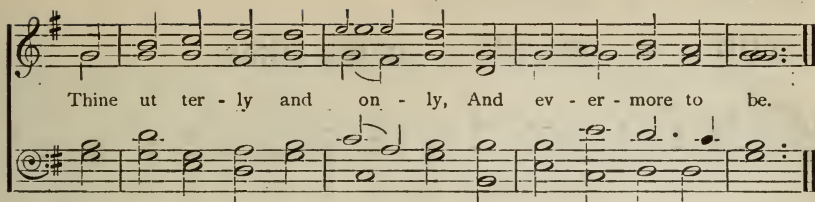
197 In Full and Glad Surrender.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

(ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.7.6.)

DR. GAUNTLETT.

1. In full and glad sur - ren - der, I give my - self to Thee,



Thine ut - ter - ly and on - ly, And ev - er - more to be.

2. O Son of God, who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone;
And all I have, and all I am,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3. Reign over me, Lord Jesus!
Oh, make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, my Saviour—
It shall be Thine alone.

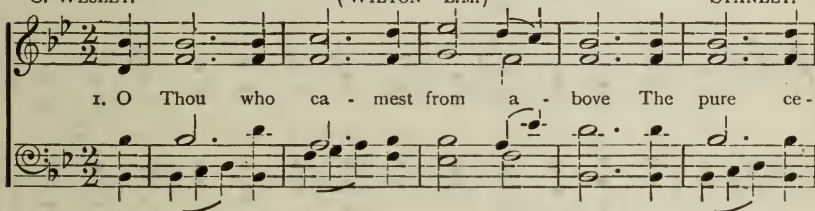
4. Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything!
And keep me always loyal
And true to Thee, my King!

198 O Thou who Camest from Above.

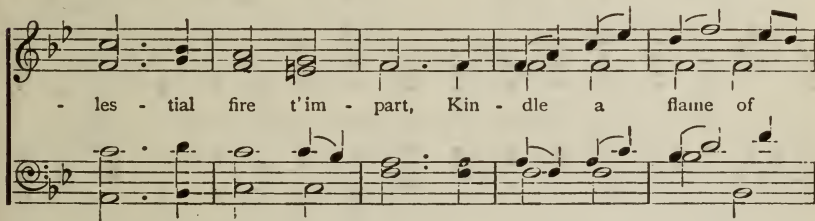
C. WESLEY.

(WILTON L.M.)

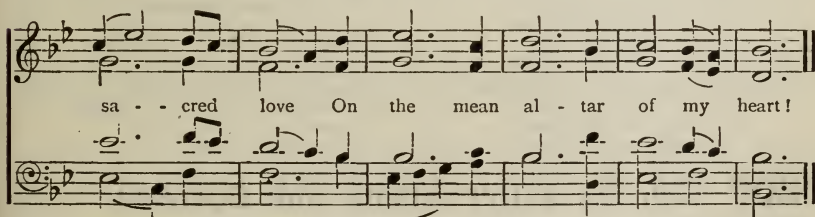
STANLEY.



1. O Thou who ca - mest from a - bove The pure ce -



- les - tial fire t'im - part, Kin - dle a flame of



sa - - cred love On the mean al - tar of my heart!

2. There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3. Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me;

4. Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

199 My All is on the Altar.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My spi - rit, soul, and bo - dy, Je - sus, I give to Thee ;

A con - se - cra - ted off - 'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.....

REFRAIN.

My all is on the al - tar ; Lord, I am all Thine own :

Oh, may my faith ne'er fal - ter ! Lord, keep me Thine a - lone.

2. O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great name !
I look for Thy salvation ;
Thy promise now I claim.
3. Now, Lord, I yield my members,
From sin's dominion free,
For warfare and for triumph,
As weapons unto Thee.

4. Oh, blissful self-surrender,
To live, my Lord, by Thee !
Now, Son of God, my Saviour,
Live out Thy life in me.
5. I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed in Thy precious blood,
Sealed by Thy Holy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

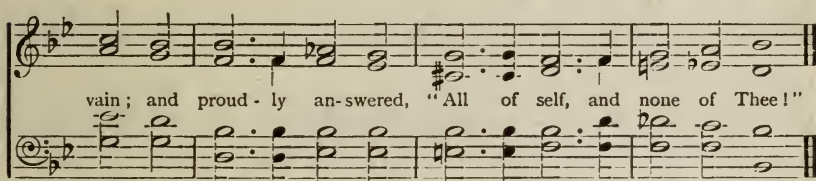
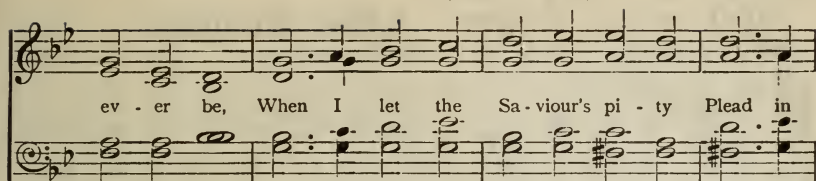
200 Oh, the Bitter Shame and Sorrow !

(ST. JUDE. 8.7.8.8.7.)

TH. MONOD.

CHAS. VINCENT, Mus. Doc., Oxon., by per.

1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could



2.

Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on th' accursèd tree:
Heard Him pray: "Forgive them, Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee!"

3.

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free;

Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee!"

4.

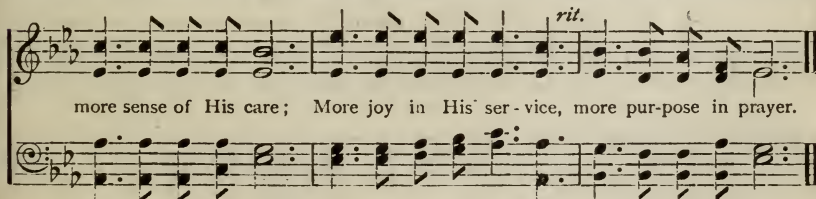
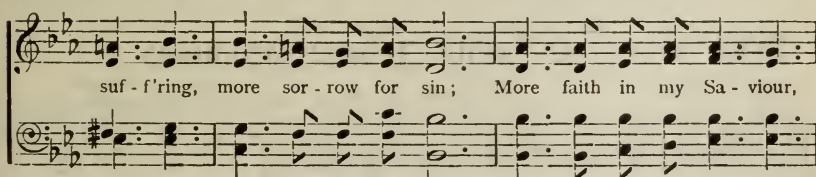
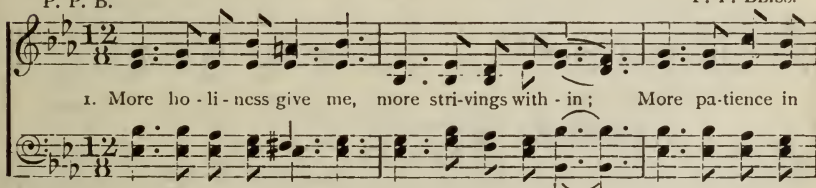
Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my supplication—
"None of self, and all of Thee!"

201

My Prayer.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



2. More gratitude give me, more trust in the
Lord; [Word;
More zeal for His glory, more hope in His
More tears for His sorrows, more pain at
His grief; [lief.
More meekness in trial, more praise for re-

3. More purity give me, more strength to
o'ercome; [ings for home;
More freedom from earth-stains, more long-
More fit for the kingdom, more used would
I be; [like Thee.
More blessed and holy—more, Saviour.

202 (1st Tune.) O Jesus, I have Promised.

JOHN E. BODE.

(JESU, MAGISTER BONE. 7.6.7.6. D.)

DR. J. B. DYKES.

1. O Je - sus, I have pro - mised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side;
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.

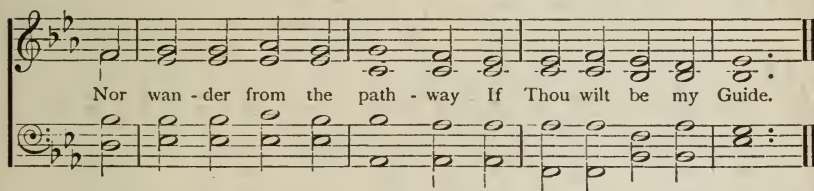
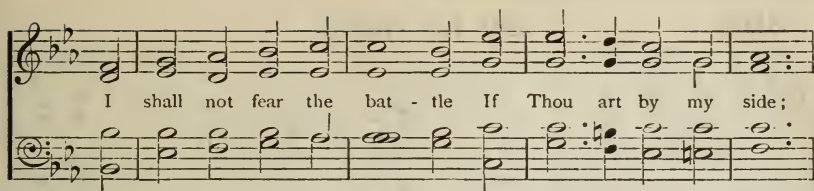
202 (2nd Tune.) O Jesus, I have Promised.

JOHN E. BODE.

(AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D.)

DR. S. S. WESLEY.
(From "The European Psalmist.")

1. O Je - sus, I have pro - mised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!



2. Oh, let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear :
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3. Oh, let me hear Thee speaking,
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self will.
Oh speak, to reassure me,
To hasten or control ;
Oh speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul !

4. O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be !
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend !

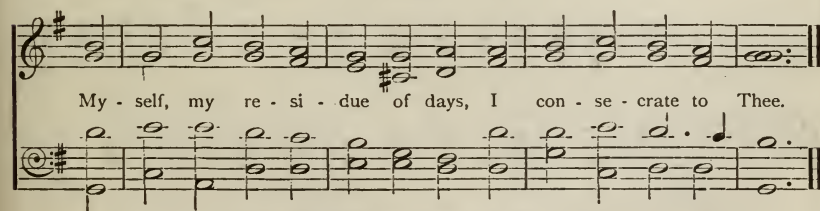
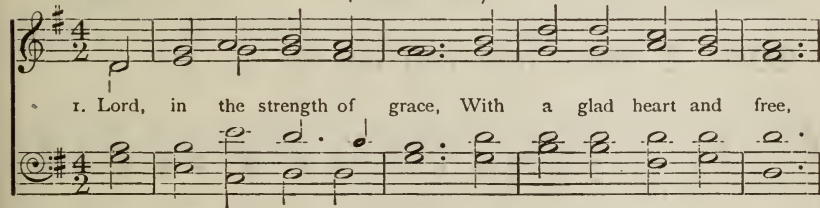
5. Oh, let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own ;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend !

203 Lord, in the Strength of Grace.

C. WESLEY.

(GILDAS. S.M.)

Attributed to P. ABELARD.



2. Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee Thy own ;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

204

All for Jesus.

REV. S. D. PHELPS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Sa-viour, Thy dy-ing love Thou ga-vest me, Nor should I

aught with-hold, My Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,

My heart ful-fil its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.

2.

At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3.

Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4.

All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

205 Love, that wilt not let me go.

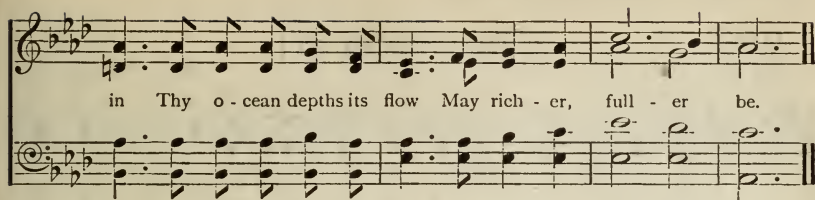
GEO. MATHESON, D.D.

(ST. MARGARET. 8.8.8.8.6.)

A. L. PEACE, Mus.D.

1. O Love, that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in

Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That



2. O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its
day
May brighter, fairer be.
3. O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;

I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That dawn shall tearless be.

4. O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

206

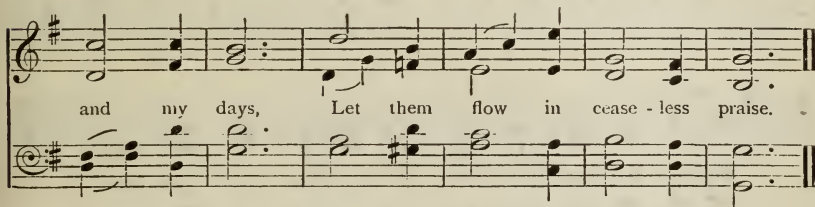
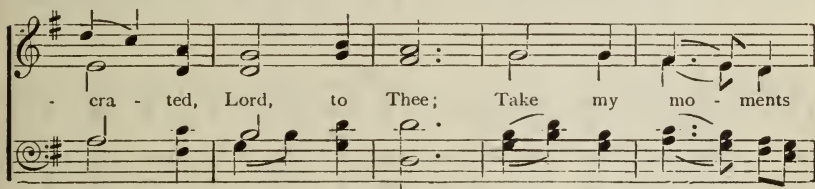
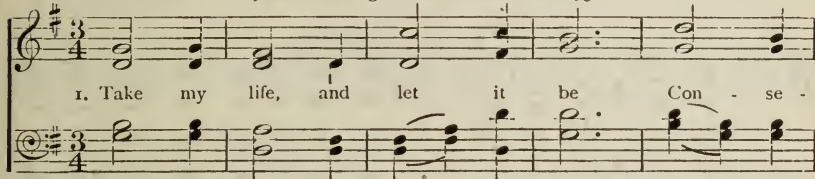
Consecration.

(NOTTINGHAM. 7-7-7-7.)

F. R. HAVERGAL.

May also be sung to "St. Bees," No. 195.

From MOZART.



2. Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
3. Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
4. Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold:

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5. Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart; it is Thine own—
It shall be Thy royal throne.
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, ALL for Thee.

207

Gather them in!

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Ga-ther them in! for there yet is room At the feast that the

King has spread; Oh, ga-ther them in! let His house be filled, And the

REFRAIN.

hun - gry and poor be fed. Out in the high - way, out in the

by - way, Out in the dark paths of sin, Go forth, go forth,

with a lov - ing heart, And ga - ther the wan - d'ers in!

2.

Gather them in! for there yet is room;
But our hearts—how they throb with pain,
To think of the many who slight the call
That may never be heard again!

3.

Gather them in! for there yet is room;
'Tis a message from God above;
Oh, gather them into the fold of grace,
And the arms of the Saviour's love!

208

Bring them in!

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shep-herd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert

dark and drear, Call-ing the sheep who've gone a-stray,

CHORUS.

Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way. Bring them in, bring them in!

Bring them in from the fields of sin; Bring them in,

bring them in! Bring the wan-d'ring ones to Je-sus.

2.

Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind—
Help Him the wandering ones to find?
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?

3.

Out in the desert hear their cry,
Out on the mountain wild and high;
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee:
"Go, find My sheep where'er they be."

209

Pass it On!

REV. HENRY BURTON, M.A.
Moderato.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Have you had a kind-ness shown? Pass it on! 'Twas not
given for thee a-lone: Pass it on! Let it travel down the years, Let it
wipe an-o-ther's tears, Till in heaven the deed ap-pears—Pass it on!

2. Did you hear the loving word?
Pass it on!
Like the singing of a bird?
Pass it on!
Let its music live and grow;
Let it cheer another's woe;
You have reaped what others sow—
Pass it on!
3. 'Twas the sunshine of a smile—
Pass it on!
Staying but a little while!
Pass it on!
April beam, the little thing,
Still it wakes the flowers of spring,
Makes the silent birds to sing—
Pass it on!

4. Have you found the heavenly light?
Pass it on!
Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone;
Hold thy lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in someone's sky:
He may live who else would die—
Pass it on!
5. Be not selfish in thy greed—
Pass it on!
Look upon thy brother's need—
Pass it on!
Live for self, you live in vain;
Live for Christ, you live again;
Live for Him, with Him you reign—
Pass it on!

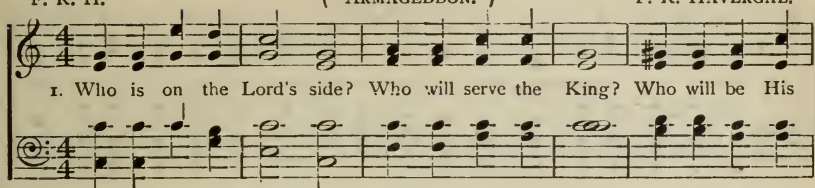
210

Who is on the Lord's Side?

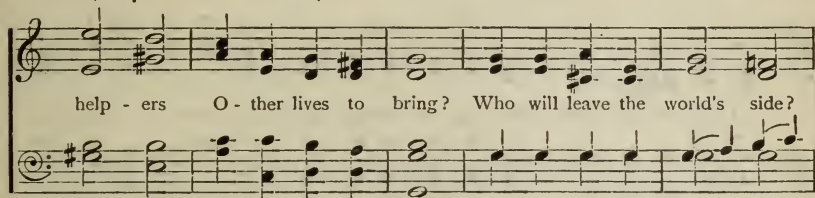
F. R. H.

("ARMAGEDDON.")

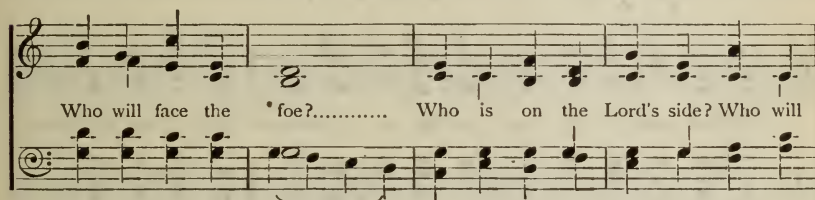
F. R. HAVERGAL.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His

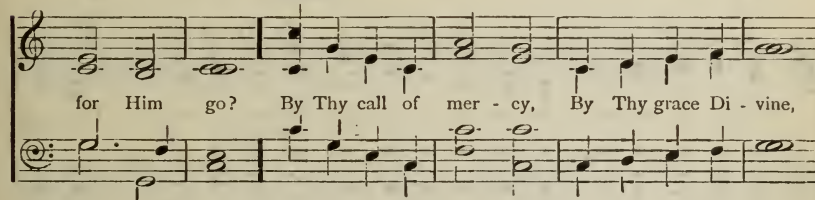


help - ers O - ther lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?

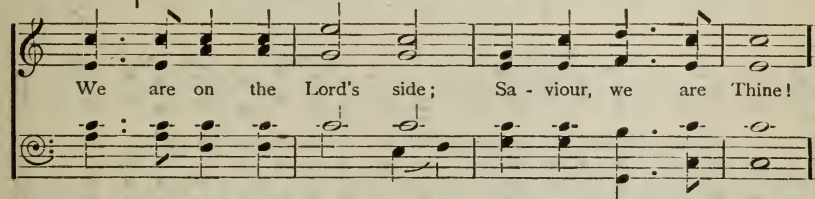


Who will face the 'foe?..... Who is on the Lord's side? Who will

CHORUS.



for Him go? By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace Di - vine,



We are on the Lord's side; Sa - viour, we are Thine!

2.
Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior-psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died:
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side!

By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine!

3.
Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow:
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure!
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.

Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine!

4.
Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land;
"Chosen, callèd, faithful,"
For our Captain's band.
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold:
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.

Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace Divine,
Always on the Lord's side;
Saviour, always Thine!

211

Bringing in the Sheaves!

K. S.

Arr. from GEO. A. MINER.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noontide

and the dew - y eyes: Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,

REFRAIN.
We shall come re - joi - cing, bring-ing in the sheaves! Bringing in the sheaves!

Bringing in the sheaves! We shall come re-joi - cing, bringing in the sheaves! Bringing

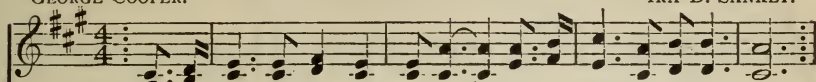
in the sheaves! Bringing in the sheaves! We shall come rejoicing, bring-ing in the sheaves!

2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By-and-by the harvest, and the labour ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!
3. Go then ever, weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves:
When our weeping's over He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!

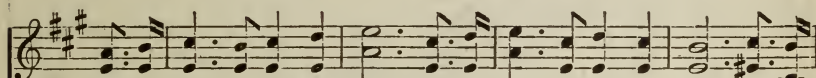
212 While the Days are Going by!

GEORGE COOPER.

IRA D. SANKEY.

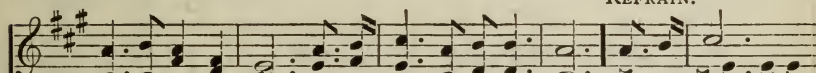


I. { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by! }
 { There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by! }

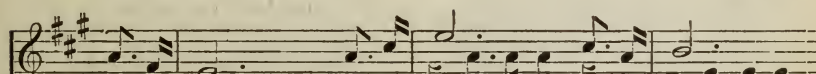


If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue, Oh, the

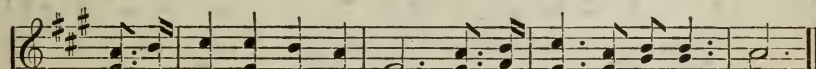
REFRAIN.



good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by! Go - ing by!.....
 Go - ing by!



Go - ing by!..... Go - ing by!..... Go - ing by!.....
 Go - ing by! Go - ing by! Go - ing by! Go - ing by!



Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by!

2. There's no time for idle scorning,
 While the days are going by!
 Let your face be like the morning,
 While the days are going by!
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes;
 Help your fallen brother rise,
 While the days are going by!

3. All the loving links that bind us,
 While the days are going by;
 One by one we leave behind us,
 While the days are going by!
 But the seeds of good we sow,
 Both in shade and shine will grow,
 And will keep our hearts aglow,
 While the days are going by!

213

Lord, Speak to me.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

(HOLLEY. L.M.)

G. HEWS.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I..... may speak In liv - ing

e - choes of..... Thy tone; As Thou hast sought, so

let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren, lost and lone.

2. Oh lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
3. Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

4. Oh fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
5. Oh use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see;
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

214

Revive Thy Work, O Lord!

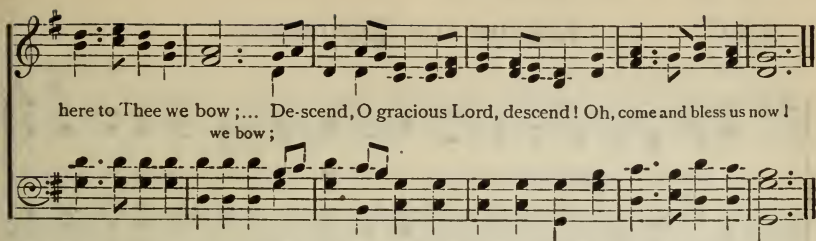
ALBERT MIDLANE, arr. by F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

Spirited.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Now to Thy saints ap-pear! Oh, speak with power to

REFRAIN.
ev - 'ry soul, And let Thy peo-ple hear! Re - vive Thy work, O Lord!..... While
O Lord!



2. Revive Thy work, O Lord !
Exalt Thy precious name !
And may Thy love in every heart
Be kindled to a flame !

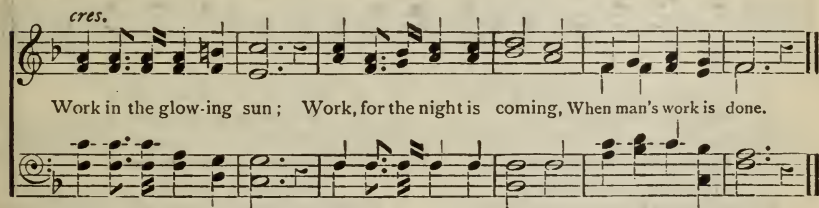
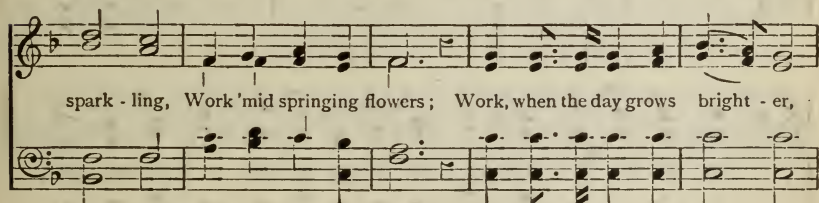
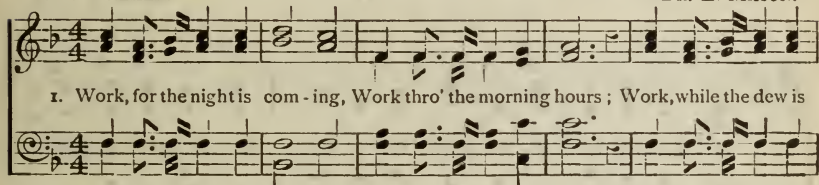
3. Revive Thy work, O Lord !
And bless to all Thy word !
And may its pure and sacred truth
In living faith be heard !

4. Revive Thy work, O Lord !
Give Pentecostal showers !
Be Thine the glory, Thine alone !
The blessing, Lord, be ours !

215 Work, for the Night is Coming.

A. L. WALKER.

DR. L. MASON.



2. Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

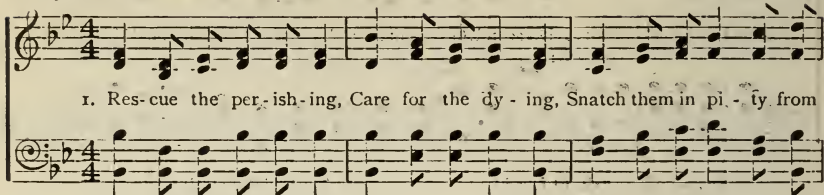
3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth, to shine no more ;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

216

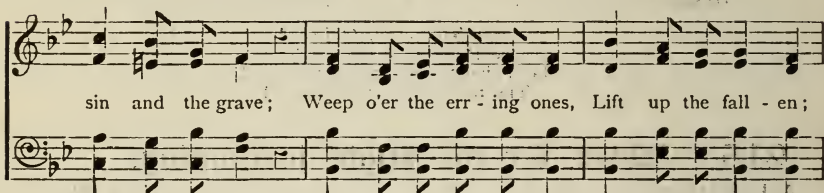
Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

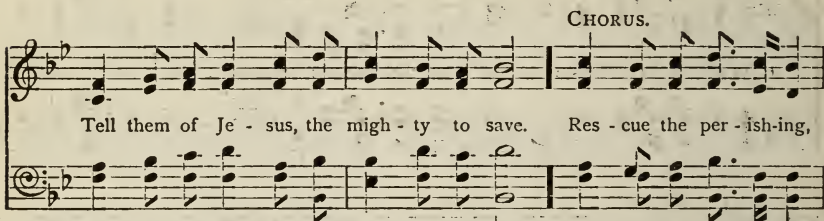


1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pi-ty from

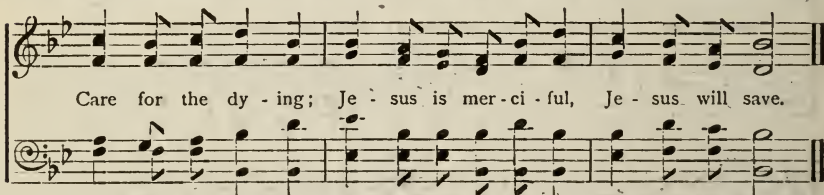


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing ones, Lift up the fall-en;

CHORUS.



Tell them of Je-sus, the migh-ty to save. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,



Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

2. Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting—
Waiting the penitent child to receive:
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

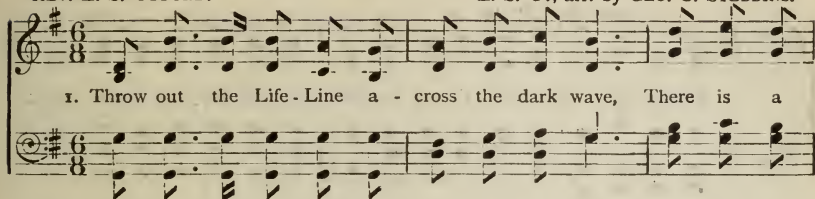
3. Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand,
Wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4. Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

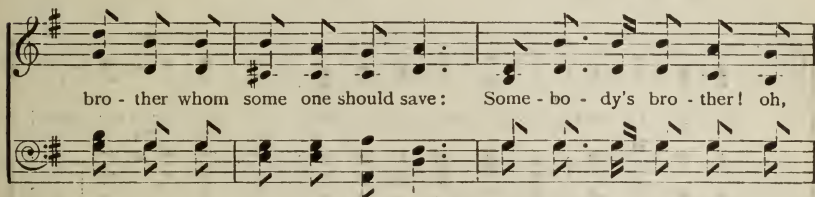
217 Throw out the Life-Line!

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

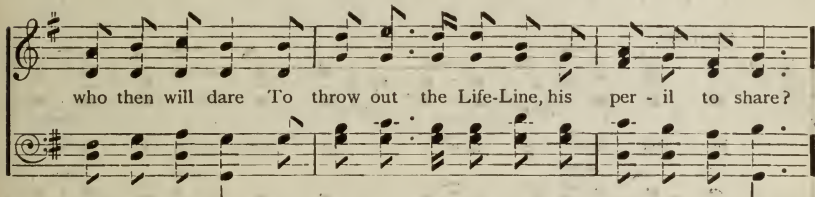
E. S. U., arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



i. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a

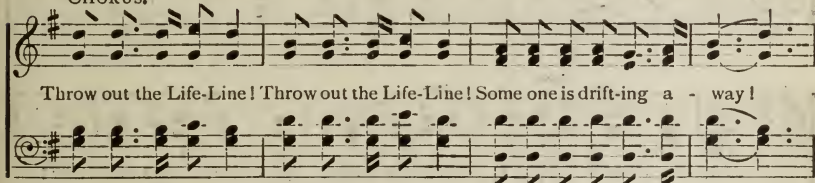


bro - ther whom some one should save: Some - bo - dy's bro - ther! oh,

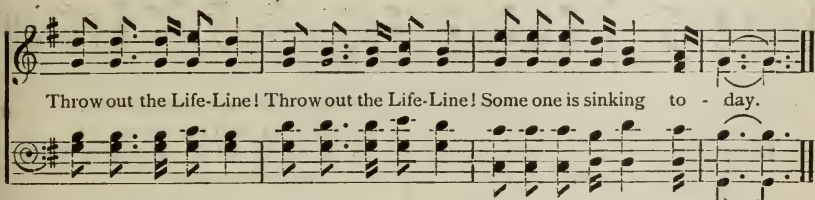


who then will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?

CHORUS.



Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way!



Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong:

Why do you tarry, my brother, so long?
See—he is sinking; oh, hasten to-day,
And out with the Life-Boat! away then, away!

3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, [been;
Sinking in anguish where you've never

Winds of temptation and billows of woe
Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.

4. Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore;
Haste, then, my brother! no time for delay,
But throw out the Life-Line, and save them to-day!

218 Jesus hath Died and hath Risen again.

A. C. D.

Old Melody.

1. Je - sus hath died and hath ris - en a - gain, Par - don and peace to be - stow ;

Ful - ly I trust Him : from sin's guilt - y stain Je - sus saves me now !

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves me now, Je - sus saves me now ;

Yes, Je - sus saves me all the time— Je - sus saves me now !

2. Sin's condemnation is over and gone,
Jesus alone knoweth how ;
Life and salvation my soul hath put on :
Jesus saves me now !

3. Satan may tempt, but he never shall reign,
That Christ will never allow ;
Doubts I have buried, and this is my strain,
" Jesus saves me now ! "

4. Resting in Jesus, abiding in Him,
Gladly my faith can avow ;
Never again need my pathway be dim :
Jesus saves me now !

5. Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin—
Satan to Jesus must bow ;
Therefore I triumph without and within :
Jesus saves me now !

6. Sorrow and pain may beset me about,
Nothing need darken my brow ;
Battling in faith I can joyfully shout,
" Jesus saves me now ! "

THE FUTURE LIFE.

219 Some Time we'll Understand.

REV. M. N. CORNELIUS, D.D.

J. McGRANAHAN.

1. Not now, but in the com-ing years— It may be in the bet-ter land—

We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, some time, we'll under-stand.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not! for He doth hold thy hand;
Alto only—doth hold thy hand;

a tempo primo. *cres.* *ad lib.*
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise: Some time, some time we'll under-stand.

2.

We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain—
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

3.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun:
'Tis there, some time, we'll understand.

4.

Why what we long for most of all,
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall—
Up there, some time, we'll understand.

5.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand:
Some time with tearless eyes we'll see:
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

220 When the Trumpet of the Lord.

B. M. J.

("WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.")

J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,

And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright, and fair; When the

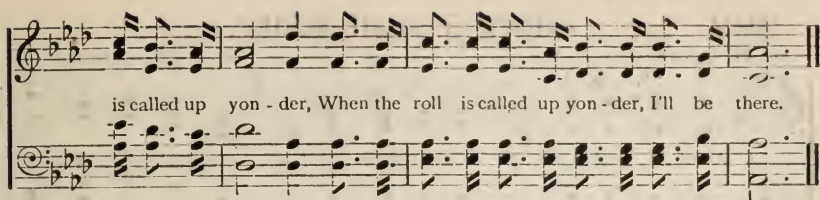
saved of earth shall ga - ther o - ver on the o - ther shore,

And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

roll is called up yon - - der, When the roll
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll



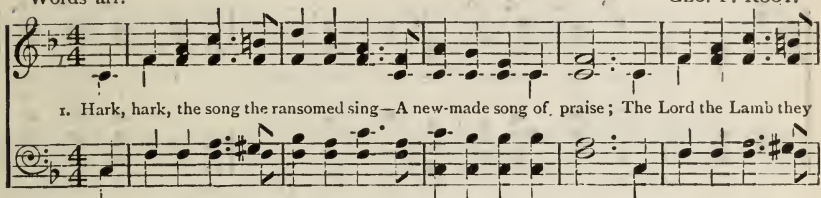
is called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
3. Let me labour for the Master from the dawn till setting sun;
Let me talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then, when all of life is over, and my work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

221 Glory to Him who Loved us !

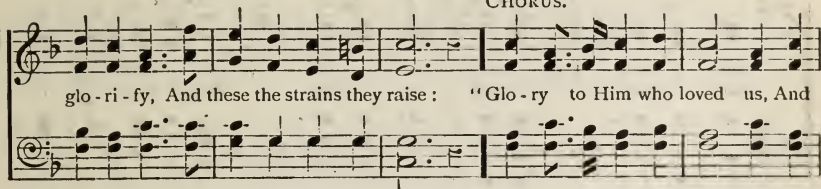
Words arr.

GEO. F. ROOT.

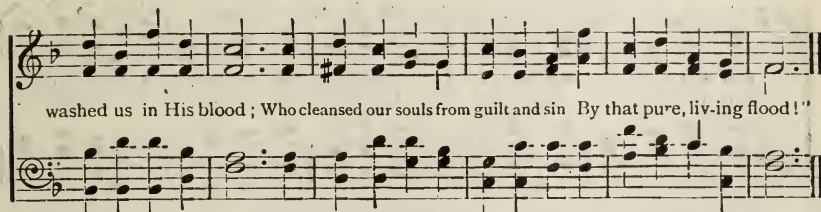


1. Hark, hark, the song the ransomed sing—A new-made song of praise; The Lord the Lamb they

CHORUS.



glo - ri - fy, And these the strains they raise : "Glo - ry to Him who loved us, And



washed us in His blood ; Who cleansed our souls from guilt and sin By that pure, liv - ing flood ! "

2. "Made white by His redeeming blood,
Our heavenly garments shine;
Our minds by Him enlightened, prove
The power of truth Divine.
3. "By Jesus' blood we overcame
When Satan's host assailed;
'Twas by the power of truth Divine
Our feeble arms prevailed.
4. "Then be the Lamb of God adored—
The Lord of life and light!
To Him be glory, honour, power,
And majesty, and might!"

222

When I shall Wake.

DR. H. BONAR.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

r. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Af - ter whose dawn-ing

nev - er night re - turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns—

REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied! I..... shall be I shall be

sat - is - fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in
sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in

that fair morn of morns; I..... shall be sat - is - fied, I..... shall be
that fair morn of morns; I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be.

sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns!
sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns!

2.
When I shall see Thy glory face to face,
When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child
embrace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy store of grace—
I shall be satisfied!

3.
When I shall meet with those that I have loved,
Clasp in my arms the dear ones long removed,

When I shall find how faithful Thou hast
proved—
I shall be satisfied!

4.
When I shall gaze upon the face of Him
Who died for me, with eye no longer dim,
And praise Him with the everlasting hymn—
I shall be satisfied!

223

Saved by Grace.

F. J. CROSBY.
SOLO OR DUET.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;

But oh, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!

CHORUS.

And I shall see..... Him face to face,..... And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace ;

shall see to face,

And I shall see..... Him face to face,..... And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace.

shall see to face,

2. Some day my earthly house will fall,
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be ;
But this I know—my All in All
Has now a place in heaven for me
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,

- My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait—
My lamp all trimmed and burning
bright—
That when my Saviour opes the gate,
My soul to Him may take its flight.

224

Glory for me!

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When all my la-bours and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,

CHORUS.

Oh, that will be
Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me!
Oh, that will
Oh, that will be

glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me;
be glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me, glo - ry for
glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me;

When by His grace I shall look on His face,
me; When I shall look on His face,
When by His grace I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me!

2. When by the gift of His infinite grace
I am accorded in heaven a place,
Just to be there, and to look on His face,
Will through the ages be glory for me!

3. Friends will be there I have loved long ago;
Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet, just a smile from my Saviour, I know,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

225 Over the River Faces I see.

J. W. V. DE V.
DUET.

("LOOKING THIS WAY.")

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O-ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn - ing, look - ing for

me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and des - pair, Wait - ing and

CHORUS.

watch - ing pa - tient - ly there, Look - ing this way, yes, look - ing this

way; Loved ones are wait - ing, look - ing this way: Fair as the

morn - ing, bright as the day; Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.

2. Father and mother, safe in the vale,
Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
Bearing the loved ones over the tide
Into the harbour, near to their side.
3. Brother and sister, gone to that clime,
Wait for the others coming sometime;
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow,
Watching for dear ones waiting below.

4. Sweet little darling, light of the home,
Looking for some one, beckoning, Come;
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew,
Anxiously looking, mother, for you.
5. Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star,
Looking for lost ones, straying afar;
Hear the glad message, why will you roam?
Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home!"

226 (1st Tune.)

Eternity!

MRS. E. H. GATES.

FOR CONGREGATIONAL USE.

IRA D. SANKEY.

i. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Night and day they nev - er cease; We are

wea - ried with their chime, For they do not bring us peace; And we

hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see, If thy shores are drawing

1st time. 2nd time.
near: E - ter - ni - ty! near: E - ter - ni - ty!

226 (2nd Tune.)

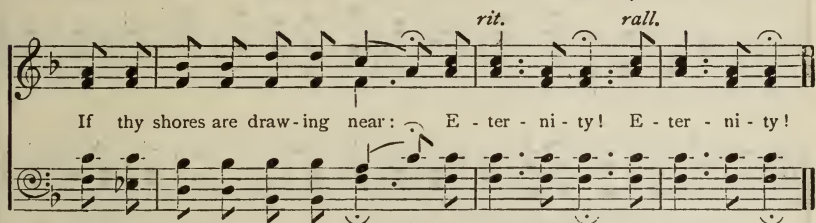
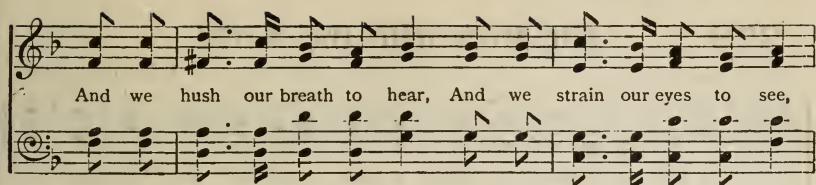
Eternity!

MRS. E. H. GATES.

P. P. BLISS.

(May be sung as a Solo.)
i. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Night and day they nev - er cease;

We are wea - ried with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;



2. Oh, the clanging bells of Time !
How their changes rise and fall ;
But in undertone sublime,
Sounding clearly through them all,
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee ;
And it speaketh aye one word :
Eternity ! Eternity !
3. Oh, the clanging bells of Time !
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line
We are marching to and fro ;

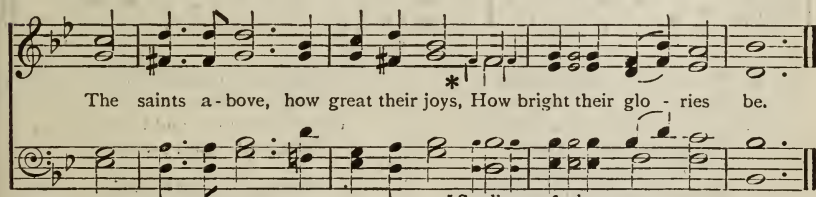
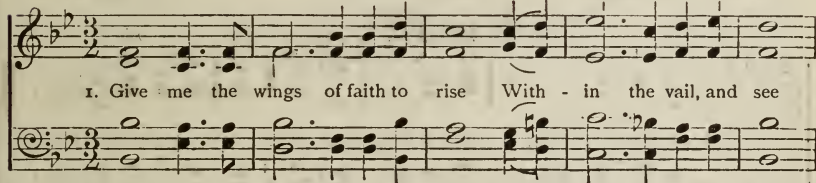
- And we yearn for sight or sound
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round :
Eternity ! Eternity !
4. Oh, the clanging bells of Time !
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime
We shall feel the silence come !
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break :
Eternity ! Eternity !

227 Give me the Wings of Faith.

ISAAC WATTS.

(MYLON. C.M.)

From J. A. NAUMANN.



* Small notes for last verse.

2. Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
3. I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
4. They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

228

For Ever with the Lord!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. For ev - er with the Lord! A - men, so let it be; Life from the

dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here in the bo - dy

pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam, Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A

REFRAIN.

rit.

day's march near - er home. Near - er home, near - er home, A day's march nearer home.

2. My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's fore-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints
Jerusalem above.
3. For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.

- Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail:
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.
4. Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
For ever with the Lord!
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Once more: For ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be.

229

There is a Better World.

DR. LYTH.

(BETTER WORLD. 8.3.8.3.8.8.3.)

Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. There is a bet-ter world, they say: Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

Where sin and woe are done a-way: Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

And mu-sic fills the balm-y air, And an-gels with bright wings are there,

And harps of gold and man-sions fair: Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

2.

No clouds e'er pass along its sky:
Happy land!
No tear-drop glistens in the eye:
Happy land!
They drink the living streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place:
Happy land!

3.

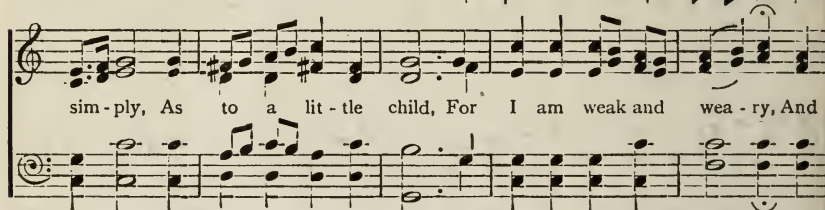
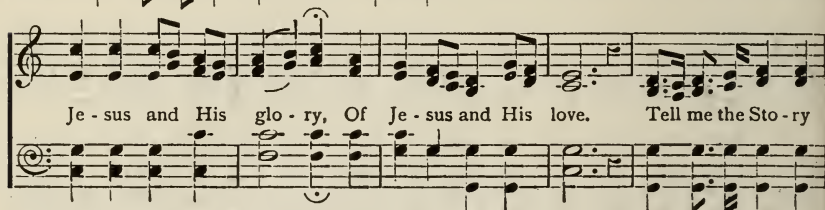
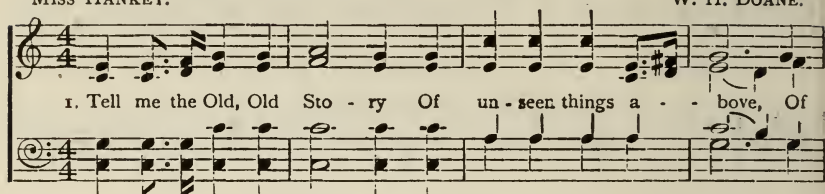
Though we are sinners every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain;
We may be crowned with peace again,
And in that land of bliss may reign:
Jesus died!

230

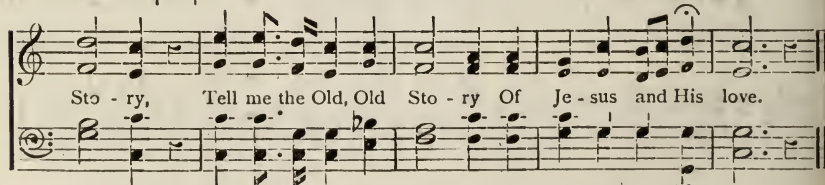
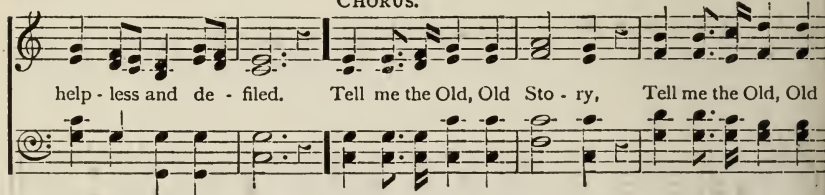
Tell me the Old, Old Story.

MISS HANKEY.

W. H. DOANE.



CHORUS.



2. Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
3. Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

- Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.
4. Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

231 There's a Friend for Little Children.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

(IN MEMORIAM. 8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.)

SIR JOHN STAINER.

i. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky—

A Friend who nev - er chan - geth, Whose love can nev - er die.

Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang - ing years,

This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious name He bears.

2. There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And "Abba, Father," cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and danger free;
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.
3. There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory—
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.
4. There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by—

- A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who've found His favour
And loved His name below.
5. There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.
 6. There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And a palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
Oh, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

232

The Sweet Story of Old.

MRS. J. LUKE.

Greek Air, arr.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was

here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold:
D.S.—And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,

FINE.
I should like to have been with them then. I wish that His
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."

D.S.
hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown a-round me,

2. Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to pre-
pare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering
there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."
3. But thousands and thousands who wander
and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home:
I should like them to know there is room
for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time—
The sweetest, the brightest, and best—
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest!

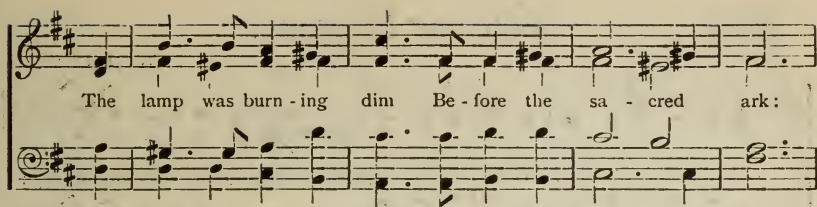
233 Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

J. D. BURNS.

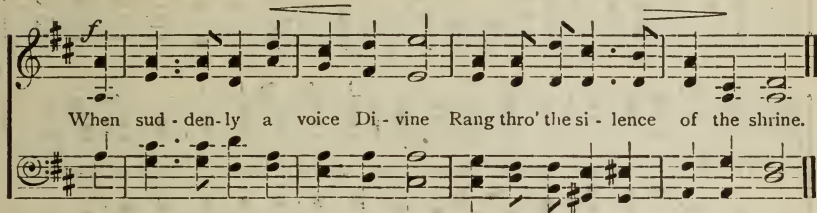
(OBEDIENCE. 6.6.6.6.8.8.)

JOSIAH BOOTH.

1. Hushed was the ev - 'ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark:



The lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark:



When sud - den - ly a voice Di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.

2. Oh, give me Samuel's ear—
The open ear, O Lord!
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him, to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

3. Oh, give me Samuel's heart!—
A lowly heart that waits
When in Thy house Thou art;

Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

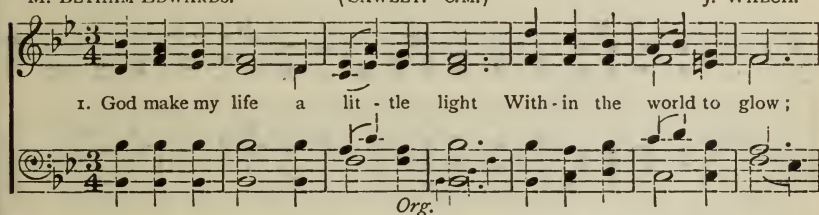
4. Oh, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet, unmut'ring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death:
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

234 God make my Life a little Light.

M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

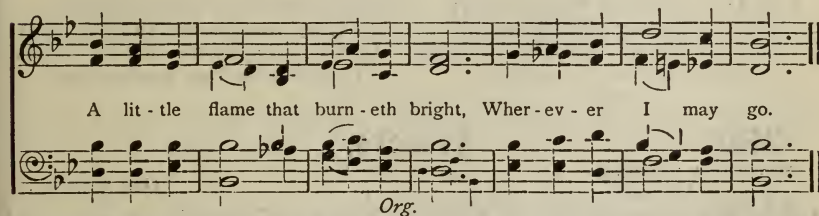
(SAWLEY. C.M.)

J. WALCH.



1. God make my life a lit - tle light With - in the world to glow;

Org.



A lit - tle flame that burn - eth bright, Wher - ev - er I may go.

Org.

2. God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

3. God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

4. God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

5. God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

235

Lead me to Jesus.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Lead me to Je - sus, lead me to Je - sus ; Help me to love Him, help me to pray :

He is my Sa - viour, I would believe Him—I would be like Him, show me the way.

CHORUS.

Quickly haste and come, for Je - sus waits to - day, Waits with open arms His children to re -

- ceive : He is so lov - ing, gen - tle, and mild ; Doubt not His love, but now be - lieve.

2. Lead me to Jesus, He will receive me ;
He is so loving, gentle, and mild ;
Calling the children, bidding them welcome,
Surely He calls me—I am a child.

3. Lord, I am coming ! Jesus, my Saviour,
Pity my weakness, make me Thy child ;
I would receive Thee, trust and believe Thee,
I would be like Thee, gentle and mild.

236

Jewels.

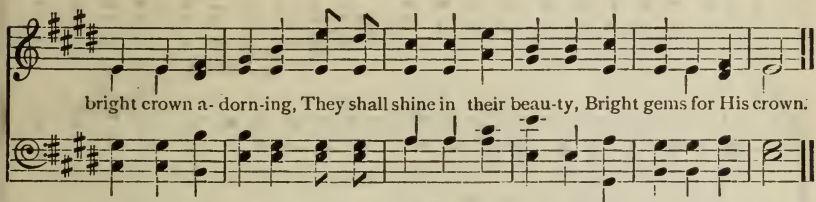
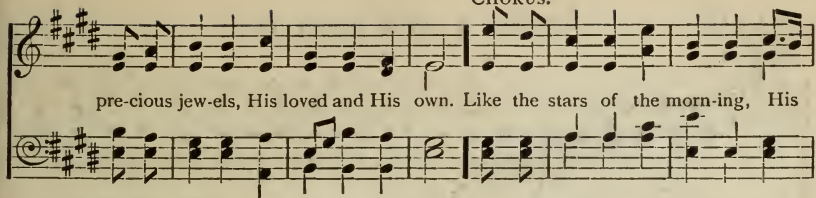
REV. W. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. When He com eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els, All His jew - els,

CHORUS.



2. He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

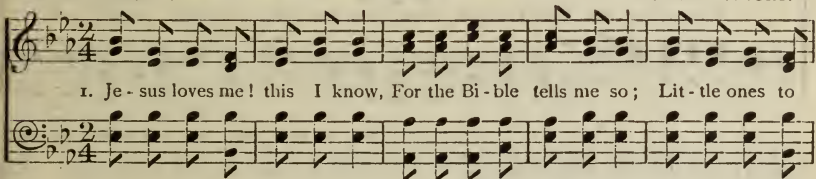
3. Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels—
His loved and His own.

237

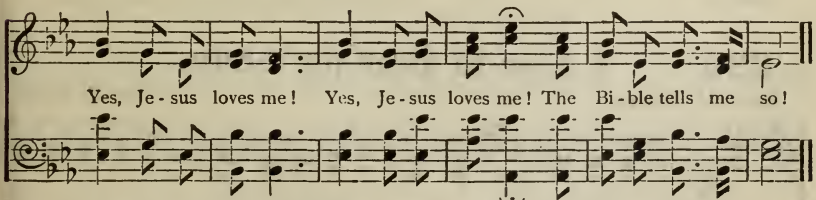
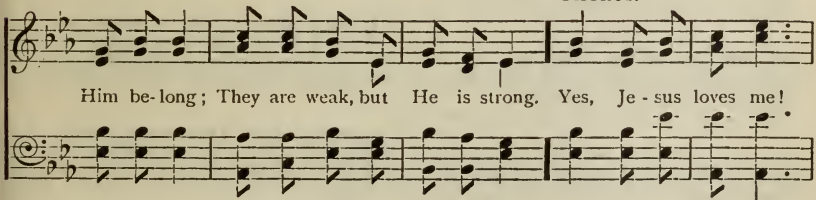
Jesus Loves me!

ANNA WARNER.

W. B. BRADBURY.



CHORUS.



2. Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide:
He will wash away my sin;
Let His little child come in.

3. Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

238

Jesus Loves even me.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Father in heaven Tells of His love in the Book He has given :

Wonder-ful things in the Bi-ble I see ; This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Jesus loves me ; e - ven me.

1st time. *2nd time.*

2.

Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray ;
Back to His dear loving arms do I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3.

Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be :
" Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me ! "

4.

Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him :
Love brought Him down my poor soul to
redeem ;

Yes, it was love made Him die on the
tree :

Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me !

5.

If one should ask of me, how can I tell ?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well !
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.

6.

In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest ;
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth
flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

239

I Love to Hear the Story.

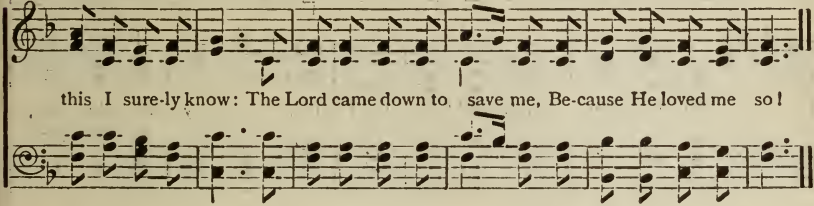
EMILY H. MILLER.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell, How once the King of



Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell; I am both weak and sin - ful, But



this I sure-ly know: The Lord came down to save me, Be-cause He loved me so!

2. I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so!

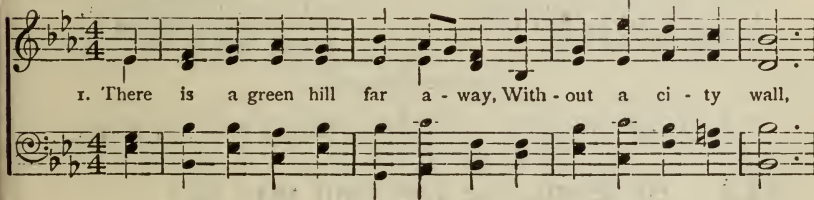
3. To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so!

240 There is a Green Hill Far Away.

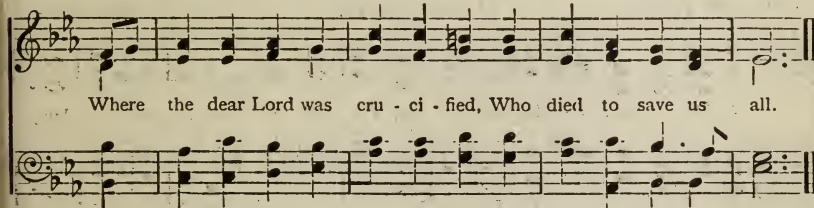
MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

(HORSLEY, C.M.)

W. HORSLEY.



1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a ci - ty wall,



Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

2. We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
3. He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4. There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.
5. Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved;
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

241

There is a Happy Land.

ANDREW YOUNG.

(HAPPY LAND. P.M.)

Telugu Melody.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way! Where saints in
 glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day! Oh, how they sweet - ly sing,
 Wor - thy is our Saviour King! Loud let His praises ring—Praise, praise for aye!

2. Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away!
 Why will ye doubting stand?
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with Thee,
 Blest, blest for aye!

3. Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 On then to glory run,
 Be a crown, a kingdom won;
 And bright above the sun
 Reign, reign for aye.

 EVENING AND AFTER-MEETING HYMNS.

242 At Even, ere the Sun was Set.

CANON H. TWELLS.

(ANGELUS. L.M.)

J. SCHEFFLER.

1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;
 Oh, in what di - vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a - way!

2. Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see!
We know and feel that Thou art here.
3. O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel!
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had:
4. And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin:

- And they who fain would serve Thee best.
Are conscious most of wrong within.
5. O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man!
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide:
 6. Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

243 Oh, do not let the Word Depart.

MRS. A. REED.

("WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?")

IRA D. SANKEY.

I. Oh, do not let the Word de-part, Nor close thine eyes a-against the light;

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart: Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

CHORUS.

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

2. To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time! oh then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

3. The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight:
Oh, try the life which Christians live!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

4. Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

244

Come to the fountain!

F. J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Come with thy sins to the foun - tain, Come with thy bur - den of grief;

Bu - ry them deep in its wa - ters— There thou wilt find a re - lief.

CHORUS.

Haste thou a - way! why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a moment's de - lay;

Je - sus is wait - ing to save thee, Mer - cy is plead - ing to - day!

2. Come as thou art to the fountain—

Jesus is waiting for thee;

What though thy sins be like crimson?—

White as the snow they shall be!

3. These are the words of the Saviour:

They who repent and believe,

They who are willing to trust Him,

Life at His hands shall receive.

4. Come and be healed at the fountain—

List to the peace-speaking voice;

Over a sinner returning,

Now let the angels rejoice.

245

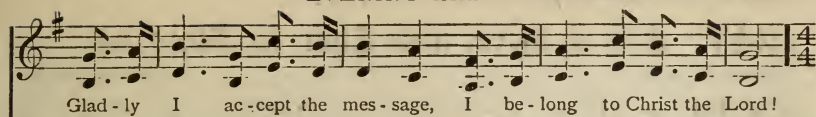
"Not my Own!"

D. W. WHITTLE.

J. McGRANAHAN.

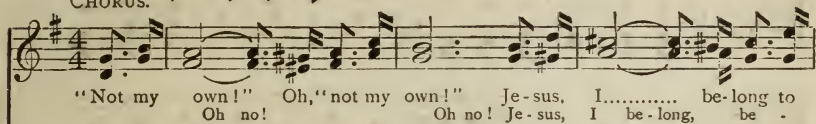
1. "Not my own!" but saved by Je - sus, Who re-deemed me by His blood:

EVENING AND AFTER-MEETING HYMNS.

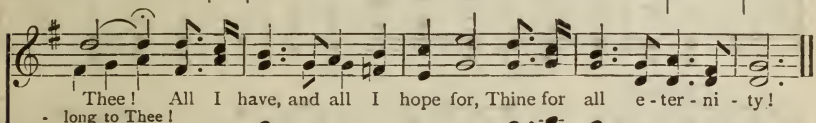


Glad - ly I ac - cept the mes - sage, I be - long to Christ the Lord!

CHORUS.



"Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!" Je - sus, I be - long to
Oh no! Oh no! Je - sus, I be - long, be -



Thee! All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all e - ter - ni - ty!
- long to Thee!

2. "Not my own!" to Christ, my Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Everything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.
3. "Not my own!" my time, my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,

To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

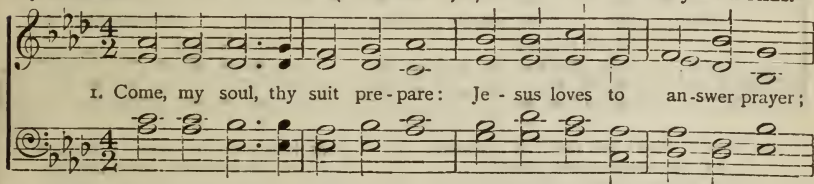
4. "Not my own!" The Lord accepts me,
One among the ransomed throng,
Who in heaven shall see His glory,
And to Jesus Christ belong.

246 Come, my Soul, thy suit Prepare.

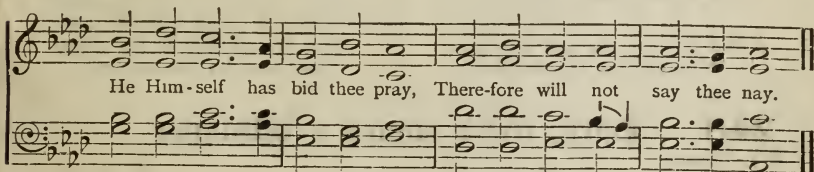
J. NEWTON.

(ST. BEES. 75s.)

DR. J. B. DYKES.



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare: Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;



He Him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay.

2. Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
3. With my burden I begin—
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
4. Lord, I come to Thee for rest—
Take possession of my breast,

There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5. While I am a pilgrim here
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
6. Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

247 God is There, and That to Bless us.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. God is here, and that to bless us With the Spi - rit's quick-ning power;

See, the cloud al - rea - dy bend - ing Waits to drop the grate - ful shower.

CHORUS.

Let it come, O Lord, we pray Thee! Let the shower of blessing fall;
Let it come, Let the shower

We are wait - - ing, we are wait-ing; Oh, re - vive the hearts of all.
We are wait-ing, Oh, re - vive

2. God is here! we feel His presence
In this consecrated place;
But we need the soul-refreshing
Of His free, unbounded grace.
3. God is here! oh, then believing,
Bring to Him our one desire,

- That His love may now be kindled,
Till its flame each heart inspire.
4. Saviour, grant the prayer we offer,
While in simple faith we bow;
From the windows of Thy mercy
Pour us out a blessing now.

248 Hark, there comes a Whisper.

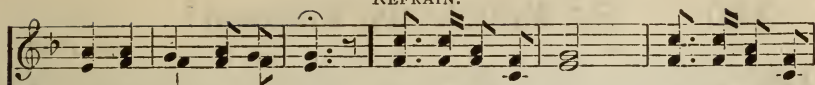
F. J. CROSBY.
SOLO.

W. H. DOANE.

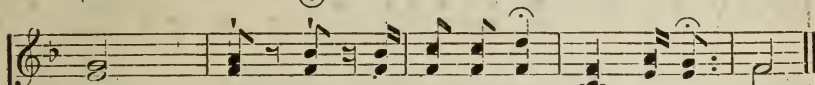
1. Hark, there comes a whis - per Steal - ing on thine ear; 'Tis the Sa - viour

EVENING AND AFTER-MEETING HYMNS.

REFRAIN.



call-ing, Soft, soft and clear. "Give thy heart to Me, Once I died for
to Me,



thee;" Hark, hark, thy Sa-viour calls: Come, sin-ner, come!
for thee;"

2.
With that voice so gentle,
Dost thou hear Him say:—
"Tell Me all thy sorrows;
Come, come away!"

3.
Wouldst thou find a refuge
For thy soul oppressed?
Jesus kindly answers,
"I am thy rest."

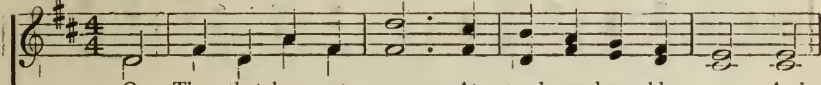
4.
At the cross of Jesus
Let thy burden fall;
While He gently whispers,
"I'll bear it all."

249 ○ Thou that Hearest Prayer.


J. BURTON.

(DARWELL'S 148th. 6.6.6.6.8.8.)

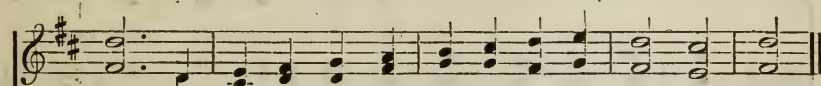
REV. JOHN DARWELL.



1. O Thou that hear-est prayer, At-tend our hum-ble cry, And



let Thy ser-vants share Thy bless-ing from on high: We plead the



pro-mise of Thy Word; Grant us Thy Ho-ly Spi-rit, Lord!

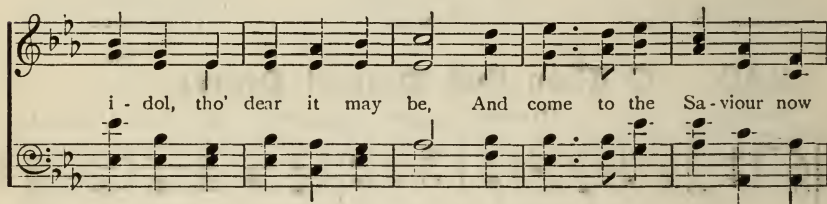
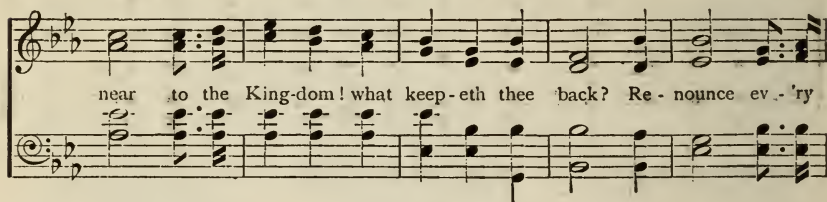
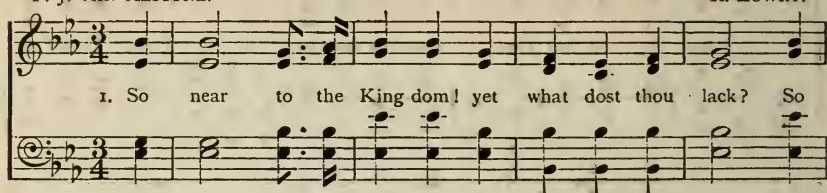
2. If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply:
Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
And answer when Thy children pray.

3. Our heavenly Father Thou,
We—children of Thy grace;
Oh, let Thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise Thy name.

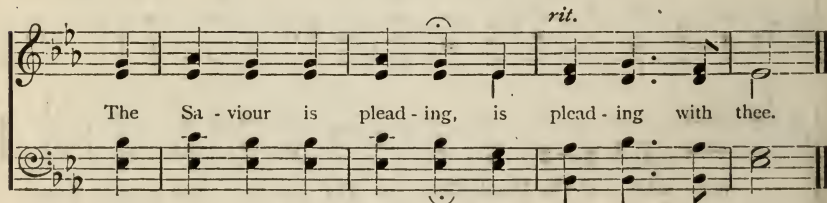
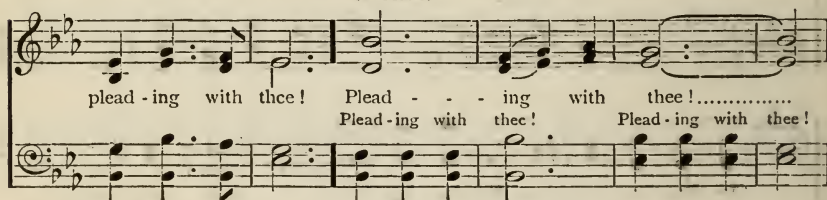
250 So Near to the Kingdom!

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

R. LOWRY.



CHORUS.



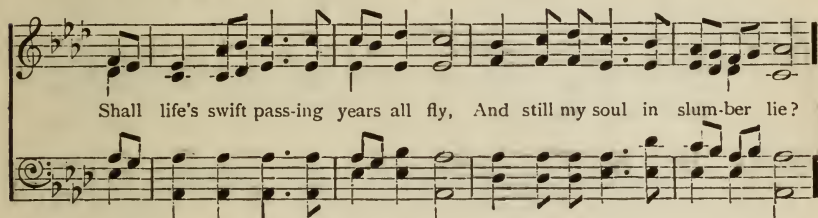
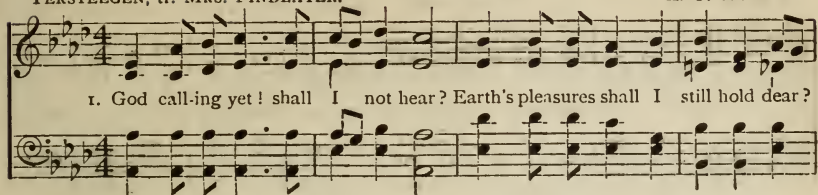
2. So near, that thou hearest the songs that resound
From those who, believing, a pardon have found!
So near, yet unwilling to give up thy sin,
When Jesus is waiting to welcome thee in.
3. To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost?—
To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost?
So near to the Kingdom! oh come, we implore!
While Jesus is pleading, come enter the door!

251

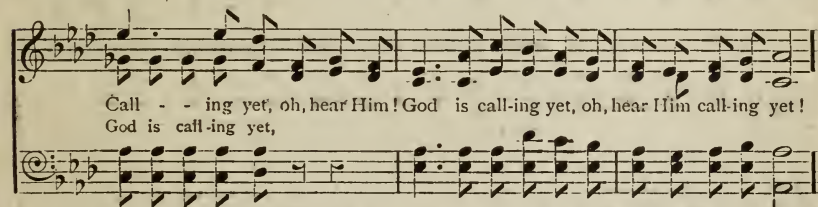
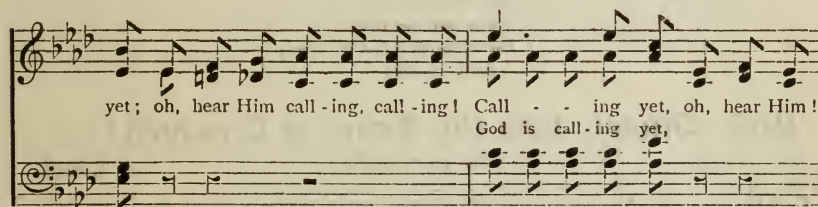
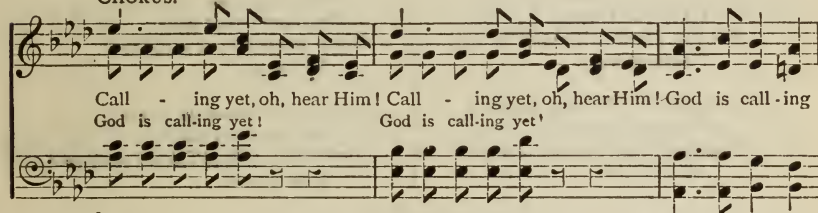
God is Calling yet!

TERSTEEGEN, tr. MRS. FINDLATER.

E. O. EXCELL.



CHORUS.



2. God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still: can I delay?
3. God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive;
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4. God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait; but He does not forsake:
He calls me still—my heart, awake!
5. God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God has reached my heart.

252 I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

(BULLINGER. 8.5.8.3.) REV. E. W. BULLINGER, D.D.

I. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee!

Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.

2. I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3. I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4. I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead;
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5. I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus:
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all!

253 Sinner, how thy heart is Troubled!

F. J. CROSBY.

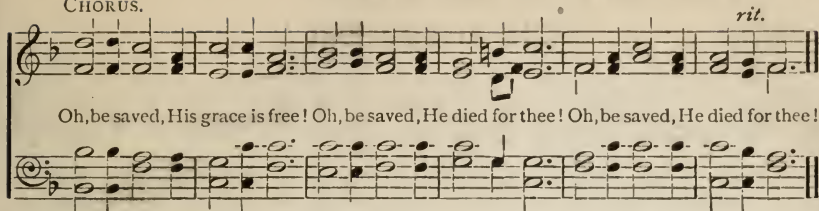
("OH, BE SAVED!")

S. J. VAIL.

I. Sin - ner, how thy heart is trou - bled! God is com - ing ve - ry near;

Do not hide thy deep e - mo - tion, Do not check that fall - ing tear.

CHORUS.



2. Jesus now is bending o'er thee—
 Jesus lowly, meek, and mild:
 To the Friend who died to save thee,
 Wilt thou not be reconciled?
3. Art thou waiting till the morrow?
 Thou may'st never see its light;
 Come at once! accept His mercy:
 He is waiting—come to-night!

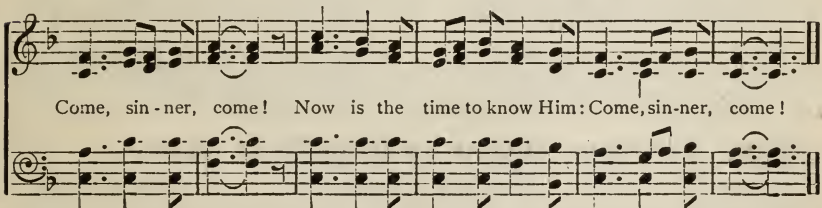
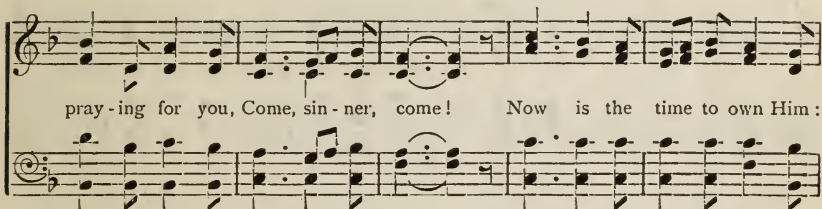
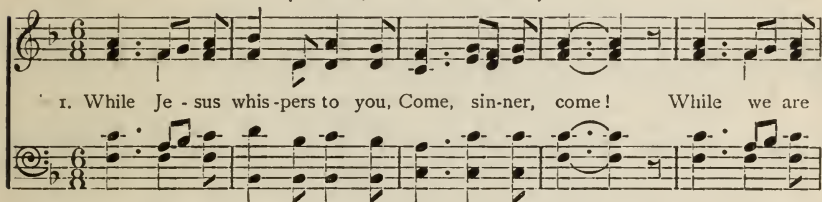
4. With a lowly, contrite spirit,
 Kneeling at the Saviour's feet,
 Thou may'st feel, this very moment,
 Pardon—precious, pure, and sweet!
5. Let the angels bear the tidings
 Upward to the courts of heaven;
 Let them sing, with holy rapture,
 O'er another soul forgiven!

254 While Jesus Whispers to You.

W. E. WITTER.

("COME, SINNER, COME!")

H. R. PALMER.



2. Are you, too, heavy-laden?
 Come, sinner, come!
 Jesus will bear your burden:
 Come, sinner, come!
 Jesus will not deceive you:
 Come, sinner, come!
 Jesus will now receive you:
 Come, sinner, come!

3. Oh, hear His tender pleading!
 Come, sinner, come!
 Come and receive the blessing:
 Come, sinner, come!
 While Jesus whispers to you,
 Come, sinner, come!
 While we are praying for you,
 Come, sinner, come!

255

Oh, happy Day!

P. DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

1. Oh, hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sa-viour and my God! }
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad. }

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joice - ing ev - 'ry day:

REFRAIN.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

2. Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.
5. High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

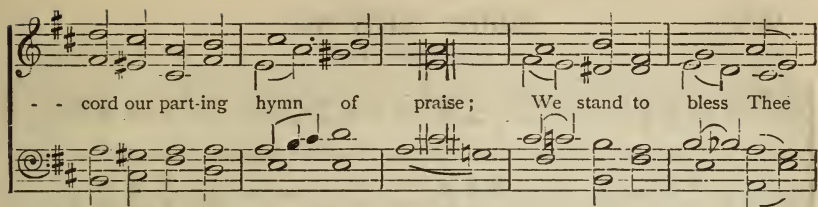
256 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name.

J. ELLERTON.

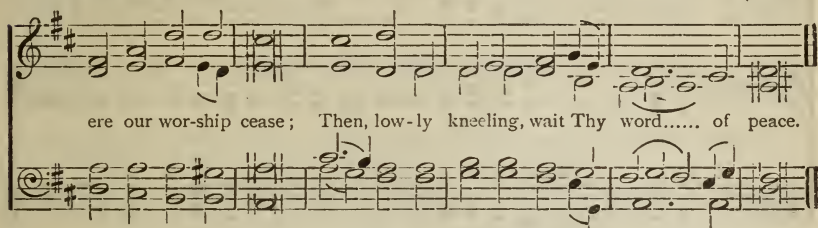
(PAX DEL. 10.10.10.10.)

DR. J. B. DYKES.

1. Sa - viour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -



- - cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee



ere our wor-ship cease; Then, low-ly kneeling, wait Thy word..... of peace.

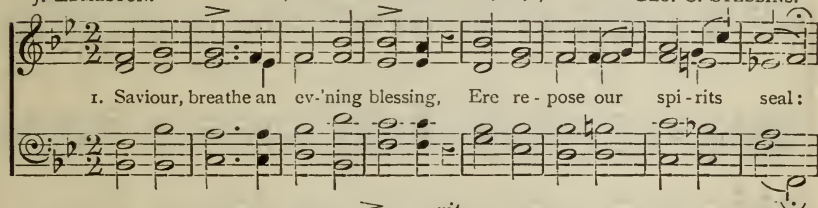
2. Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light:
From harm and danger keep Thy children free;
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our ba'm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

257 Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

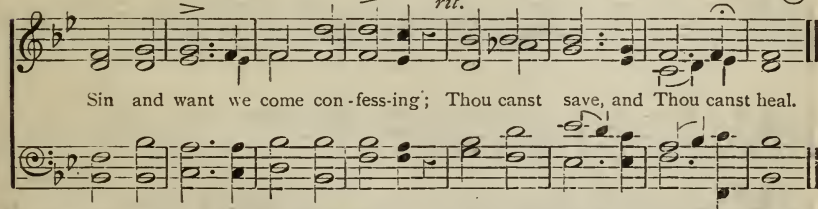
J. EDMESTON.

(EVENING PRAYER. 8.7.8.7.)

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Saviour, breathe an ev-'ning blessing, Ere re - pose our spi - rits seal:



Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us:
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;

Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom!

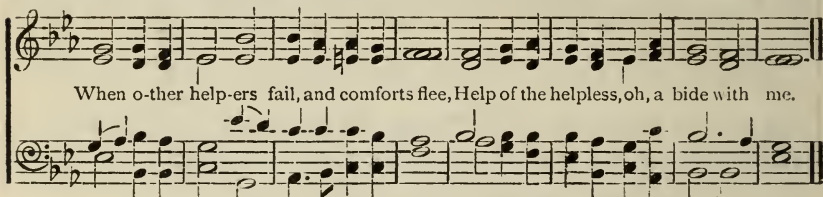
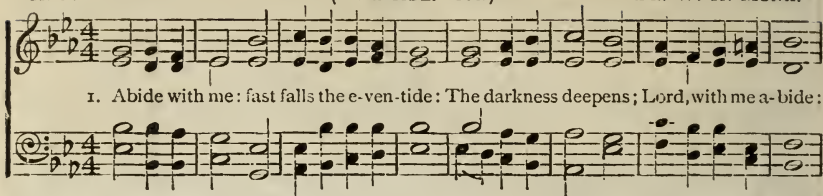
258

Abide with me.

H. F. LYTE.

(EVENTIDE. 105.)

DR. W. H. MONK.



2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.
3. Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
4. I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?

- Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.
5. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
6. Be Thou Thyself before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

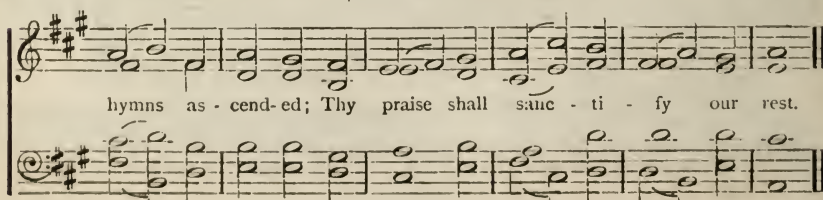
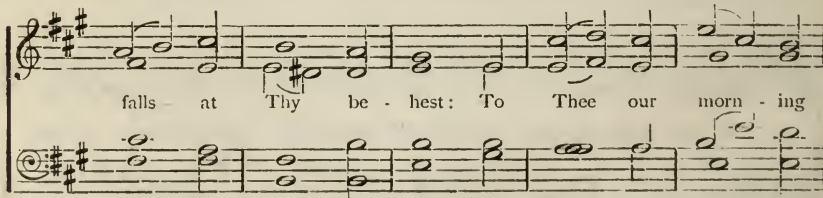
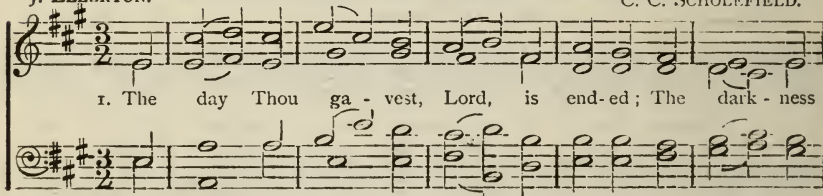
259 The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, is Ended.

(ST. CLEMENT. 9.8.9.8.)

[By permission of the Committee of THE ENGLISH HYMNAL.]

J. ELLERTON.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



2.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky;
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

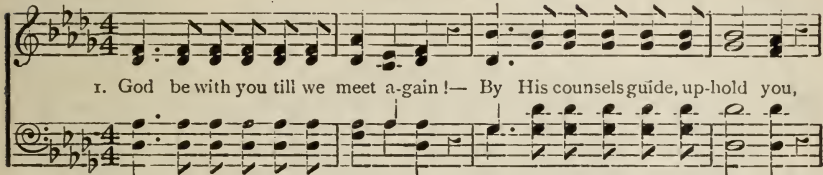
260

God be with You!

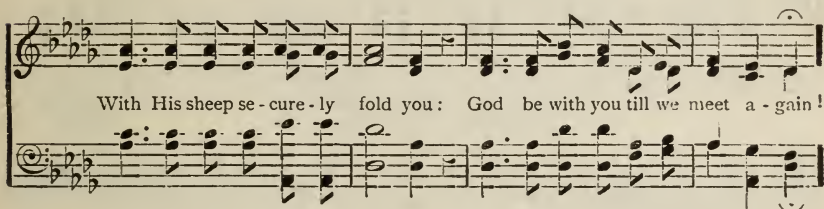
J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

CLOSING HYMN.

W. G. TOMER.




1. God be with you till we meet a-gain!— By His counsels guide, up-hold you,



With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you: God be with you till we meet a-gain!



CHORUS.
Till we meet,..... Till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;.....
Till we meet, Till we meet a-gain! Till we meet!



Till we meet,..... Till we meet!..... God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Till we meet, Till we meet a-gain!

2. God be with you till we meet again!—
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you:
God be with you till we meet again!

3. God be with you till we meet again!—
When life's perils thick confound you,

Put His loving arms around you:
God be with you till we meet again!

4. God be with you till we meet again!—
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before
you:
God be with you till we meet again!

261

What shall the Harvest be?

E. S. OAKLEY.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Sow-ing the seed by the dawn-light fair; Sow-ing the seed by the noonday glare;

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal melody is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Sow-ing the seed by the fa - ding light; Sow-ing the seed in the sol - emn night:

This system contains the next two staves of music, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Oh, what shall the har - vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har - vest be?.....

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal melody features a long, sustained note for the word 'be?'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

CHORUS.

Sown in the dark - - ness or sown in the light;.....
Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light;

This system contains the first two staves of the chorus. The vocal melody is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Sown in our weak - ness or sown in our might;.....
Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might;

This system contains the next two staves of the chorus. The vocal melody is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Ga - thered in time or e - ter - ni - ty,
 Ga - thered in time or e - ter - ni - ty,

Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be !
 Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har - vest be !

2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high ;
 Sowing the seed on the rocks to die ;
 Sowing the seed where the thorns will
 spoil ;
 Sowing the seed in the fertile soil :
 Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain ;
 Sowing the seed of a maddened brain ;

- Sowing the seed of a tarnished name ;
 Sowing the seed of eternal shame :
 Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
4. Sowing the seed with an aching heart ;
 Sowing the seed while the teardrops start ;
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come ;
 Gladly to gather the harvest home :
 Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

262

Lord of Heaven !

C. WORDSWORTH.

(ALMSGIVING. 8.8.8.4.)

DR. J. B. DYKES.

1. O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry

be ; How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all ?

2. The golden sunshine, vernal air,
 Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare ;
 Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
 Who givest all.
3. For peaceful homes and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
 Who givest all.
4. Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
 But gav'st Him for a world undone,
 And freely with that bless'd One
 Thou givest all.
5. Thou giv'st the Spirit's bless'd dower—
 Spirit of life, and love, and power—
 And dost His sevenfold graces shower
 Upon us all.

6. For souls rédeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
 Father, what can to Thee be given,
 Who givest all ?
7. We lose what on ourselves we spend ;
 We have as treasure without end
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
 Who givest all.
8. Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
 Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
 Then gladly will we give to Thee,
 Who givest all—
9. To Thee, from whom we all derive
 Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;
 Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
 Who givest all !

263 We Plough the Fields, and Scatter.

(DRESDEN. 7.6.7-6, D.)

CLAUDIUS, tr. MISS CAMPBELL.

"HOPPENSTEDT's Lieder," 1800.

1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land,

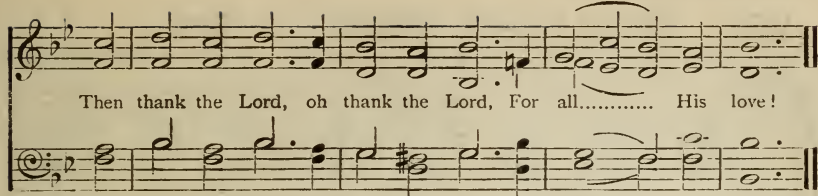
But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - migh - ty hand:

He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,

The breez - es, and the sun - shine, And soft, re - fresh - ing rain.

CHORUS.

All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heaven a - bove;



2. He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star :
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

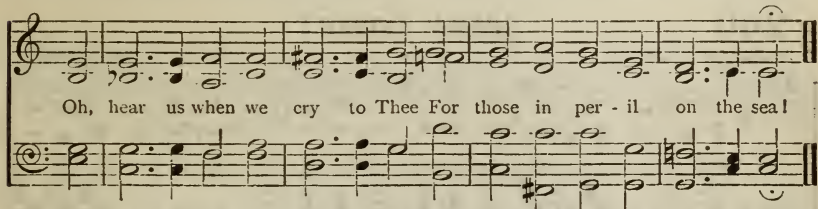
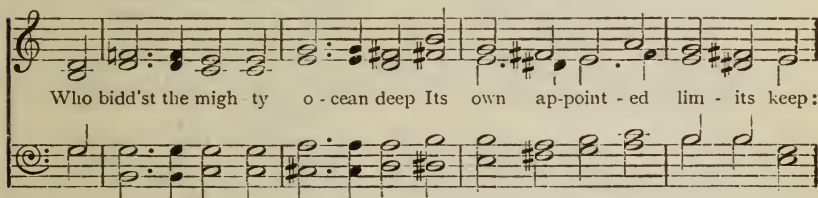
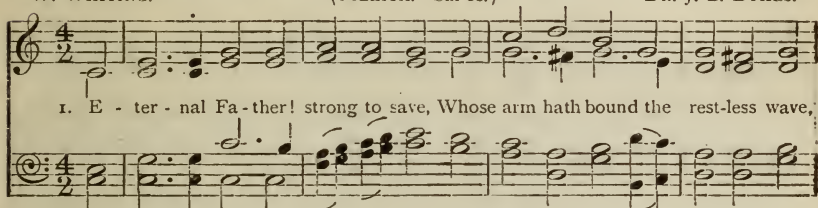
3. We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food :
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

264 Eternal Father! Strong to Save!

W. WHITING.

(MELITA. Six 8s.)

DR. J. B. DYKES.



2. O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3. O Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,

And bid their angry tumult cease.
And give, for wild confusion, peace :
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4. O Trinity of love and power !
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go :
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

265 Christ for the World! we Sing.

DR. S. WOLCOTT.

(SALVATOR MUNDI. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.)

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.

1. Christ for the world! we sing: The world to Christ we bring
With lov-ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
o-ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor-row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

2. Christ for the world! we sing:
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tost,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3. Christ for the world! we sing:
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;

With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4. Christ for the world! we sing:
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song:
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

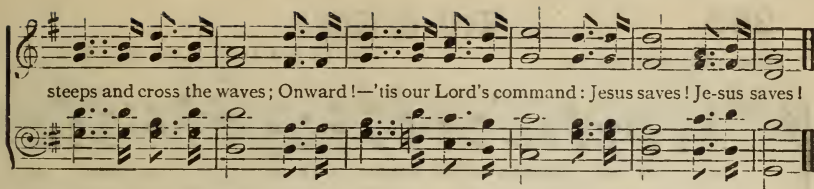
266

Jesus Saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joyful sound: Jesus saves! Je-sus saves! Tell the mes-sage all a-
round: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Bear the news to ev-'ry land, Climb the



2. Waft it on the rolling tide:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Say to sinners far and wide,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing, ye islands of the sea;
Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
3. Sing above the toil and strife,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
By His death and endless life
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

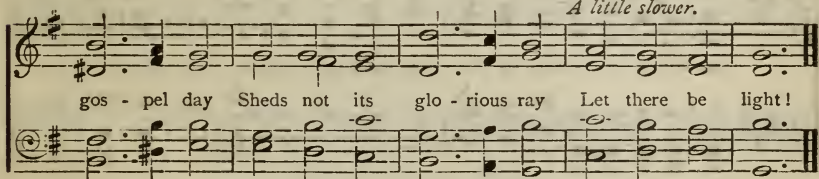
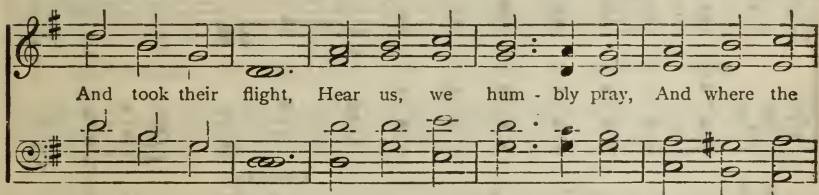
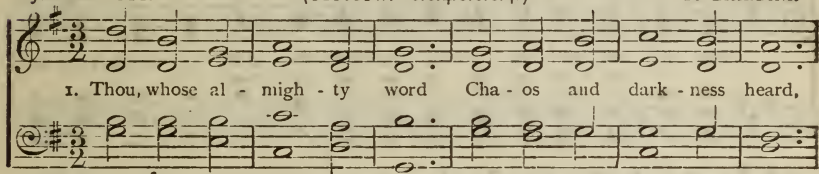
- Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
4. Give the winds a mighty voice:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free
To every strand that ocean laves;
This our song of victory,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

267 Thou, whose Almighty Word.

J. MARRIOTT.

(MOSCOW. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.)

F. GIARDINI.



2. Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!
3. Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;

- Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!
4. Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, love, and might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide
Let there be light!

Tell it Out!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
SOLO.Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY, from F. R. H.
CHORUS.

1. Tell it out a-mong the nations that the Lord is King; Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing; Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out with ad-o-ra-tion that He shall in-crease, That the

migh-ty King of Glo-ry is the King of Peace; Tell it

out with ju-bi-la-tion, let the song ne'er cease; Tell it out! Tell it out!

2.

Tell it out among the people that the Saviour
reigns;
Tell it out! Tell it out! [their chains;
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus
lives; [He gives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to
save;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

3.

Tell it out among the people Jesus reigns
above;
Tell it out! Tell it out! [is love;
Tell it out among the nations that His reign
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes
at home; [ocean's foam,
Let it ring across the mountains and the
That the weary, heavy-laden, need no longer
roam;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

269 "Go ye into All the World."

G. M. J.

J. McGRANAHAN.

1. Far, far a-way in hea-then darkness dwelling, Mil-lions of souls for

ev - er may be lost; Who, who will go Sal - va-tion's sto-ry tell - ing—

CHORUS.
Look - ing to Je - sus, count-ing not the cost? "All power is

giv-en un-to Me! All power is giv-en un-to Me! Go ye in-to

all the world and preach the gos-pel; and lo, I am with you al - way."

2. See o'er the world wide open doors inviting:
Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in!
Christians, awake! your forces all uniting,
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin!
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling;
"Why will ye die?" re-echo in His Name:
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling;
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.
4. God speed the day when those of every nation
"Glory to God" triumphantly shall sing;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout "Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!"

270 O God, our Help in Ages past.

ISAAC WATTS.

(ST. ANN. C.M.)

DR. CROFT.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:

2. Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4. A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

271 Great Object of our Growing Love.

SPANGENBERG, tr. J. WESLEY. (JUSTIFICATION. L.M.)

REV. J. EAGLETON.

1. Great ob - ject of our grow - ing love, To whom our more than

all we owe, O - pen the foun - tain from a - bove,

And let it our full souls o'er - flow,

And let it our full souls o'er - flow.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. So shall our lives Thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free;
Till all mankind shall learn Thy name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to Thee.</p> <p>3. Open a door which earth and hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain;
Let Thy word richly in us dwell,
And let our gracious fruit remain.</p> | <p>4. Oh, multiply the sower's seed!
And fruit we every hour shall bear,
Throughout the world Thy Gospel spread,
Thy everlasting truth declare.</p> <p>5. We all, in perfect love renewed,
Shall know the greatness of Thy power,
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.</p> |
|--|--|

272 Father, let Thy Kingdom come.

J. P. HOPPS.

(EPHRAIM. 7.7.7.7.)

DR. H. LESLIE.

1. Fa - ther, let Thy king - dom come, Let it come with liv - ing power;

Speak at length the fi - nal word, Ush - er in the tri - umph - hour.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled;
Enter on Thy glorious reign,
Wear the crown of this poor world.</p> <p>3. Oh, what long, sad years have gone,
Since Thy Church was taught this prayer!
Oh, what eyes have watched and wept
For the dawning everywhere!</p> | <p>4. Break, triumphant day of God,
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
Eager souls and earnest songs
Wait to hail Thy dawning here.</p> <p>5. Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,
May they all for God be won;
And, on earth, made one with heaven,
Father, may Thy will be done.</p> |
|--|---|

273

Come, let us Anew.

C. WESLEY.

(DERBE. 5.5.5.11.) Arr. by SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.

1. Come, let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sue,.....

Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand

still, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.

2. His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

3. Our life is a dream;
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4. The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5. Oh that each in the day
Of His coming may say:
I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me
to do!

6. Oh that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word:
Well and faithfully done;
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!

274

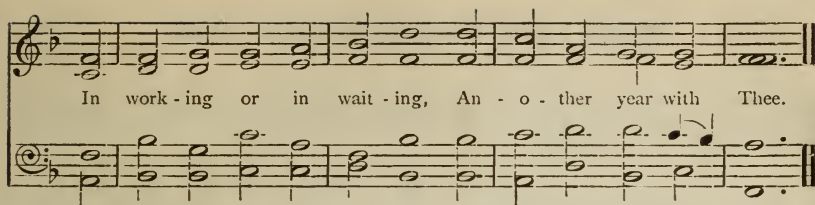
Another Year is Dawning.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

(BARTON. 7.6.7.6.)

J. H. KNECHT.

1. An - o - ther year is dawn - ing; Dear Mas - ter, let it be,



2. Another year of leaning
Upon Thy gentle breast;
Of love, and faith, and patience,
And quiet, happy rest.
3. Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
Beneath Thy shining face.
4. Another year of progress;
Another year of praise;

- Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.
5. Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.
6. Another year is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year with Thee.

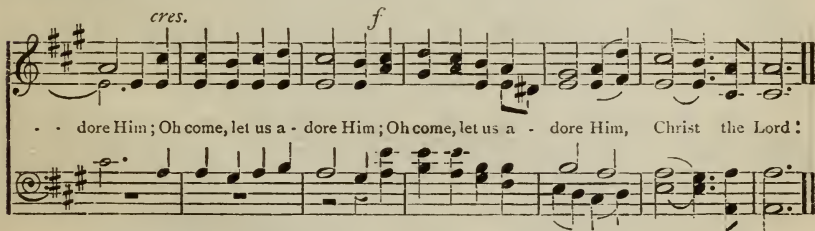
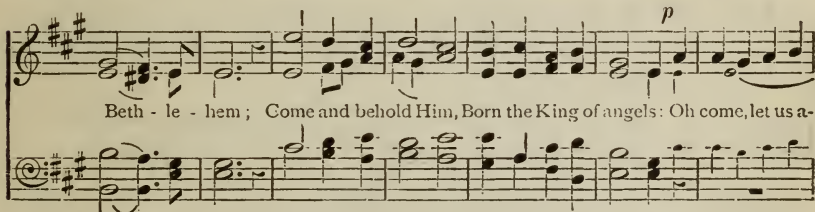
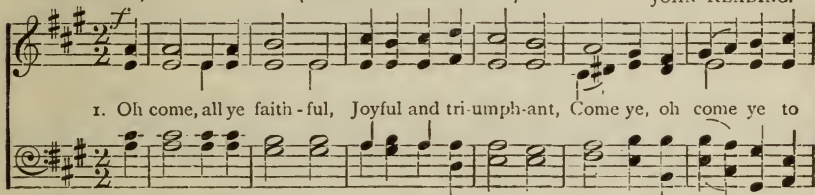
275

Oh Come, all ye Faithful !

F. OAKELEY, tr.

(ADESTE FIDELES. Irr.)

JOHN READING.



2. Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Sing ye, All glory
To God in the highest!
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the
Lord!

3. Yea, Lord, we hail Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the
Lord!

276 Hark! the Herald Angels sing.

C. WESLEY.

(MENDELSSOHN. 7.7.7.7. D.)

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!

Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con-ciled!"

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise; Join the tri - umph of the skies;

With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."

HARMONY.

UNISON.

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

2. Christ, by highest heaven adored;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb;
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail th' Incarnate Deity;
 Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
 Jesus our Immanuel!
 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King."

3. Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings;
 Mild, He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King."

277 "Christ the Lord is Risen To-day!"

C. WESLEY.

(EASTER HYMN. 7s., with Hallelujah.)

H. CAREY(?).

1. "Christ the Lord is risen to-day!" Hal - - - le - lu - jah!

Sons of men and an - gels say: Hal - - - le - lu - jah!

Raise your joy and tri-umph high: Hal - - - le - lu - jah!

Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply: Hal - - - le - lu - jah!

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 2. Love's redeeming work is done: | Hallelujah! |
| Fought the fight, the battle won: | Hallelujah! |
| Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er: | Hallelujah! |
| Lo! He sets in blood no more: | Hallelujah! |
| 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal: | Hallelujah! |
| Christ hath burst the gates of hell: | Hallelujah! |
| Death in vain forbids His rise: | Hallelujah! |
| Christ hath opened Paradise: | Hallelujah! |
| 4. Lives again our glorious King: | Hallelujah! |
| Where, O death, is now thy sting? | Hallelujah! |
| Once He died our souls to save: | Hallelujah! |
| Where's thy victory, boasting grave? | Hallelujah! |
| 5. King of glory! Soul of bliss! | Hallelujah! |
| Everlasting life is this: | Hallelujah! |
| Thee to know, Thy power to prove: | Hallelujah! |
| Thus to sing, and thus to love: | Hallelujah! |

278

Christ Arose!

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sa - viour! Wait - ing the com - ing day—

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose,..... With a
He a - rose,

migh - ty tri - umph o'er His foes;..... He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
He a - rose!

dark do - main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign: He a -

- rose!..... He a - rose!..... Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose! He a - rose!

2. Vainly they watch His bed—
Jesus, my Saviour!
Vainly they seal the dead—
Jesus, my Lord!

3. Death cannot keep his prey—
Jesus, my Saviour!
He tore the bars away—
Jesus, my Lord!

279

Be known to us.

J. MONTGOMERY.

(ST. STEPHEN. C.M.)

WILLIAM JONES.

1. Be known to us in break - ing bread, But do not then de - part;

Sa - viour, a - bide with us, and spread Thy ta - ble in our heart.

2. There sup with us in love Divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

280 See Israel's Gentle Shepherd Stand.

P. DODDRIDGE.

(DUBLIN. C.M.)

SIR J. STEVENSON.

1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stand With all - en - ga - ging charms;

Hark! how He calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in His arms.

2. Permit them to approach, He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name!
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our children be.

281

There, O my Lord !

H. BONAR, D.D.

(ELLERS. 105.)

DR. E. J. HOPKINS.'

1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ; Here would I touch and handle things un-seen ;

Here grasp with firmer hand the e-ter-nal grāce, And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean.

rit.

2.
Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of
heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load ;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3.
This is the hour of banquet and of song ;
This is the heavenly table spread for me ;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with
Thee.

4.
Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is past and
gone ;

The bread and wine remove, but Thou art
here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

5.
I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might
alone.

6.
Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and
love.

282

Bless our Native Land !

W. E. HICKSON.

1. God bless our na-tive land ! May His protecting hand Still guard our shore : May peace her
power extend, Foe be transformed to friend, And Britain's rights depend On war no more.

2.

O Lord, our monarch bless
With strength and righteousness;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle:
Home of the brave and free,
Thou land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile.

4.

Nor on this land alone,
But be God's mercies known
From shore to shore:
And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

283

God Save the People!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

(COMMONWEALTH. P.M.)

JOSIAH BOOTH.

1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?

Not kings a - lone, but na - tions? Not thrones and crowns, but men?

Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they: Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way—

Their her - i - tage a sun-less day: God save the peo - ple!

2.

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies,
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs:
God save the people!

3.

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men?
God save the people! Thine they are;
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

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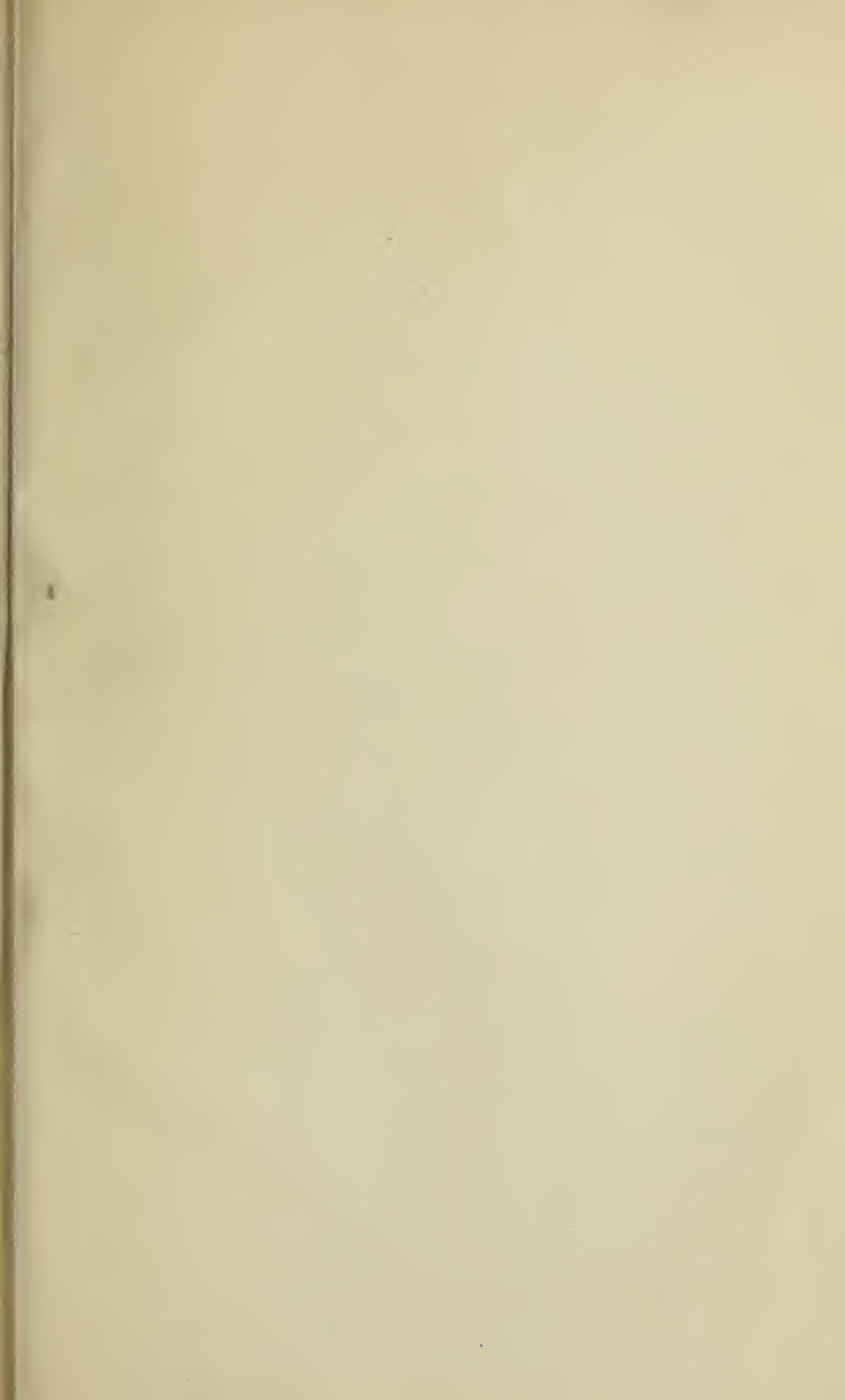
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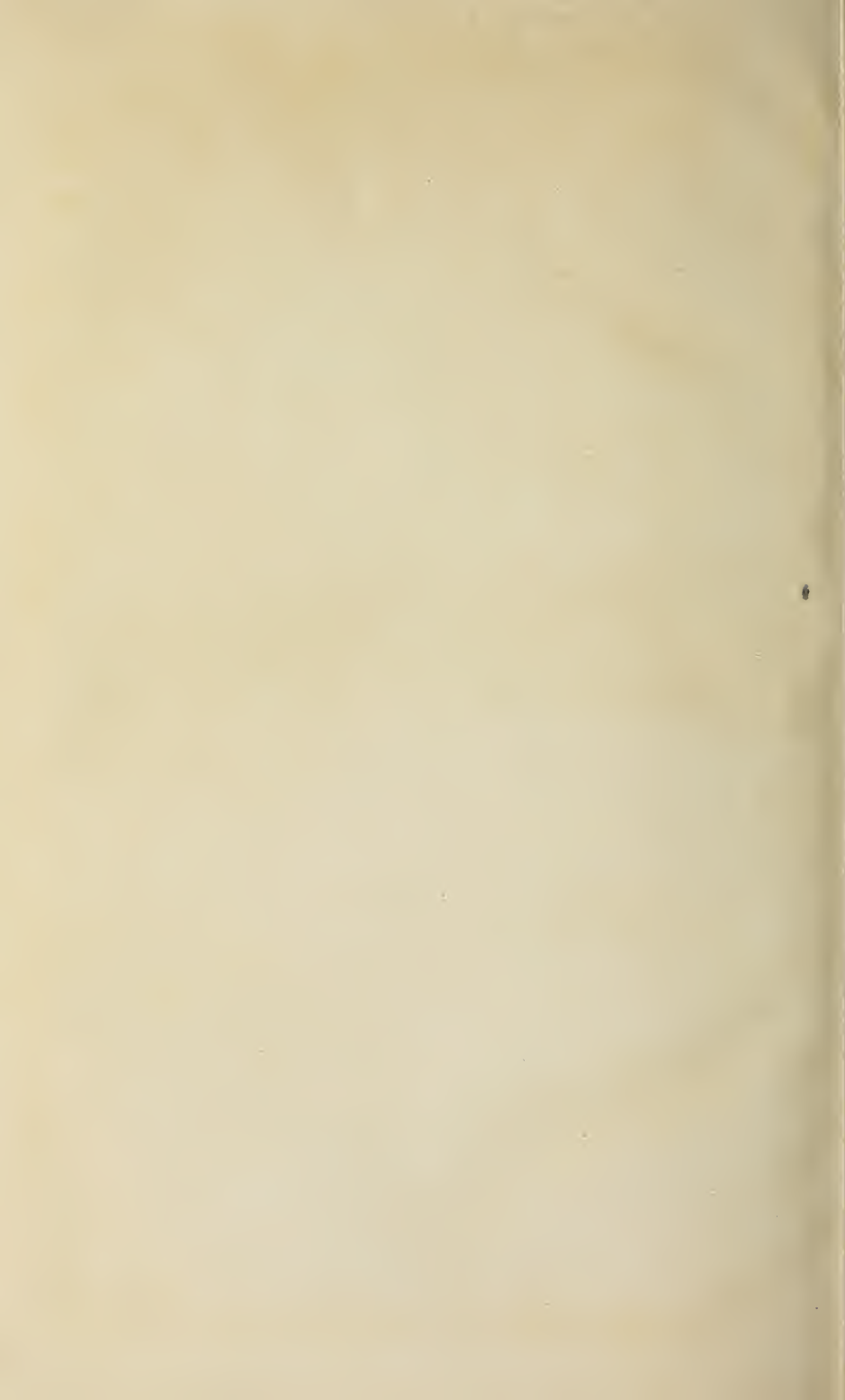
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